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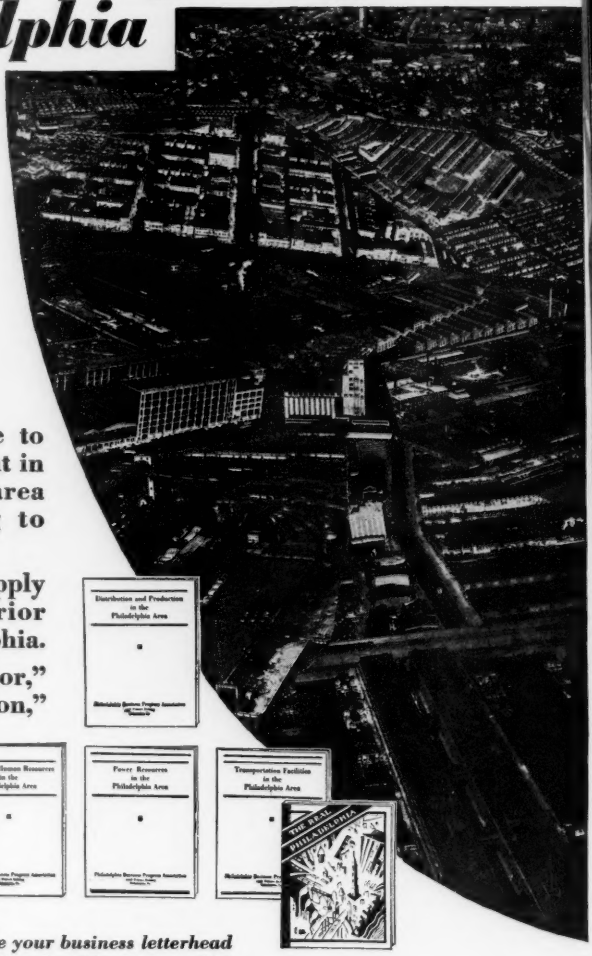

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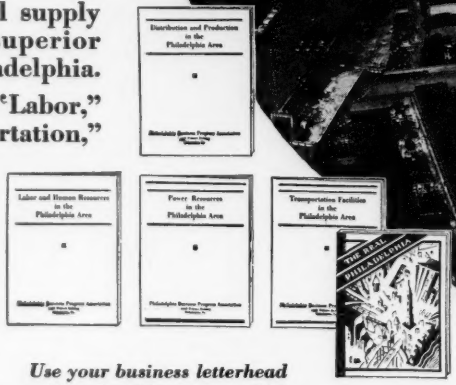
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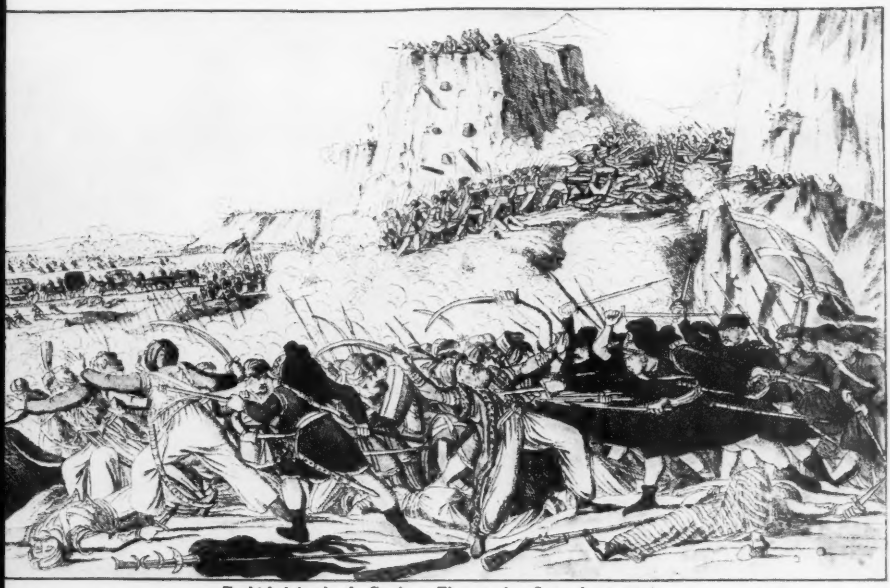

Turkish defeat by the Greeks at Thermopylae, September 1, 1821

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The Atlantic BOOKSHELF

A Guide to Good Books

DR. HARLOW SHAPLEY is an explorer in the large sense of the word. While the rest of us stay put, he is feeling his way through millions of miles and æons of time. An astronomer born and bred, he received his Ph.D. from Princeton in 1914. From New Jersey he moved to Mt. Wilson, California, where, as one might say of Byrd, he organized his own expeditions into the void, and made the most of seven years' observation. In 1921 he became director of the Harvard Observatory at Cambridge, and there he has remained despite tempting offers, one of which would have made him president of one of our greatest universities. There is at Harvard a priceless collection of astronomical photographs taken periodically for nearly forty years at the University's Station in South Africa. Using these as his charts, Dr. Shapley has explored the night and literally brought within our ken galaxies, stars, and star dust previously unknown.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

HARLOW SHAPLEY

Flights from Chaos

[Whittlesey House, $2.50]

A GROUP of European scientists were discussing contemporary discoverers, and the name Shapley was mentioned. 'You mean the astronomer?' asked one. 'No, I mean Harlow Shapley, the entomologist,' answered the other, a biologist. 'But Harlow Shapley *is* the astronomer,' insisted the first, who was aware only of the Harvard Observatory director's contributions on stars, and knew nothing of his painstaking and adept studies of ants.

In this new book, *Flights from Chaos*, one gets an even wider range of interests. It dissects the universe down beyond ants to the ultimate corpuscles of matter; and, working toward a synthesis, it sifts the clouds of witnesses that illumine our sky to plot the all-inclu system which is the world.

Of the meaning of this physical world, Dr. Shap ventures no explanation. His book is a project in cla fication, an attempt to show the material order of thi

It is a heterogeneous world with which he beg Take, as a sample, that small quadrilateral known as bowl of the Big Dipper. The four bright stars wh mark this familiar sky figure stake out only about thousandth of the dome of heaven. With prolon observation the unaided eye may discern a dozen fi pin pricks of light in this seemingly barren area. Un the telescope the number increases, until, with the m powerful photographic telescope, 150,000 individ stars may be counted here. Scattered among them about one hundred hazy patches which the astronor identifies as outside galaxies, each a system of milli or billions of suns. All are in motion; Whirl is king h There is hardly a direction in which stars are not spe ing at miles and hundreds of miles a second, approa ing, receding, pulsing, glowing steadily, giants, dwa some doubles and a few triples — vastness in s variety and intricacy that it seems indeed chaos.

To measure these immensities the astronomer m utilize light — energy quanta generated by those sm est of all known physical things, electrons and proto Thus the investigator of grand affairs, 'big stars, l times, great spaces,' is perforce associated also wit realm of littleness — the subatomic activities of proto electrons, and quanta.

These are the most minute measurable units kno at present; but the author questions whether there m not exist even smaller units of which our coarse-grain tools are unable to inform our coarse-grained minds.

'It is a singular fact,' he remarks, 'that electrons, diameter, are just as much smaller than a man as he smaller than a supergiant red star, the biggest body measures. The observer is thus geometrically near t middle of the range. . . . If the observer were as lar as Betelgeuse, might he fail in his survey to rea objects smaller than the meteors and moons, b perhaps go far beyond our metagalactic system in t direction of things extensive? Or, if he were of t dimensions of a bacterium, might not the sub-electro world open up easily, though he fail to comprehend measure the stars and larger parts of the sidere universe?'

Allowing this possibility, Dr. Shapley begins his class fication with a blank yet to be filled in — which may interpreted as both a confession of ignorance and challenge to the atomic researchers. From this starti point he ranges upward, to corpuscles, to atoms, molecules, to molecular systems, to colloidal and cry tallic aggregates, and so to star stuff, which rang (through twelve major groups) from meteor streams the Universe.

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The BOOKSHELF

account of the supergalactic theory, to which his own researches have contributed; and the explanation of the Milky Way as a galaxy of galaxies, rather than as a single sidereal system, with all galaxies gathered into a supersystem, the Metagalaxy.

Even this does not classify all material: outside are cosmic wanderers, star dust, gases, and uncountable tons of radiation. 'The greatest unsolved mysteries of the physical world probably lie in this realm of unorganized or dimly organized particles and corpuscles that move speedily and perhaps endlessly through intergalactic space,' thinks Dr. Shapley. For this vague substratum he suggests the name Cosmoplasma. Inclusive of the loose Cosmoplasma and the organized Metagalaxy is the Universe (space-time complex), with a suggested radius of one million million million million million miles.

Nor does this include all of Shapley's world. As he begins his classification with a blank and a question mark, to suggest the possibility of something smaller than we now know, so he ends with a blank and a question mark, 'believing it best, as a precaution, to leave the door open when there is so much fire among the colloidal aggregates.' And the colloidal aggregates, one must add, include Dr. Shapley, you, and me.

GEORGE W. GRAY

A NEWS note from Harcourt, Brace, the publishers of Sinclair Lewis, states that the Nobel Prize was not awarded for *Babbitt* or any particular novel, but for his work in general. The exact translation of the citation on the Diploma of the Nobel Institute which was given to Mr. Lewis, together with the check for $46,350 and a gold medal, is: 'The 1930 Nobel Prize in Literature is awarded to Sinclair Lewis for his powerful and vivid art of description, and his ability to use wit and humor in the creation of original characters.'

It is interesting to weigh these words against some of the fiction of the New Year.

THREE NOVELS

Joseph Hergesheimer's *The Limestone Tree* (Knopf, $2.50) — a very pleasing book, constructed on a happy plan, and interesting both as history and as fiction — traces the life of a family, founded in 1769 by Gabriel Sash and Nancy Abel in the limestone or bluegrass region of Kentucky. The 'tree' of the title is, in fact, a family tree, extending over a hundred years. The method of narration is not unlike that of *Quiet Cities*, of setting vivid narrative against a background of sober history, except that here the stories are strung upon a chain of lineage, the progenitors or their descendants appearing again and again. It is a saga of pride, probity, strong passions, and heroism. 'The Sashes,' says one of their number, 'have always been a positiv people; they were good or bad, one or the other, wit all their hearts.'

The novel is one more illustration of the author' theory of the importance in American life of an ol tradition based upon an ideal. These generations o courageous and passionate men and women represen the 'slow painful accumulation of a tradition,' roote deeply in the rich soil of their region; and each ne member of the family finds in this tradition a 'tangibl stronghold,' ready for him to occupy. He does or doe not do a thing because it is or is not what the Sashes o Abels do. And their tradition has been created an shaped by the hard environment and circumstance tha through the years have surrounded them. One canno read this piece of social history without an increase respect for ideals which, however limited, are neve ignoble.

The ten episodes are all entertaining. The comedy o Elisha Abel's double courtship is good, but so is th tragedy of Wickliffe Sash's conception of honor. Pe haps the most memorable portrait is that of Gabrie who could not be happy anywhere except in the woods Best of all is the presentation of a region and a peopl by means of vivid detail that is discreetly handled an that impresses one as accurate.

The persons in **Sylvia Thompson's *Portrait b* *Caroline*** (Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brow $2.50) belong to that English set of smart peopl who, with every material concomitant of happines are unhappy or, at least, uncomfortable, perhap because they bore themselves and one anothe Lydia Stanley, who is apparently the *raisonneur* o the piece, ascribes their misery to cynicism, an observes that cynicism is 'always the mark of th mediocre person in a skeptical age.' Even a mediocr person, she declares acutely, may attain dignity throug religion or a *grande passion*, because he feels that wha he does 'has importance, and that the acts of his lif have significance.' So far as such women as Carolin and Jane are concerned, one feels that they have neve learned that lesson one must learn in the nursery: th value of discipline. Caroline is the granddaughter of passionate woman, the daughter of a silly one; and th sins of her maternal ancestors are visited upon her.

In describing Caroline the author is in somewhat o the quandary of the college boy who complained tha he was trying to describe chaos and could think o nothing to say about it except that it was chaotic. I Caroline is puzzling to the reader, that is because she i to herself. With two powerful incentives to happiness — her marriage and her art — she is unhappy because sh is in love with Peter, whose portrait she paints. Th portrait is a symbol of her egotism and instability, i that, as Lydia says, 'it shows only half of the real Peter — Caroline's half. She has in a sense painted herself and the fact appears to be that she mistakes lust for *grande passion.*

George Milburn's
OKLAHOMA TOWN

Cracker-box philosophers, practical fellows, Holy Rollers, some old folks who are pretty set in their ways, self-righteous upholders of old-time religion, some youngsters who booze and dance, and a few puzzled foreigners live in Oklahoma Town. The government is the Sheriff, the Banker and Butcher, the Ku Klux Klan, the militant evangelists, and Public Opinion. George Milburn's skillfully drawn picture of life in Oklahoma Town is sometimes brutal because it is real, but it is never monotonous. *Ready Jan. 29th*, $2.00

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The BOOKSHELF

If Caroline's malady is a malady of the age, it is that of a very small group. Smart people of her sort are more arresting than representative; and one suspects that the author has not expended her abundant wit and intelligence to the best advantage in writing about them. The trouble is that a young reader might be dazzled by their smartness and miss their meaning.

Caroline cannot even cause tragedy among her group, because her friends are incapable of it. She is uncomfortable and spreads discomfort, but one cannot profoundly pity her or them. Of the other characters, Jane in her reckless way is very amusing; Peter almost rings true; Maurice does not seem of the stuff of which great scientists are made; Lady Snow, gourmet and simpleton, is the best portrait in the book; Dick is a brilliant sketch of one kind of vermin.

The story of Ray Schmidt, whom every man wanted to kiss and who usually permitted him to do so, might appear abstractly to be a not very edifying narrative. And when it is further divulged that she became for twenty-odd years the mistress of a man who was happily married and the father of three promising children, one might conclude that the story was sordid. The fact is, nevertheless, that **Fannie Hurst's *Back Street*** (Cosmopolitan, $2.50) is a novel of cumulative power, and that the portrait of Ray, drawn with a methodical, humorless, Dreiserian fidelity, which winks at nothing, condones nothing, condemns nothing, has beauty and pathos.

It is always easy to object to Miss Hurst's predilection for physical ugliness, and for describing it in plain terms. The accumulation of horrors at the end of the novel might be condemned on grounds of art. Nevertheless, there is a kind of thoroughgoing, Elizabethan honesty about her horrors, as there is about her emotionalism. She is too much interested in her tale to be bothered with squeamishness or delicacy. But it is curious to note that here, in a novel dealing with passion, she is reticent about the sexual — reticent, that is, compared with some writers of polite and clever novels about smart people.

Her heroine, as she says, 'spends her life skulking along the back streets'; she is a half-voluntary outcast; she knows before she dies about every sordidness and indignity life can offer; and yet, in her loyalty, kindness, generosity, and even intelligence, she is clearly the best person in all the various circles she enters. Hers *is* a *grande passion*, though in low life. The theme, of a mistress who is really her lover's wife in spirit, is not new, but it has usually been treated by French realists. Here is a novel American to the core, by a writer whose sense of character is instinctive and whose knowledge of American life on its basic levels appears inexhaustible.

R. M. Gay

Taft and His Boswell

The Intimate Letters of Archie Butt

[Doubleday, Doran, 2 vols. $7.50]

An unfriendly critic might call Archie Butt the Ward McAllister of the White House. He was never quite free from the foppishness of the dandy whose personal superiority is a matter of conviction. But, part dude as he was, Butt was more than half a hero, and it is this odd conglomerate which gives especial interest to his unusual character. A large element of the feminine was in him; the rest was purely masculine. Pepys and Creevey, combined, could not beat Butt for news. He was bursting with it, and the reader feels that the buttons would have jumped off his coat except for the deflation from those almost daily letters to his brother's wife, with whom he was on terms of intimate and confident affection.

Jealous of his rivals, and a very unfriendly critic of the President's secretary, Charles Norton, who threatened to divide his Chief's affections, Butt was the incarnation of loyalty to his antithetical masters. Roosevelt he adored; Taft he revered. When the cataclysm came which splintered the most famous friendship in our modern history, Butt clung passionately to his divided loyalties. It is written that a man cannot serve two masters. Major Butt gallantly and honorably struggled against an immutable law of human nature. He fought till happiness was gone, and health after it. Then a fate which we cannot call unkind drove him to his death on the *Titanic*. It was better so.

In speaking, however briefly, of these remarkable volumes, no critic must omit the incontestable fact that the little garrulous happenings of day to day gradually build into a figure of living blood and tissue — the genial, lazy, big-limbed, big-hearted, and not unheroic figure of Mr. Taft. Cruelly miscast for a part he never wished to play, and for which he was utterly unfit, he did his country disservice, forever thinking that he was following his duty. What an unspeakable comfort it would have been to him in those harassed days to know that for ten years he would ultimately have an opportunity to serve his country to the utmost of his mind and strength in the place of places for which Nature had intended him from the start.

Too often we think of history as a panorama, and view the landscape from a height where details sink to insignificance. The thousand little 'unremembered acts of kindness and of love'; of unkindness and of dislike as well, petty squabbles, chicaneries, luncheon, tea, and dinner, parlor talk and office conference — these are the stuff of reality. Who can appreciate the England of the decadent Stuarts without Pepys, or know the Second Empire without the De Goncourts, or understand the Great War without Repington? The age of Taft has found its private chronicler, and that chronicler has done history a large, perhaps an invaluable service.

Ellery Sedgwick

THE GREAT AMERICAN LEGEND

Coronado's Children

Published February 2

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The BOOKSHELF

The Art of Reminiscence

I am glad that ***Memories and Vagaries*** by **Axel Munthe** (Dutton, $3.00) is not a continuation of *The Story of San Michele*. That book was a beginning and end in itself — or so at least the casual reader believed. It was really not a beginning. In 1898 the first English edition of *Memories and Vagaries* was published, and within its pages appeared a number of the San Michele characters: Archangelo Fusco, the street sweeper of Quartier Montparnasse, the Salvatore family, Don Gaetano, the organ grinder, and Sœur Philomène. The book is now reprinted in the United States. Dr. Munthe, in what is styled 'Preface to the third English edition,' says that benevolent readers of *San Michele* 'have come forth with a gallant attempt to rescue this little book from oblivion. I fear I have not done very well for myself by consenting to a reprint of these small sketches or stories, or whatever they are to be called. They were all written long, long ago by an inexperienced hand in rather indifferent English.'

We have met this theme before. The new illustrated edition of *The Sea and the Jungle*, by H. M. Tomlinson, contains his own account of rereading it after nearly twenty years. He feels that it was written by a younger man, out of a mood and circumstances irrecoverable, and all but disclaims its authorship. It is true: Dr. Munthe is two authors in one. But the style of his earlier volume is not perfected. Here is a younger doctor who has not yet climbed the tower beyond tragedy. The reader will find apparent a certain recklessness and jocular ease utterly absent in his later book. His adventures are of the same sort; but in the recounting there is not much subtlety, and not the first trace of that calm resignation. Perhaps the account of Monsieur Alfredo is the most striking. The older writer would have done it better, and that is the best critical estimate one can offer for the book as a whole. Supplement to *The Story of San Michele*, is it not? Or perhaps, more simply, intimations of a great book.

Mr. E. F. Benson has joined a long line of Victorian recollectors with a loosely written volume entitled ***As We Were*** (Longmans, Green, $4.00). We have had a good deal of this: usually critical, like *The Beardsley Period*, and occasionally anecdotal, like the luxuriant reminiscences of Richard Le Gallienne. Mr. Benson's book is something of both, and any student of the English Victorian writers will find there many of the old familiar quips and more or less the old familiar estimates. I wish there were more about the Benson family, to which the early part of the book is devoted; but the personal contact seems early to have been lost, and the sketches of Tennyson, Oscar Browning, Gladstone, Robert Browning, Lady Londonderry, Oscar Wilde, Swinburne, Whistler, and other notables are a middling mixture of personal opinion and accidental gossip. The interesting things are nearly all occasional. Does Marc Connelly remember that *Salomé* was banned from the London stage because it presented Biblical characters?

The treatment of Swinburne as a whole seems to me but a poor echo of Max Beerbohm's 'No. 2, the Pines,' but in the chapter on Cambridge there occurs an interesting anecdote about him and Dr. Jowett: 'Strangely enough, in a man [Dr. Jowett] who had spent so many years in studying Greek, he was by no means accurate, and knowing his frailty in this regard, he had his translation carefully revised by other scholars. Among these (though I think the Master does not mention him by name) was the poet Swinburne: probably Swinburne was only an occasional reader of his proofs, when he was staying with the Master at Balliol. But there was a certain humour about the situation, for Swinburne had left Oxford without taking a degree. . . .

'One morning the Master was in his study going through with their authors the English essays which the undergraduates had sent in for his perusal and criticism: Swinburne was sitting, with proofs of a Platonic dialogue, in a small adjoining room, the door between the two being open. It was the Master's habit sometimes to make rather withering remarks to these young essayists, and today one of his most biting observations was interrupted by a joyful crow of laughter from the next room and Swinburne's exultant voice exclaiming, "Another howler, Master!" "Thank you, Algernon," said the Master meekly, and gently closed the door.'

Things like that are valuable in any book, and I should gladly read through ten old saws to come upon it. The trouble with Mr. Benson's volume is that it does n't penetrate. What was under it all? What was behind it? It is too much like Mr. Gladstone's criticism of George Eliot's *Life:* 'a reticence in three volumes.'

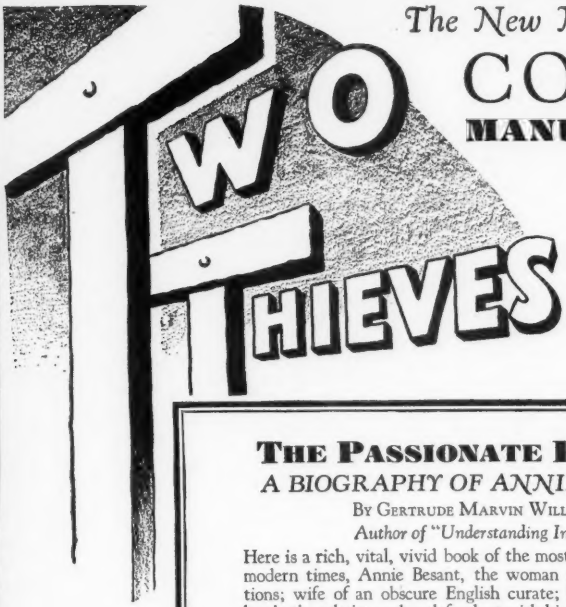
David McCord

A modern architect was recently inveighing against publishers generally for manufacturing books too large for the contracted walls of our city apartments. Pianos and libraries, he said, would soon be things of the past. But what is the publisher to do when an author sends in a manuscript of 225,000 words?

Three-Deckers

Every now and again someone rises up to complain that the American mind has gone tabloid, and that American readers have neither time nor patience for what cannot be told in a headline and paragraph or two, or the loosely printed pages of a 'standard' novel. Here three publishers affirm their faith to the contrary, offering books in which one has room to spread out one's imagination and unpack one's thoughts.

In *Growth of the Soil*, **Knut Hamsun** wrote of the taproot through which a peasant society lives — that



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THE CROCHET WOMAN

By Ruth Manning-Sanders

A strikingly beautiful novel of the English countryside, the story of a modern witch who works with gossip and innuendo to wreck the lives of her young neighbors, and almost succeeds. "A strange and lovely book, packed with delights." —*Manchester Guardian.* $2.00

COWARD-McCANN 425 Fourth Avenue NEW YORK

The BOOKSHELF

love of the land wherein a man becomes as much a part of it as a tree. In ***Vagabonds*** (Coward-McCann, $3.00) he has chosen another aspect of the Norwegian scene — the birds of passage who go up and down its coast and occasionally sally out to far seas, restless in one place, yet returning, as the seasons roll round again, to revisit the haunts of other summers. His vagabonds are Edevart and August, who sail or fish or peddle or keep store as the winds of their impulses blow.

August has a feckless splendor; he it is who can pull ideas out of the blue to make the fortunes of others, while his own dollars slip through his fingers to leave him only with a disconcerted boast. He knows how the marsh can be drained, and how to play on the terrors of the neighbors to make them do the work; where the wharf should be built so that the steamers will stop and bring goods and money to the forlorn little trading post; where a mill will some day harness the waterfall to fatten the trader's young son. But scheming girls get his own watch, his gold ring; they dance to his accordion, but no one pays the piper. Edevart, simpler, more persistent, plays henchman to the picaresque hero; gathers up the bright ideas and coins till prosperity again and again seems almost around the corner for both of them; then trips himself on the conflict between the wanderer and the man who might have loved the stability of a peasant.

Vagabonds has not the epic poise of *Growth of the Soil*, for its concern is not with the main stream of its society, but with the wayward eddies. These wanderers cannot sail the charted course, nor yet can they break from it to explore new seas of their own. They have neither the fixed goal of a Ulysses nor the whole-hearted freedom of a Don Quixote. Yet possibly for that very reason they are far more appealing than many a hero who sails by chart and compass. *Vagabonds* is a clear, honest, and substantial story; what is more, it is endearing.

In this country **Lion Feuchtwanger** is known almost solely for his two historical novels, *Power* (*Jew Süss*) and *The Ugly Duchess*. In ***Success*** (Viking, $3.00) he has turned his gift for historical perspective to modern times — the years of domestic revolution in Bavaria following the Great War. The result is a vast and intricate book, involving scores of people and composite pictures of men whose names have been in the headlines of the past decade. Beyond that, moreover, he has drawn his multitude of people into a panorama of the present, within the boundaries of a well-knit story which becomes increasingly absorbing as the reader follows the fortunes of Martin Krüger and Johanna Krain.

Krüger, the subdirector of the National Gallery of Modern Pictures, was imprisoned by his political enemies on a false and petty charge of perjuring himself by swearing that he had not spent a certain night three years before with a certain woman. He told the truth when he declared he had not done so — and the whole matter, whether false or true, was of no importance to his work or to public policy. Yet by bought testimony his enemies destroyed him.

It is about Martin Krüger's trial, imprisonment, and death that the story centres. In it there is a curious mixture of objectivity and anger. On the one hand the author seems impelled by the feeling that now all can be told: he will rid his spirit of the weight of disgust that those reactionary years bred through their political corruption, profiteering, double-dealing; the suffering of the many, the cant and wirepulling at the top. He will show how sentimentality and false patriotism are entwined in the love of 'art' that Munich boasts; how self-interest and opportunism belie the mouthing of 'justice' and give honest men no room for peace, sometimes no room for life. On the other hand, once he has determined to cut through the corruption of this time and people, he looks with some detachment at what he finds, to see how it is that men can be so swinish, what it was in the year 1920 that brought to pass so sorry a state of human affairs. He can savor the trials of these people without becoming sentimental over them; can tolerate stupidity if it is not linked with power and cruelty.

From time to time a brief chapter in the book casts the whole scene backward into a distant perspective, like looking through the wrong end of opera glasses, by discussing the state of justice or art or morals in 'those times' as one would talk of the ancient Romans or the inhabitants of a South Sea Island. The device is effective in keeping the great book within the bounds of its setting and guarding its emotions from sprawling toward a polemic. It is more than a device, however: a witness, rather, of the rein which an historically-minded man has placed on himself in treating a subject which touched him so deeply.

Success is not a book into which one can dip lightly; it demands a concentration in the reading not unlike that which must have been necessary in the writing to keep so large and complicated a stage in hand. But one who is willing to give himself to it will find, I think, a trenchant and satisfying return. Its matter, allied with its emotion, makes it an even sharper and more touching book than its predecessors.

MARY ROSS

AMERICAN HUMOR

THE woman who is managing the only English periodical printed in Moscow to-day told me that American humor was responsible for what trouble she had with the censor. To the Russian, exaggeration in jokes seemed neither funny nor admissible.

Exaggeration, certainly, is as native to our wit as understatement is to the English risibility. The one shocks, the other nudges the humor.

SPHINX

By Florence Converse

When a scholar turns to mystery writing, it's news — and good news, too! Florence Converse, for years an editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has suddenly produced one of the most *charming* mystery stories in years! This whimsical, wayward, teasing story is a real discovery! $2.00

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By H. C. Bailey

Meet once more the genial Mr. Fortune — one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of modern detectives. His methods — and his manners — are peculiarly his own — and uncommonly entertaining. *The Dutton Clue Mystery for February.* $2.00

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By Tamara Karsavina

Lauded by J. B. Priestley, Arnold Bennett, and the London Times, introduced by J. M. Barrie and illustrated with a famous portrait by John Singer Sargent — such are the sponsors of this biography of the famous Russian dancer that Barrie calls "One of the most delightful and novel books ever written about the theatre." $5.00

ANNE GREEN

who delighted you and your friends with "The Selbys" presents her new novel

READER, I MARRIED HIM

For love and laughter, you'll find no novel to equal it this spring.

A rollicking romantic comedy of the Douglasses, a harum-scarum Southern family in Paris, and, in particular, the amorous adventures of Catherine Douglass who "entered rooms like a March wind, smelled like April flowers, and looked like May." *The Dutton Prize Book for February.* $2.50

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By Francis Gribble

The author of "Balzac" tells the story of the "incredible marquis" and his even more incredible son, two human and literary "sports." $5.00

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By Henry Channon

A gay novel — a delightful example of the advance mode in American fiction. "A clever and original book." — *The New Statesman.* $2.50

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The BOOKSHELF

But humor is contemporaneous. The exaggeration of Bill Nye is a plain bore to-day; Twain's *Jumping Frog* was exaggeration, and to the twentieth century not so very funny; Mr. Dooley gave you something more subtle with his dose; and, coming down to the humorists of our time, you find mixed with their exaggeration what Benchley, speaking of Peter Arno, calls 'a transcendental quality of dementia which amounts to genius.'

Humorists, of course, grow up in magazines. The timeliness and dispatch of weekly publication seem to be good for them. Robert Benchley and Gluyas Williams made names for themselves in *Life*, as did Oliver Herford and Charles Dana Gibson before them; Ogden Nash and the artists Arno and Soglow are stars in that New Manhattan Galaxy, the *New Yorker*. Bred in such timeliness, it is asking a good deal of their work to give us when compiled in book form something of that irresistible shock and laughter with which we discovered it in the magazine.

Since age is before beauty, we come first to that grizzled old King (of American Humor — see blurb), **Robert Benchley,** who in his youth learned a thing or two from Stephen Leacock and, putting two and two together, originated a style very much his own. His papers and burlesques of the past two years have been brought together in ***The Treasurer's Report, and Other Aspects of Community Singing*** (Harpers, $2.00), and to set off his text there are some forty harmonious illustrations by his team mate, Gluyas Williams. Being a fan, I am always ready to laugh at these two, and at Benchley especially when, as in this volume, there are half a dozen papers as delicious as anything he has ever done: the title piece, 'Las Los,' 'The Sunday Menace,' 'The People Who Had the House Before,' to pick sure winners. Benchley is best when least responsible; when he is conscious of his theme he is apt to labor it, as in the chapter on 'The King's English.' But at his best you can read and reread him with delight. Feeling analytical, I should like to point out the skill with which he parodies the clichés in our American speech, the absurd exaggeration which he packs into his parentheses, and the fillip which is to be found in the last sentence of his paragraphs.

Peter Arno's second volume of drawings, ***Hullabaloo*** (Horace Liveright, $3.00), shows — as did his *Parade* of last year — that he deserves most of the good that is said about him. His effects are bold and instantaneous (the difference between American and English humor is perfectly demonstrated by comparing the drawings of Arno and Max Beerbohm), his composition excellent; his single-line black and whites revolutionized 'the technique of picturized jokes,' his Whoops Sisters measured him at once against Belcher; he is disrespectful and farseeing; he lampoons the worst of smartness and vulgarity and makes New York laugh at itself; best of all, he is ingeniously funny. The frontispiece to *Hullabaloo* is a prime example of his satire; the Cat and the Couple and 'Oh, Redskin!' are as funny as drawings can be. More power to his elbow!

The verses of **Ogden Nash,** or, as they are called, ***Hard Lines*** (Simon and Schuster, $2.00), are afflicted with that same mingling of dementia and exaggeration. He is the most foolish, most nimble, and most entertaining versifier we have. His wit can be timely, as witness his classic lines of Welcome to Admiral Byrd: —

Huzza Huzza for Admiral Byrd
About whom many fine things I have heard
Huzza Huzza for his gallant crew
About whom many fine things I have heard too.
Huzza Huzza for their spirit of Adventia
So very different from Senile Dementia
And another Huzza for the U S A
Which produces so many heroes like they.

It can be as brief as Arno's jokes, as witness: —

SHORT SHORT STORY

There once was a girl named Mary.
The lions did n't roar when she walked by the Library.

or: —

THEATRICAL REFLECTION

In the Vanities
No one wears panities.

In short, he has an enviable mania for making incredible (and laughable) rhymes about the incredible personæ of the United States, himself included. His lines to Bernarr Macfadden, Arthur Brisbane, Senator Smoot and his Censorship, touch off these dignitaries in a way to do the heart good. His caricatures in verse, his satires in general, have that freshness and point which are the joy of magazine readers and — a few at a time — uproarious when read aloud. The verse has been illustrated by Soglow, whose captionless drawings are dear to New Yorkers. Soglow is best when by himself, but certainly some of his pages do justice to 'The Golden Trashery of Ogden Nashery.'

Edward Weeks

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1931

THE GREAT AMERICAN BUREAUCRACY

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

I

In the mad haste to procure war supplies it escaped the Quartermaster Corps that there might be little or no demand for triple-A shoes in the A. E. F. As it turned out there was a great scurrying for enough 10-D's and 11-F's to go around, but when the shooting was over there were in stock at the Washington General Supply Depot some 30,000 pairs of triple-A's, in all sizes. The shoe manufacturers had allocated sizes and lasts to the army according to the accepted trade scale of normal distribution, forgetting for the moment that the United States Army was a highly selective group in which big feet were a pride and joy.

Under a provision of the new Budget law authorizing the transfer of surplus supplies from one branch of the government to another, General Charles G. Dawes, in 1923, assigned 200 pairs of the triple-A's to the District of Columbia Training School. But it is not the triple-A feet, apparently, which stray from the straight and narrow path into such institutions. The surplus stocks were in lighter demand there than in the Army.

Quite by coincidence a railroad yardman in Springfield, Massachusetts, heard of the midget shoes, wrote that he could wear a triple-A last, and offered to pay cost and express charges on half a dozen pairs. Because the situation was a bit unusual the Chief of the Division of Surplus Supplies, Quartermaster Corps, presented the knotty problem to the office of the Judge-Advocate-General. There was, it transpired at length, no provision in law for the sale of surplus materials save by public competitive bids.

Two months ago George S. Wilson, Director of Public Welfare, who administers all correctional institutions in the District of Columbia, appealed to the Secretary of War to have the shoes formally condemned, so that they might be ripped apart and the leather used in his occupational-therapy shops. The processes of condemnation, however, are unusually complex, requiring reviews, O.K.'s, approvals, and countersigns on every floor of the War Building. The triple-A's, consequently, still are on hand. Once a year they are dusted, counted for inventory, appraised, recatalogued — against that glorious day when a third of the United States Army shall step up en masse to demand their Cinderella boots. The oldest of the lot have been on hand thirteen years, but the newest only eleven.

Nor is this instance of complete bureaucratic stagnation the exception

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to the rule. It is, rather, symptomatic of the wasting disease which is upon the entire Federal establishment, particularly virulent in Washington, but dangerous in such far-away places as the Governor-General's office in Manila, the Assay Office in Nome, the Post Office in New Rochelle. Wherever encountered, bureaucracy is always the same — governmental functions administered without human imagination, without flexibility, shamefully deficient in those qualities of ingenuity, accommodation, and energy so necessary to accomplishment of the work of the world. It is, however multitudinous or widely scattered its manifestations, that form of government which moves by the letter of hundreds, even thousands, of laws until administrative functions become ridiculously and inextricably involved — and then collapses. It is a form of institutional creeping paralysis, all the more insidious because it does not strike a staggering blow, like a heart attack, and thus summon the physician; but instead slowly devitalizes the body cells of the administrative organism in myriad Divisions, Bureaus, Sections, and Offices, until there remains only the emaciated hulk of the Civil Service rolls, stimulated to a new lease on life every winter by the activities of the House and Senate committees on appropriations.

II

How the bureaucratic system takes the minds of vigorous, well-educated men and numbs them with regulations, formalities, and disciplinary patterns was strikingly revealed last winter by an incident aboard one of Uncle Sam's battleships on the high seas. When the parrot-fever epidemic became alarming, the Chief of Naval Operations, at the suggestion of the Surgeon-General, issued a General Order to all ships and shore stations that pet birds — and every ship carries from one to a dozen — should be jettisoned.

It so happened that aboard a certain man-o'-war was a 'guest parrot,' a costly bird with a most unusual vocabulary. The property of a well-known Boston society matron, the parrot had been farmed out to a young commander for the cruise, while its owner sojourned in Florida.

The General Order to sink all parrots without trace presented the question whether the Navy should throw overboard the property of a most estimable citizen. Approaching his captain with this nice point of law, the young commander was referred to the Senior Medical Officer, who was persuaded to disinfect and inoculate the bird and isolate it on the ship beyond all possible routine contact with the crew.

As a matter of form, the captain reported this solution to the Bureau of Navigation. Next morning, in far-away Washington, the wireless report was carried promptly to the office of the Surgeon-General. There officers immediately challenged the efficacy of the method. With a long report from the Surgeon-General the case was submitted to the Chief of Operations. Consternation reigned among the admirals. At length the Judge-Advocate-General was asked for a ruling. Whereupon the best legal minds of the Navy hastily concluded that there was no precedent under which the government might be held responsible for damages should the parrot be thrown overboard for the benefit of the service.

A curt, summary order flashed instantly from the great radio station in Arlington (copy to Commander in Chief of the Battle Fleet) directing the insubordinate captain to proceed at once to the execution of the General Order. But before this momentous decision had been reached in Washing-

ton the battleship had put in at the Canal Zone for oil. There the custodian of the hapless bird deposited his charge with an Army Sergeant, until he should cable directions for shipment to Boston. When the captain flashed back to Arlington (copy to Commander in Chief of the Battle Fleet) that the parrot had been landed, the admirals curled their moustaches with wonted poise. Once more they breathed easily as they waited, in expectant mood, for the next instance of someone down the line who had been slow, dull, stupid, or inefficient about Orders.

A first-hand account of this incident was contained in a personal letter from one of the battleship's officers, but subsequent inquiry at the Naval Intelligence Office brought forth the answer that diligent search failed to disclose record of any such communications.

More often than not, the hierarchy of bureaucracy thus is able to conceal from the public gaze the more grotesque postures of its General Orders, but occasionally even the most ridiculous incidents find their way into the record, through the annual House of Representatives' committee hearings on departmental appropriation bills.

There was, for example, the case of Frank H. Lovette, Assistant Secretary of the Federal Radio Commission, who appeared before the Appropriations Committee last February to ask for additional stenographic help in the Personnel and Supply Section. The official transcript of his testimony on the point reads in part as follows: —

> They need stenographers and typists, as they are much behind with their work. I might cite the case of an eleven-cent item that could not be paid because of the Comptroller-General's decision. In that case at least six or seven letters were exchanged in reference to the question of what should be done. There was no way around it.

Why, the citizen inquires, did not the Chief of Section, before he wrote the fifth or sixth letter to the General Accounting Office, scrape up eleven cents in postage stamps, pay the bill, and so end the discussion? Ah, yes; but the citizen does not know the systems of bureaucracy. He overlooks the fact that before the Chief of Personnel and Supplies could get five twos and a one from the Finance Division he would have had to present a voucher, approved by the Chief Clerk and countersigned by the Commissioner charged with direct supervision of the Supply Section. This voucher, in turn, would have been rejected by the General Accounting Office. There was, as Mr. Lovette so naïvely put it, 'no way around it.'

As the Radio Commission blindly stumbles through with its unauthorized eleven-cent expenditure, so does the gigantic Veterans Bureau, largest single unit in the Federal machine, muddle along with its $500,000 general hospital project at Indianapolis.

President Hoover signed the bill authorizing this hospital on December 19, 1929. The Federal Hospitalization Board thereupon took up the labor of selecting a site. Hearings were held in Washington on February 7, 1930. Ten days later the Hospitalization Board announced it would select a site 'within fifty miles of the city of Indianapolis.' On February 27, Colonel J. J. Phelan, engineer for the Board, left for Indiana to inspect all proffered sites. On April 24 a subcommittee of the Board was appointed to view the four best sites inspected by Colonel Phelan. On July 14, a few days short of seven months after the authorization had been signed at the White House, the Board formally announced that Indianapolis had been selected.

The sordid picture of political wire-pulling behind this inhuman delay is suggested by the fact, developed in the

Hospitalization Board's hearings in February, that every Republican member of the Indiana Congressional delegation opposed the selection of Indianapolis, which is represented in the House by a Democratic Congressman. Not until Congress had adjourned for the summer, it will be noted, was the award announced. During all those months of political jockeying, the Veterans Bureau had on file hospitalization applications from more than three hundred service men throughout Indiana. When completed, the new hospital will provide a hundred and fifty additional beds.

But six months were yet to pass before ground should be broken for the hospital. After approval of the site, the project was turned over to the Construction Division of the Veterans Bureau. Plans were drawn. They were sent to the Indianapolis Regional Office, back again to Washington. Changes were made at the suggestion of the Hospitalization Board. New sketches were prepared and shipped to Indianapolis. Finally approved, the blueprints went to the Specifications Section. The Construction Division called for bids in December, one year after the Congressional authorization, and ground will be broken in January or February. Because work will be retarded during the winter months, the hospital will not be completed until November or December 1931. Two years thus will have elapsed on a sorely needed hospital, construction of which will require nine months. Written by the dead hand of bureaucracy, the final tally on the project will be, 'Construction work, nine months; administrative functions, fifteen months.'

III

In October 1800, when the seat of the Federal government was transferred to Washington, a weekly journal in the new Capital chronicled that 'the whole force of office clerks, totaling 54 persons, and all of the books and papers of the government, in seven small and five large boxes, were transported from Philadelphia.'

The new Federal venture under the Constitution then was a few months more than eleven years old. The population of the territory under its jurisdiction was approximately 5,300,000. The executive branch of the government consisted of the Departments of State, Treasury, War, Navy, and Justice and the Post Office, only three of which — the War, Navy, and Post Office — maintained establishments outside of the capital city.

To-day, with a population increased twenty-three times, the Federal machine is a maze of 10 Departments, 134 subsidiary Bureaus and Divisions, and 35 independent establishments, employing at home and abroad a few more than 800,000 men and women, not including some 160,000 enlisted men and officers in the Army and 90,000 more in the Navy and Marine Corps.

Including the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, there are to-day well over one million names on Uncle Sam's monthly pay roll. Counting the families of married men and women in the Federal service, Treasury actuaries estimate that slightly more than 2 per cent of the population live directly off the national government. This, of course, does *not* include some 300,000 pensioners of all wars who are maintained in part by the Treasury at Washington.

Whereas in 1800 only the Customs Agents of the Treasury were empowered to make arrests, there are to-day more than twenty-five different grades of Federal police officers, scattered through seven departments. Then, the national government touched the peo-

ple only remotely, through State officers. To-day, the Federal bureaucracy reaches into the basement with a booklet on wood storage, into the nursery with a pamphlet on infant care, into the farmer's barn with instruction on cleaning the cream separator.

Had the Federal organization expanded since 1800 precisely in step with the increase in population, the Civil Service rolls to-day would carry less than 2000 names, instead of more than half a million. Had the government establishment expanded ten times as fast as the population, the Civil Service list to-day would carry 12,000 names. Had it expanded one hundred times as rapidly, the rolls would carry 120,000 names. It has, in fact, expanded *more than four hundred times* in relation to the population.

Whereas in 1820 there was one Federal employee for every 1173 inhabitants, the ratio stood at one employee for every 180 inhabitants in 1920. In the decade 1890–1900 population increased 20.7 per cent and the Civil Service rolls by 54 per cent. In the following ten years population increased by 21 per cent and the Civil Service lists by 47 per cent. Between 1910 and 1920 population increased by 14.9 per cent and Civil Service by 58 per cent. Since 1920 the number of Federal employees, classified and non-classified, has grown from 597,000 to 800,000, or at the rate of one added worker for every 85 additional population.

What do these figures mean in money? In 1800, Federal appropriations for all services, including postal operations, were $11,000,000, or about $2.08 per capita. In 1850, expenditures were $44,756,000, or approximately $1.93 per capita. By 1900, expenses had advanced to $621,395,000, about $8.20 per capita. For the fiscal year 1930, which ended last June, expenditures, again including the postal service, were $4,710,377,376, which is equal to $38.42 for every man, woman, and child enumerated in the 1930 census.

And the 'seven small and five large boxes' which accommodated 'all of the books and papers of the government' have expanded until the Department of Commerce alone requires to-day a building which cost $17,500,000, which is approximately $2,500,000 more than Thomas Jefferson paid for the Louisiana Purchase. Three months ago the Bureau of Internal Revenue, one branch of the Treasury Department, moved into a new $10,000,000 edifice just off Pennsylvania Avenue. Ground was broken recently for a new Supreme Court building, on Capitol Plaza, to cost $12,000,000. The General Accounting Office, the only function of which is to audit Federal expenditures, is to be housed in a building to cost $4,500,000. During the current fiscal year bids will be asked for a new home for the Post Office Department, to cost $10,000,000. A like amount has been authorized for new Washington headquarters for the Department of Justice. Notwithstanding the recent completion of a $6,000,000 Administration Building for the Department of Agriculture, that agency of the government still maintains Bureaus and Divisions in twenty-four separate establishments throughout the District of Columbia and near-by Maryland and Virginia.

The Treasury Department occupies a four-story building a block square. The home of the Interior Department, also a block square, is five stories high. The State, War, and Navy Building spreads over a third city block, and the Navy occupies a second building near by which is a quarter of a mile long, with wings, and three stories high. The Labor Department bulges out over the top of an eight-story office building; the Interstate Commerce Commission fills one ten-story building and five floors of

another; the Veterans Bureau Building is a nine-story structure so large that the long façade cannot be encompassed by the human eye from any one vantage point. The Government Printing Office occupies more floor space than any of these departments, save the Navy and Bureau of Internal Revenue. There remain, then, only the Capitol, the Senate and House office buildings, the Library of Congress, the White House, Tariff Commission, Patent Office, Federal Trade Commission, and Naval Observatory.

Yet beneath all of these heaps of stone and mortar up and down Pennsylvania Avenue and by-streets there are housed only about two thirds of all those on the pay rolls of the Federal Government.

A statistical expert in the Bureau of the Budget estimates that the seven small and five large boxes which encompassed all the papers in 1800 would not hold to-day sufficient paper clips to run the Federal establishment in Washington for ten days.

IV

The most conspicuous product of the bewildering multiplicity of bureaus and overlapping of so-called governmental functions in Washington to-day is the neo-lobbyist, or Contact Man. Embodying the capacities of sight-seeing guide, house detective, and automobile salesman, this comparatively recent addition to the Capital's professional directory lives well by his ability to penetrate quickly the maze of red tape and petty bureaucratic formality surrounding every government official. He has at his finger tips such priceless, and otherwise unobtainable, information as that the Weather Bureau is a function of the Department of Agriculture, instead of the Department of the Interior.

Consider the case of the President of the Duluth Chamber of Commerce, who once ventured to Washington to obtain from the Weather Bureau the average rainfall in the Duluth trading area since 1900. Unacquainted in the city, he looked in the telephone book under 'W' for 'Weather Bureau.' No listing. Happily he remembered the Bureau was in the Department of Agriculture. He turned to 'A.' But it was not there. Perhaps it would be under 'G' for 'Government,' or 'B' for 'Bureau, Weather.' Wrong again! By calling a bell boy he found the Weather Bureau listed under 'U,' for 'United States Government,' subhead 'A,' for 'Agriculture, Department of,' second subhead, 'W.'

'A lobbyist,' an irate witness snapped across the table during a Senate committee investigation last winter, 'is a person who can taxi down to the Navy Department and walk straight to the Hydrographic Office. He is paid well because he saves time and money for anyone who has business to transact with the government.'

Theoretically it still is true that an ordinary citizen may pack his bag, hop a train for Washington, and transact his own business with the Departments. As a practical matter, however, the foremost business men of the country seldom attempt to do so. The best minds have learned from bitter experience that it is much cheaper to retain a Contact Man in Washington at, say, $10,000 a year, plus office expenses.

The Washington City Directory lists more than three hundred offices of national trade associations, social movements, economic leagues, labor groups, and financial organizations. Every major industry, even unto moving pictures, baseball, and horse racing, maintains its Washington representative. All of this group, naturally, centre their attention on Congress when legis-

lation affecting their respective industries is under consideration; but far from being the sinister monsters depicted in the newspaper cartoons, the lobbying craft is, by and large, an assemblage of astonishingly mediocre men, whose principal stock in trade is an up-to-the-minute knowledge of the physical geography of the capital of their native country. As an influence upon legislation or administrative procedure they are, considering their number and the amount of money they spend, amazingly ineffective. Rather, they serve the Duluth Chamber of Commerce by picking up a telephone, asking for Branch 731 in the Agriculture Department, and pleading: 'Say, Phil, my boss out in Duluth's got a big idea. He wants the rainfall statistics in the Duluth industrial area since 1900. Will you have your girl copy 'em off and mail 'em to me to-night? I'll send 'em out by wire first thing in the morning. . . . Yeh, sure, by months, if you got 'em that way. . . . Sure. Thanks, Phil, old man. . . . I'll be seeing you. . . . S' long.'

The operation is the same if a washing-machine manufacturer in Mason City, Iowa, wants to know how rapidly public laundry equipment is increasing in relation to domestic machinery. It is the same, again, if the President of the American Association of Short Line Railroads wants to know the status of the project in the Interstate Commerce Commission to consolidate the Jerkwater, Landsend, and Walla Walla Railroad with the Northern Pacific System.

More important even than the saving in time and energy from the standpoint of the lobbyist's employer, however, is the consideration that under a bureaucracy one man, one section, one division, — but only one, — has, on a given day, immediate authoritative knowledge of the precise status of a given project. Unless the inquirer has the intuitive faculty for finding the one door among all the doors in Washington which shelters the particular information he seeks at the instant, the knowledge is forever lost. Even Senators many times have tried in vain to trace the whereabouts of specifications for river-dredging projects between the time they left the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors and the time they were returned by the Corps of Engineers, United States Army, approved or rejected. Only a Contact Man who knows the special mechanics of the War Department bureaucracy backward and forward ever could hope to catch a blueprint at any given phase of this brain-splitting process.

On one occasion, some two years ago, it took the Secretary of the Navy four days to find out from his Rear Admiral in charge of the Bureau of Construction and Repair the precise type of engines installed on a certain war craft. When the Secretary's simple request came back to him it was a packet of papers almost half an inch thick, endorsed, transmitted, noted, and O.K.'d from bureau to section to division and back again. The Admiral's confidential answer which summarized all this tremendous activity was three lines to the effect that 'the aircraft carrier . . . is powered by . . . engines of . . . horse-power capacity, manufactured by . . . and installed under Contract No. . . . by . . . & Co.'

Anyone who is personally acquainted with the foremost Navy Contact Man in Washington will testify that he could have got this information over the telephone within ten minutes.

If you ever have occasion to call on the Secretary of the Navy you will be greeted at the top of the central stairway on the second floor of the Navy Building by an armed Marine guard with fixed bayonet. As you approach

he will bring his rifle to parade rest, stiffly and with great ceremony, and direct you to Room No. 2054. Here you will be greeted pleasantly by an elderly Sergeant of Marines, in parade dress, who will take your card, inquire your business, ask if you have an appointment, and instantly rate you as important, fuss-budget, chronic complainant, or mere vagrant.

Moving mysteriously across the spacious room, the sergeant will disappear through a doorway, transmit his conclusions to a clerk, who will take the message to the Secretary's private secretary. If the Secretary is not in a Cabinet Meeting, a Congressional hearing, in conference with the Secretary of State, or reviewing the situation in Haiti with the Commandant of the Marine Corps, he may see you. The chances are ten to one against you, however. More likely the Secretary of the Navy is not the man who has your interest in charge; you want to see the Commissioner of Customs. Or else the Secretary of the Navy is engaged and will see you day after to-morrow at four. Thus, if you happen to be, say, president of a Philadelphia shipbuilding company, you have your choice of sitting in your hotel for two and a half days, or going back to work for a day and returning for the appointment. If you are accustomed to finding an armed guard pacing up and down in front of the offices at which you call you may return day after to-morrow. But if you have not seen a fixed bayonet since training-camp days you will hire a Contact Man, at any cost.

When the garrulous, true-story Contact Man enters the Navy Building, he greets the armed guard with a half-salute and a smile, walks past the white-haired sergeant, and demands bluntly of the Secretary's secretary: 'Is the boss in, Jim? Could I get in there for just a second? I got a question here about . . .'

'Yes, he's in; but don't take long, will you? He's working on the budget and wants to send it to the Finance Office before three o'clock.'

The caller uninitiated in the ways of bureaucracy is stymied before he enters the doorway of any government department, for he must explain precisely what he wants before he may pass the information desk or the special departmental police. If he happens to be in search of information or public record which the department or bureau is not anxious to release at the moment, he is dished from section to section by guards, stenographers, switchboard operators, information clerks. He lands in the office of a gentleman who is 'gone on an inspection trip to the Coast.'

If, upon returning to Philadelphia, the ineffective caller writes indignantly to the Secretary of the Navy to complain that he found it impossible to transact his business with the Government during his recent visit to Washington, he will be honored with a prompt and courteous reply asking why he did not come directly to the Office of the Secretary.

The average citizen drops the correspondence at this point rather than admit the shameful truth — namely, that he found the official corridors of Washington, with their trimmings and adornments of swords, bayonets, rifles, model battleships, and air bombers, slightly more frigid, mysterious, and terrifying than the Grand Caverns of Luray or the Moorish side streets of Andalusia. His reluctance to communicate this truth to the Secretary of the Navy does not alter the citizen's conviction, however, that the machinery of government to-day, in the terms of normal business intercourse, is beyond the reach of the people of the land.

(Mr. Sullivan will continue his discussion in March)

MR. ARLISS MAKES A SPEECH

If in the past anyone had told me that I was likely to be awarded a gold medal for diction, I should probably have first screamed with terror and then retired to my study to find out what was the matter with my method of speaking.

This I suppose is because I always imagined that people who got medals for diction were those who spoke beautifully. It used to be so in my early days. When I was a very obscure member of an elocution class the students who got medals for diction spoke wonderfully. Their diction was so unmistakable that you could almost see the medal moving towards them of its own volition; and before they were halfway through 'The Dream of Eugene Aram' the medal was firmly between their teeth. It is hard to eradicate these early impressions. But I am bound to conclude, and I do so with great satisfaction, that those Directors of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, this world-famed institution, who are responsible for this award have a far different appreciation of the art of the actor from the judges of my student days. When I reflect that amongst those who have already been similarly honored by this Academy are Otis Skinner, Walter Hampden, Julia Marlowe, and Wynne Matthison, I realize how vastly public taste and judgment have changed. These actors and actresses speak so easily and naturally that I doubt whether any of the judges of the past would have dared to grant them an award for diction.

It is difficult to overestimate the service that the honorable judges of this Academy have done to the stage in acknowledging the splendid diction of those ladies and gentlemen I have named. I don't believe that any ordinary theatregoer listening to Otis Skinner would say, 'Is n't his diction perfect!' He would be far more likely to say, 'Gee! Ain't Skinner great!' And that is precisely the reaction we want.

If an actor speaks particularly well, and knows it, he should at any rate conceal from his audience the fact that he does know it. Indeed, it is part of his art to render them if possible entirely unconscious of it. There are actors of whom we say, 'He has a beautiful voice, but he is always listening to it.' That means that he is not only conscious of this superior quality, but wishes the audience to be aware of it also. It is, in my opinion, a great mistake for an actor ever to appear to rise superior to his audience. Such an attitude annoys them and distracts their attention from the subject matter.

When I am rehearsing a part and meet a word about which there may be some difference of opinion as to pronunciation, I do not consult a dictionary in order to find out which is right; I endeavor to discover which is the most general way of pronouncing it, and I adopt that way. I always try to avoid teaching an audience anything — or at any rate I make a great effort not to be found out. For it is well known in my business that the public will run a mile from a theatre if they think there is going to be any attempt made to teach them anything.

That is why plays written as propaganda are always failures. An audience resents being corrected or coerced or in any way 'done good to.' If, for instance, the American Academy of Arts

and Letters said, 'We are interested in a campaign for better spoken English, and, regardless of expense, we will form a company of actors which shall comprise all our gold-medalists for diction'; and suppose they did it, and sent the company round the country, with such advertisements as 'Come and hear how English should be spoken' or 'Listen to the silver-tongued gold-medalists' — do you think the people would come near the theatre? I assure you I should be very sorry to be on sharing terms.

There is no doubt that good diction is far too rare. By 'diction' I mean the speaking of words correctly and easily. That is what we are concerned with at the moment, although I suppose the word 'diction' means a good deal more than that.

Of course we are handicapped, because English is the language of a diversity of people scattered in many parts of the globe. But there are only three kinds of English that I am familiar with — the English of England, the English of America, and the English of the telephone operator. This last I do not propose to consider, because it is almost a language of its own, and is, moreover, spoken more or less in confidence. But the difference between the English of England and the English of America is mainly one of diction. It is futile to assert that the English of the two countries is not one language. There are some differences in pronunciation of certain words and occasionally a given word will have a different meaning. But as a rule it is only the difference between the English of England of to-day and that of one hundred and fifty years ago. America has frequently maintained the purity of the language which in course of years has become vitiated in England. We all know that many Old English words and phrases are now regarded in England as Americanisms.

The chief fault in speech in America I should describe as sloppiness, and the outstanding defect in England as snippiness. The English of England has been distorted by people who really ought to know better. Oxford University, for instance, rather prides itself on the fact that you can always tell an Oxford man. It reminds me of those 'Distinctive Styles for Men' which the tailors advertise and which the well-dressed man tries so steadfastly to avoid. The only reason why one can always tell an Oxford man is that his diction is not absolutely pure. It is by no means bad, but it has certain distortions for which there is no excuse. Unfortunately the less educated class, particularly in the suburbs of London, in an attempt to ape their betters become so refined that at times they are hardly understandable.

The American is never guilty of this straining after superiority. But in my opinion he errs on the other side. He is so afraid of being meticulous in his speech that he allows himself to become careless. I have noticed amongst the youth of to-day that there is frequently a decided objection to speaking well, a feeling that there is something unhealthy in good articulation. I know nice parents — well-spoken parents — with children who speak vilely. Frequently when a boy speaks very badly the mother looks at him with pride and says, 'Is n't he a little man!' I can see no good in this. There is nothing clever in speaking badly — anybody could do it with a little practice. One can speak well and still be a little man — or a big man.

I say nothing against slang. I rather admire it; it enriches the language. But I can see no excuse for a lazy and careless delivery of words. Laziness in diction leads to laziness in phraseology — to the perpetual use of the words 'fine' and 'grand' and 'sure' — monosylla-

bles which can hardly be said to be a healthy stimulus to conversation. If we are going to have better spoken English we have to work from the bottom. Schools and colleges and parents have to take a hand. Where bad diction is a matter of ignorance it is excusable, but in the case of people who have all the advantages of education and decent environment it is little more than culpable negligence and laziness.

I have said that actors must never appear to be making an effort to teach anything. But what we should do is to set a worthy example which the youth of to-day may be inspired to follow. And with the advent of the talking pictures our responsibility becomes far greater than ever it was before. For every person who sees an actor in the regular theatre, a thousand see him when he appears in a 'talky.' I worked for thirty years and more as an actor and remained practically unknown to a very large section of the public; now that I have made two or three talking pictures I can seldom walk many blocks without someone coming up to me and saying, 'Excuse me, ain't I seen you in the movies?' I recently opened a new cinema in London, 'in person,' and when I appeared a young lady looked me up and down and then turned to her friend and said, 'Is n't he like him?' I mention these facts to point out how much more far-reaching is the influence of the talking pictures than that of the stage.

In my opinion the value of the talking screen in the improvement of the diction of the masses cannot be overestimated. Not that the masses would go to the movies to learn how to speak; but young people are inclined to be very imitative, particularly of those actors and actresses whom they especially admire.

I am not familiar with the working of other studios, but it may interest you to hear of the care which is taken in recording the voice in my own studio — that is, the Warner Brothers — during the making of one of my pictures; and I have no reason to suppose that the same serious attention is not devoted to the work by others.

A scene in the studio seldom lasts more than six or seven minutes without a break — sometimes it is longer, but not often. Immediately after we have finished acting one of the scenes before the camera I go to what is called the 'play-back' room. With me come the director, the recording mechanics, and the actors who are concerned in the scene. We cannot, of course, see the picture of the scene we have just done, — that takes many hours to develop and print, — but we can hear the 'play-back,' which is the record of our voices precisely as it will be heard in the theatres when the picture is finally exhibited. We sit in perfect quiet; the lights are put out, in order that our sense of hearing shall be more acute; there is a grinding sound, and then out of the darkness come our voices reproducing the entire scene which we spoke only a few minutes before.

When it is finished the lights are put up and the director says to me, 'Well, what do you think?' If I think I was particularly good I say modestly, 'Not so bad. What do you think?' 'Well,' says the director, 'it seemed to me great, except — you know where you say, "I heard him mutter"?' 'Yes.' 'Well, it sounded to me like "butter."' 'Did it? I did n't notice it. Did you notice it, Miss So-and-So?' 'Well, it did n't sound to me like "butter," but I thought it a little muffled.'

And then, after some further criticism, we say, 'We'll hear it again.' If at the end of the second hearing there is the slightest difference of opinion, we all troop out and do the whole scene over again — which of

course has to include photography as well as voice in order to get perfect synchronization.

This same inquest is held after every scene throughout the entire picture. Nothing is ever hurried or left to chance. Unfortunately, when the picture goes through the country we are in the hands of mechanics who can do to one's voice what the passport photographer can do to one's face. But there is no doubt that it is quite possible to reproduce, almost perfectly, the voice and diction of an actor, and it would be a great satisfaction to me if the stage and screen could be so far improved that they could be regarded as the recognized standard of pure English.

It is unfortunate, in this respect, that most of the plays to-day are concerned with characters which compel the actors to reproduce in their speech the worst faults of the average man. But I have reason to hope that the time is approaching when we shall have more and more classical plays. I believe that the detective play has about had its day, and that we shall have plays that will at any rate give the actors an opportunity to speak better English.

Although I have said that I do not think it would be a commercially sound venture to send a company on the road with the object of teaching the masses, I can see no reason why some talking pictures should not be made with the object of using them in schools and universities as examples of perfect English and desirable diction. I commend the idea to your directors as being perhaps worthy of their consideration.

GEORGE ARLISS

A MATTER OF PRONUNCIATION

BY FRANK H. VIZETELLY

THOUGHT moulds the language that we speak, and exalts it or degrades it according to the degree of culture that we attain. Therefore it reflects our lives more exactly than any other thing, and no finer example of this truth has been left us than the sublime address delivered by Abraham Lincoln on the occasion of the dedication of the cemetery at Gettysburg on the nineteenth of November, 1863. Its simple language, its plain common sense, its worldly wisdom in homely phrase, reflect sincerity of thought unapproached by any other of the orators of his day. It is a model of compassion and tenderness that mirrors the character of the great heart that gave it utterance — a model of which we are justly proud. Our standard of written English has always been based on the best work produced by the cultured writers of our time, and our accepted standard of correct speech rests on the pronunciation of those members of our community who speak the language with accuracy, clearness, elegance, and propriety. They do not all speak in the same way. God be thanked that they could not if they would.

There is not merely one cold, hard, uniform method of utterance that

everyone should observe who wishes to become an expert in expression — practice has provided us with much variety. Some American speech is delivered in monotone, pitched to the musical note of B flat or of F sharp; other speech crackles on the ear, like electrons crashing through air waves to reach a particular radio receiving set; and other still is mere cacophony. But, even at that, we are not so badly off, for the London pronunciation of English has varied as frequently as different sovereigns have ascended the throne. Why? Because the Londoner is influenced by the idiosyncrasies and vagaries of the people with whom he comes into contact. For one thing, he abuses and misuses the *r*, so that in standard English the trilled or vibrated *r* is almost absent, but this is not so when words containing that letter are spoken by the Irish or the Scots, or by the people of Tyneside. The English practice of eliding the *r* has led to this near suppression, or, rather, to the introduction of a substitute sound.

The best people of England to-day talk with the cockney voice that, leaving the purlieus of Limehouse, has reached the purlieus of Mayfair. This is the aftermath of the war, during which the spirit of democracy prevailed, and the pronunciation of the common people left its impress indelibly on the so-called best people, with a few languid drawls, terminal *aws*, clipped *g*'s, and feeble *h*'s thrown in for good measure, which, later, acquired the name of the Oxford voice. It is well known that races which habitually pronounce their *r*'s are easily heard, while races that habitually do not pronounce their *r*'s are inaudible. For clearness of tone production, the enunciation of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir has proved as great a revelation to the majority of English actors and actresses as that of the choir of the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City has to the people of the United States. Why? Because its members never fail to pronounce their *r*'s. The late Henry James, who lived in England for nearly half a century, found out, while on a visit to the land of his birth, that the letter *r* got 'terribly little rest among great masses of our population in the boundless West,' and condemned us for lack of taste for uttering it when present. He had lived in England so long that it jarred on his ear when he heard it spoken by a vir-r-rile race.

Mispronunciation abroad is due largely to the influence exerted by the people of Oxford, who have steadily debased the coinage of English speech with emasculated voices and exaggerated idiosyncrasies. They cannot ask you to dinner; they ask you to 'dinnah.' They do not come to a lecture; they come to a 'lectchah.' They believe in 'cultchah,' and instead of saying, 'Oh no,' they say, 'Oo noo,' or 'Aw naw,' or even 'Ow now.'

There has steadily spread from the East End of London to the West End a slovenly way of speaking. This way of speaking has even reached the pulpit and got on to the stage, where the players are steadily becoming inarticulate. Go into any church and listen to the clergyman reading the service or preaching. Few can hear what the man is saying; fewer still can understand him. How very different it is over here! Nowadays in England members of audiences and critics complain that actors and actresses — especially since the war — have become so infected with what the English themselves term 'the abominable Oxford voice' that they are no longer audible on the stage.

There are many persons who will disagree with the claim that the standard of speech for England is the standard set by the educated people of London; for standards vary according to local-

ities. We have a standard of speech for New York which, in my humble judgment, is superior to the stilted standard of speech of Pall Mall, St. James's, or Mayfair in the English capital. Apart from this, the population of London is less than ten million. How many persons does one meet in the course of a lifetime who were born and bred in London? Not many. After all, London is as cosmopolitan a city as New York — made up of people from every part of the United Kingdom and adjacent islands, as well as of other countries, and the standard of speech varies there in different districts even as it does in the city of New York. Those who have lived in Washington no doubt realize that the standard of speech in our national capital differs greatly from the standards of speech that prevail in various of our state capitals.

Among ourselves there is a growing but vicious tendency to emphasize the first syllables of words beginning with *ad-* or *de-* — ad'dress, ad'ministration, de'lude, de'monstration, de'ny, re'search. The words are ad-dress', admin''is-tra'tion, de-lude', dem''onstra'tion, de-ny', re-search'. Deaf, now still occasionally heard 'deef,' is the result of error, for the Early English spelling was *def*, and the *e* had its Early English value — that of *e* in net. Such words as appreciate, appreciation, associate, association, negotiate, negotiation, have been repeatedly mispronounced before the microphone during the past six months. The *cia* or *tia* in these words is correctly pronounced *she*, not *see*. Exit is *eksit* and not *egzit*; incognito is not incogneeto. The name of the street that leads from Trafalgar Square, London, to St. James's Palace, is Pall Mall, not Pell Mell, nor Paul Maul. The building in which grand opera is given in London is situated on Bow Street, of Cŏvent, not Cō'vent, Garden — formerly the word was *Con*vent.

We should say ac-clī'ma-ted, not ac''li-mā'ted; a-mē'na-ble, not a-men'a-ble; ap''pa-rā'tus, not ap''pa-rat'us; bī-og'-raphy, not bē-og'raphy; dep''o-zi'tion, not dē''po-zi'tion; in-com'parable, not in''com-pare'a-ble; in'vento''ry, not in-vent'o-ry; I'oway, not Io'wah; irrep'a-rable, not ir''re-pare'a-ble; irrev'o-ca-ble, not ir''re-vo'ca-ble; lē'sure, not lĕs'ure; vā'grant, not vag'rant; hwich, hwot, hwen, hware, not wich, wot, wen, ware.

Words beginning with *sc* have peculiarities of their own, as scene, scenario, schism, schedule, and sceptic prove. Then there are pian'ist and pat'ent — English pē'a-nist and pā'tent; hos'til and hos'tyle; nef-ew and nev-ew. The Englishman persists in 'shedule,' although he says 'skool,' while we say 'skedule' and 'skool.' The fruit of the banana tree he calls ba-nah'na, whereas we speak of it as ba-nan'a.

Then there are three other words the pronunciation of which has frequently been discussed between the nations — quinin, tomato, and vase. To the English the first is kwi-neen', the second is to-mah'to; but to the American they are kwin'in and toma'to, and he bases his pronunciation of the last on analogy with potato. The latter word may at one time in its career have been pronounced pah-tah'tē, but never po-tah'to. As for quinin and vase — well, there are five pronunciations of the first and four pronunciations of the second: kwin'in, kwi-neen', kwin'īn, kwī'nīn, ki-neen'; vāz, vās, vahz, and vez.

If you must say 'extrord'inary,' and so suppress the medial *a*, please remember that whenever you do so you are not expressing the idea that the word itself was coined to convey, — 'out of the ordinary,' — the sense that the

word 'extra' gives to it when correctly pronounced, as when you say 'extra-or'dinary.' To our friends across the sea, immediately is immee'jetly. Misplaced stress is frequently responsible for mispronunciations, and this is particularly noticeable in such words as agg'randize, a'pricot, cement', com'bative, discern', inquir'y, gov'ern-ment — the last a word which many speakers pronounce incorrectly. It is not 'guv-verment.' Another word is programme — some programmes are *grum* enough to be in perfect keeping with the absurd pronunciation one hears so frequently. Thirty years ago Italian was frequently mispronounced Eye-tal'-yan in our Eastern states; then there are lev'er, lab'oratory, — five not four syllables (lab'o-ra-to''ry, not lab'ra-to-ry), — and pa'tron.

In such words as often, chasten, fasten, and hasten, the *t* has been as silent as the *b* in tomb, comb, crumb, and dumb, when spoken by persons of culture. For some reason that I have not been able to fathom, unless it be due to a dread of posing as punctiliously correct, the letter *u* has been the butt of derision for some years. This letter has several inseparable sounds, and we should be careful to distinguish them whenever the occasion presents itself. The *u* in use and in tune is correctly pronounced as if written *yu*, but while the first word, use, is never mispronounced, tune has been corrupted to 'toon,' and all music knocked out of it.

And now may I refer to the digraph *ew*? Why should persons who utter dew, few, hew, with care, and are ready to acknowledge that 'The cat will mew and dog will have his day,' hesitate when they face the word new, and fumble it so that it becomes 'noo' when in New York, but 'niu' when in New Haven? Prel'ude should not be rendered pray'lude. The word con'cert should be stressed on the first and not on the last syllable; the medial *h* in philharmonic should always be aspirated, although we do not sound that letter in forehead; and the first *r* in February should never be suppressed.

To anyone who looks squarely at the subject of pronunciation, and has noted the variety of speech that filters through the air, it is amazing that so little preparation is made by some of the public speakers before they face the microphone. In England the very sources from which correct information on the pronunciation of words may be obtained — the dictionaries — are neglected. American radio announcers have solved the problems of pronunciation that they have had to face practically by selecting one authority as their guide, and abiding by it. English announcers, who sought expert opinion on pronunciation, learned to their cost that experts disagreed, and so turned to their broadcasting company for help. The help they got was still more experts, who are not altogether certain of their ground, because in Great Britain the standard of pronunciation is that of the individual himself. Did not George Bernard Shaw tell us that there were 47,000,000 ways of pronouncing English in the United Kingdom? Indeed he did, and he meant it. There are more now, because the population has increased; but, may the cat never 'moo' even when the dog hath his day!

BRAINS WIN AND LOSE

WOODROW WILSON

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

I

It would not be just to speak of Wilson as all brains. There was plenty of emotional life also. Yet you feel always that the intellect was the driving, the controlling force, and the defects of brains are as obvious in him as the excellences. For brains can do the greatest things in the world, — they can develop ideals, they can build up states and civilizations, — but they can also mislead and ruin and shatter an individual who puts a too blind trust in them.

Thomas Woodrow Wilson was born in Staunton, Virginia, in 1856. He came of that Scotch-Irish stock which gave America Andrew and Stonewall Jackson and so many other stubborn workers and fighters. His ancestors were teachers and ministers and the hereditary taint was in his blood, but always he wanted to manage men as well as to instruct them. He did not shine in his early education or in the attempted practice of law. But when he began to teach at Bryn Mawr, at Wesleyan, and at Princeton, he showed the stuff that was in him. His success as a teacher and his evident energy and initiative made him president of Princeton, and his efforts to democratize education in that ancient university made him a conspicuous figure to the whole country, though circumstances prevented him from achieving his ideals. What he had done — and said — at Princeton brought him the governorship of New Jersey in 1910 and this was merely a stepping-stone in his sudden and astonishing passage to the Presidency in 1912, when the split in the Republican Party gave the Democrats an easy victory.

Wilson was first interested in domestic reforms, the reshaping of the tariff and the universally lauded establishment of the Federal Reserve System, though these were more or less interrupted by disturbed conditions in Mexico. Then in 1914 came the Great War, and Wilson was faced with heavier burdens than had come to any President since Lincoln, while the strain was made much more severe by the loss of his wife, who for years had been his beloved companion and most intimate adviser. After struggling vainly to remain a force for peace rather than an agency of destruction, the President was finally compelled to join the Allies, and victory was achieved largely by American brains, money, and valor. Wilson then went to Paris to make over the world by the League of Nations. After a gigantic struggle with all sorts of contending passions and selfishnesses he returned with the world imperfectly made over in the shape of a League and a Treaty which the Senate refused to accept. In a passionate effort to persuade the American people to reverse the Senate's

verdict, Wilson shattered his health completely, and the last year of his Presidency was passed under a tragic cloud of physical feebleness and political failure. He died of a brain disease in 1924.

To begin with, it is interesting and curious to gather some of Wilson's comments on the general subject of brains, for it is evident that he had an immense, instinctive esteem for them, felt that they were the prime agency for moving the world — at any rate his agency. And to this end he wanted them positive, sweeping with swift efficiency to conclusions which should make themselves felt as well as accepted.

The play of brain, the activity of brain, energetic, exhaustless intellectual labor, seems to him the thing in life that is really worth while. 'There is a sort of grim satisfaction in tiring one's mind out, if it be only to prove one's mastery over one's natural disinclinations.' And the lack of brain, which is for the most part a mere indolent unwillingness to use it, always merits his infinite contempt. 'I overheard two men one day talking about a third man, and one of them referred to his head. "Head," the other said, "head! That is n't a head — that 's just a knot. The Almighty put that there to keep him from raveling out!" And we have to admit there are such persons.'

As Wilson appreciates the power of brains, so he fully understands their dangers, at any rate as he perceives them in others. There is the danger of mistaking a head-load of facts for the power of using them: 'Some of the best-informed men I ever met could not reason at all. You know what you mean by an extraordinarily well-informed man. You mean a man who always has some fact at his command to trip you up.' There is the even more serious danger of mistaking theories for facts and so endeavoring to impose them upon the world: 'Life is a complex thing. No theory that I ever heard propounded will match its varied pattern; and the men who are dangerous are the men who are not content with understanding, but go on to propound theories, things that will make a new pattern for the universe. Those are the men who are not to be trusted.'

Yet, to the Scotch-Irish Wilson, brains in the abstract, theorizing for the curiosity and pleasure of it, seemed a vain and futile affair. When people try to relegate him and confine him to the academic cloister, he rebels and protests: 'It has always seemed to me an odd thing and a thing against nature that the literary man, the man whose citizenship and freedom are of the world of thought, should ever have been deemed an unsafe man in affairs.' What are thoughts for if they are not transmuted into deeds? What are brains for if not for an illumination and a guide in making a better world to live in? 'There are times,' he cries, 'when words seem empty and only action seems great.'

So much for brains in general, and Wilson on his own mind is even more interesting. When he is cool and detached, he is aware of the limitations and defects of the intellect — no man more so. It is apt to lead to subtle and ingenious insincerity, as he suggests in a comment on Jefferson, 'the sort of insincerity which subtle natures yield to without loss of essential integrity.' It is apt to lead to pride and willfulness, as when he says of himself, 'I am proud and willful beyond measure.' And in Wilson's case, at any rate, it is apt to lead to intense concentration in one field of view to the exclusion of other solutions and important considerations, which is what he meant by the widely quoted description of his 'single-track mind.'

On the other hand, it requires but little acquaintance with Wilson's life and words and work to appreciate his immense enjoyment of intellectual power and his constant and implicit reliance upon it: 'It is not men that interest or disturb me primarily; it is ideas. Ideas live; men die.' This reliance upon the intellect was much enhanced by the fact that he did not suffer from the evil that it works to some of its followers, that of dissolving, disillusioning, bringing skepticism and consequent cynicism in its train. Wilson had his moments of doubt, perhaps; but in the main the Scotch assurance in his blood made him magnificently confident in the conclusions to which his reason led him.

One evil of the intellectual life Wilson was fully aware of, and stated and reiterated with that peculiar clarity of self-revelation in which he was so often a master — that is, the isolation of it. The mass of mankind do not want to think for thinking's sake; perhaps they cannot. Hence the habitual, turbulent thinker is left to himself, and he cannot but feel it: 'The intellectual life is sometimes a fearfully solitary one. . . . The man devoted to that life is more than all other men liable to suffer from isolation, to feel utterly alone.'

II

Thus, having emphasized the importance of brains in general in Wilson's case, it becomes of interest to make a more detailed study of the swift and brilliant instrument which wrought so largely for good and evil in the world.

How much did he owe to education? Apparently not much in the ordinary sense. Like so many other men who have done great things, he educated himself: 'The rule for every man is, not to depend on the education which other men prepare for him — not even to consent to it; but to strive to see things as they are, and to be himself as he is.' Hence in his various schools and colleges he was not conspicuous and would not condescend to busy himself too much with concerns which he felt not to be his. The boy quietly went his own personal way, learned what he wanted and needed, and stored it up where it would do the most good when the call for it should come.

As to the special elements of intellectual activity, it does not appear that he set the highest store by mere accuracy or thoroughness. When it was necessary to go to the bottom of things, he went, with secure, unwearied probing. But he was always justly accused of a certain impatience with detail. What appealed to him far more than scholarly drudgery was the instinct of system, or order, or arrangement. And in his teaching and in his own studies the love of clarity and lucidity was ever-present. No doubt this passion for orderliness sometimes degenerated into a plague. The teaching caste has its special defects, like others. A drift toward pedantry, toward the intrusion of academic method in the wrong place, is one of them. And Wilson was not free from it. In him there was sometimes a tendency to treat men of the world like unruly and inattentive students who needed to be made to see things as they are. But unquestionably the strong instinct of lucid arrangement, in thoughts and words and deeds, was one of the agents that carried him furthest.

What saved him more than anything else from the excesses of intellect and pedantry was the play of the imagination. You could not tie him down to dull research, because his mind was always soaring, always keeping an outlet into the region of splendid dreams and many-colored

ideals. He himself was inclined to attribute the imaginative side of his nature to an Irish element in his origin, meaning, I suppose, a Celtic element, and many of his biographers lay a good deal of emphasis on this. Just where the Celtic strain came into the solid Scotch-Irish ancestry is not clearly indicated. But in any case the imagination came in and the benefits of it were beyond question.

The play of it showed above all in the infinite ability and facility with words. This love for words and their exact and delicate uses was inborn, and constant practice and exercise brought it to perfection. Wilson's father was a close and thoughtful student of style, and the son early imbibed his father's tendency. He studied style as an instrument in writing, he studied it even more in vocal expression, and he always looked upon oratory as the most effective means of influencing and controlling men.

At the same time Wilson was careful to avoid the errors and the attitude of the mere rhetorician. What counted above all was thoughts. Words were merely the vehicle and of little or no account without the profound and powerful working of the mind beneath them. Or, rather, the words and the thoughts were so inextricably and beautifully mingled that in using the one you were naturally and almost inevitably developing the other: 'You must immerse your phrase in your thought, your thought in your phrase, till each became saturated with the other.'

On this literary basis Wilson produced a very considerable amount of printed matter which hardly receives enough attention in view of his greater political prominence. His American History and his Washington are rather in the nature of potboiling, but the earlier critical and biographical essays and the political writing of all periods are notable and original work.

To return to some further elements of his intellectual equipment. One asks one's self how far he was subject to prejudice, to those unreasoning movements of the spirit which are always the greatest enemies of intellectual power. He admits that he was not free from such things: 'I have my due quota of prejudices and prepossessions myself and I hold even my untested convictions in a fighting spirit.' But he at least believed that he was willing and anxious to subject such prejudices to the test of argument, and it seemed to him that he kept an open mind and welcomed objection and clear-cut presentation of an opposing point of view. However his convictions were arrived at, there is universal agreement that, once set, they were extraordinarily fixed and unchangeable. Having gone through his intellectual processes to the end, the man was certain he was right, and all his physical and spiritual energy must be directed to carrying his conclusions into effect.

As to the special manifestations of the intellect in varied forms of application, what mainly strikes one — at any rate if one comes, as I do, from the minute study of Roosevelt — is the lack of versatility. Wilson's intellectual field was narrow from the beginning to the end. He had little command of languages, was strangely ignorant of the general great literature of the world. To science, which interested Roosevelt so immensely, he was quite indifferent, and indeed resented its intrusion into the more speculative emotional fields. For abstract philosophy he cared little and his knowledge of it was slight. Even in religion his interest was not intellectual but practical. He imbibed and retained a vivid and animating orthodoxy, carrying it into a sure practical

belief in divine interposition in the affairs of this world and an individual survival in the future. But in all these matters he rather avoided discussion and intellectual probing and contented himself with the practical application.

Even in the fields which might be thought peculiarly his own his information was singularly limited. He by no means kept up with the modern movements of political economy. His acquaintance with history did not approach the broad familiarity with different epochs and nations which is so notable in Roosevelt. Only in the detailed analysis of the working of government was Wilson thoroughly and minutely at home. Yet even here his thinking seems to me greater in extension than in intension. He did not go to the very bottom of things in the science of government any more than in the science of mind. His intellect was not profoundly penetrative or creative. What did characterize him as a creature of brains was an enormous and constant intellectual activity. He was always thinking, always fertilely, ingeniously designing and contriving new mental processes leading to new practical ends. It was the working of this activity which distinguished Wilson among contemporary statesmen and which makes the study of him so interesting.

III

But all this emphasis on brains must not be understood to imply that Wilson was lacking in nerves and sensibility. On the contrary, he was quite as well provided with these things as the average person. It was only that the brain activity was in excess and produces the greater impression. He was sometimes annoyed and exasperated by the charge of emotional deficiency. And he goes out of his way to proclaim the fires of emotional experience that burn him up: 'If I were to interpret myself, I would say that my constant embarrassment is to restrain the emotions that are inside of me. You may not believe it, but I sometimes feel like a fire from a far-from-extinct volcano, and if the lava does not seem to spill over, it is because you are not high enough to see the caldron boil.' Yet all the time note just the suggestion of intellectual arrogance which the last sentence implies.

If the nerves appeared in no other way, the constant strain of ill health would tend to foster and develop them. Wilson was all his life physically delicate. There are hints of unrevealed maladies which persecuted him. At any rate he had repeated nervous breakdowns, and at all times he was more or less a martyr to indigestion and to the remedies he employed to meet it. Nerves so stretched and tormented would be expected to be frequently unstrung. It does not seem, however, that the general melancholy and depression so often associated with such physical conditions were especially present in this case. Perhaps the absence of these things was partly due to a superb and watchfully cultivated intellectual control, which shows in the ability to put aside the most colossal cares in the world and sleep whenever the chance came: 'I am not often subject to the dominion of my nerves, and it requires only a very little prudence to enable me to maintain that mastery over myself and that free spirit of courageous, light-hearted work in which I pride myself.'

It is, of course, with any individual impossible to measure exactly the nice balance of nerves and intellect in the great emotional experiences, but still it seems to me that in the two greatest of all, love and religion, the overswaying

element in Wilson's case was intellectual. He loved intensely, he felt the power and the presence of God intensely. Yet the feeling is always interpenetrated with an intellectual, analytical clarity. Take the minor aspect of nerves, temper. Wilson had a quick, fierce temper. Read Mr. Thompson's account of the outbreak against an impudent camera man in Bermuda. But the temper was restrained and held down with an almost superhuman control, and there is constant testimony to his gentleness and courtesy even when worn out by public and private distress. Take again the aspect of pity and sympathy and sensitiveness to suffering. Among many illustrations there is the story of the woman who appealed to the president of Princeton to reinstate her erring son. She was on the eve of an operation, she said, and her life might depend on the president's clemency. 'Madam,' was the quiet answer, 'as between your life and that of Princeton — the institution — it is better that you should die; for Princeton must live.' And he refused, but he was almost prostrated afterward. The nerves and the intellect also appeared in the same nice adjustment in money matters. It would seem that Wilson was always generous by impulse and ready to give where he had anything to give. But he had also a Scotch canniness and thrift, and the pestilent plague of his early career was the clinging bane of poverty. This shows in Mrs. Wilson's gentle, half-humorous complaint: 'How I hope all this "limelight" will make the new edition sell *enormously*. It is very inconvenient for a public man to be penniless.'

Again, with all æsthetic concerns. Mrs. Wilson practised and loved painting and tried to initiate her husband, but his mind turned in other directions and he deplores it: 'It has been one of the few grave misfortunes of my life that I have hitherto known least of the two things that move me most, poetry and painting. My sensibilities in those directions seem to me like a musical instrument seldom touched, like a harp disused.' And so they largely remained to the end. He liked the outdoor world, but mainly as exercise and diversion. He read certain poets over and over and especially enjoyed reading them to his friends; but his equipment in this line was astonishingly limited for a man who loved words and praised the benefits of literature so highly. He did like to sing and sang well, but even with music I find no indications of large acquaintance with the classical composers. He immensely enjoyed the theatre; in the earlier days more serious Shakespearean acting, Booth and others; but in later time he turned more to the frivolous, the movies and vaudeville shows, to which he was devoted to the end. Very characteristic is his own analysis of the use of such things: 'There are blessed intervals when I forget by one means or another that I am President of the United States. One means by which I forget is to get a rattling good detective story, get after some imaginary offender and chase him all over — preferably over any continent but this, because the various parts of this continent are becoming painfully suggestive to me.' And here obviously we have brains seeking oblivion by the most immediate and swiftly efficient means.

IV

The most important aspect of nerves is in relation to men and women. When it comes to politics, the tangle of brains and nerves is apt to be conspicuous in Wilson's case, but in ordinary life his human relations mainly involved ordi-

nary feeling. As regards human beings at large and taken in the mass, he had at any rate an unfailing curiosity and interest, though it does not seem as if he ever quite touched them or quite loved them. With his remarkable gift of elucidation he makes the curiosity and interest singularly effective: 'I like human beings. It is a pretty poor crowd that does not interest you. . . . A crowd picked up off the street is just a jolly lot — a job lot of human beings, pulsating with life, with all kinds of passions and desires. It would be a great pleasure if unobserved and unattended I could be knocked around as I have been accustomed to being knocked around all my life. . . . I have sometimes thought of going to some costumers . . . and buying an assortment of beards, rouge, and coloring and all the known means of disguising myself, if it were not against the law.'

In ordinary social intercourse Wilson was shy, remote, and difficult. He himself admits it and others agree. On the other hand, when the ice was once broken and the barriers down, the President's charm was unusual and almost unfailing. The ungraciousness of the harsh features and stiff manner was forgotten in the winning, sympathetic smile and especially in the vivid ease and insinuating charm of the varied and piquant speech. As Colonel House says: 'When one gets access to him there is no more charming man in all the world than Woodrow Wilson. I have never seen anyone who did not leave his presence impressed. He could use this charm to enormous personal and public advantage if he would.'

And under circumstances that were at all intimate the charm flowered into an astonishing and spontaneous gayety. There were jests of all sorts, there was an inexhaustible fund of entertaining stories, the Celtic strain asserting itself in all its magic freedom. Wilson was at one with Roosevelt in his love of Lewis Carroll. He was always quoting *Alice in Wonderland*, and he relished nonsense verses and limericks. When, as Governor of New Jersey, he attended a Senatorial dinner, he astonished the legislators by singing darky songs and joining Senator Frelinghuysen in a riotous Virginia reel.

When it comes to intimate friendships with men, Wilson once more is delightfully human, though perhaps Mr. Baker in emphasizing this protests a little too much. Such relations as that with Robert Bridges were by no means unusual, and where there was no question of politics they endured to the end. What is impressive in these matters of affection is Wilson's own almost desperate longing to have people love him. Yet what strikes me most is that all the emphasis is not on loving, but on being loved. The truth is that these great people who do great things are too absorbed to waste much life on loving. And always there is the subtle disillusioning play of brain as Mr. Baker himself depicts it: 'He wanted love, but must do his own thinking. All his life he was trying to keep his emotions apart from his thoughts — his friendships apart from his convictions. He would love without reservations; he must think coldly. Few men can do that or understand it in others: much tragedy is likely to flow from the attempt.' Assuredly it did in Wilson's case.

But in this matter of human relations Wilson is most interesting in his dealings with women, though naturally one cannot probe them to the very bottom. He took to women, liked them socially and intellectually, poured out his heart to them, tried to think they understood him. There is nothing more bewitching than to have an agreeable woman discover that you are a genius

— especially when you have already surmised it yourself. Therefore Wilson wrote endless self-revealing letters to all sorts of ladies, and this not unnaturally got him into trouble and filled Washington with utterly baseless scandal. Those of the letters to Mrs. Peck that have been published are as innocuous as they are intellectual, and we are assured that the unpublished are no different.

Anyway, against these illicit complications Wilson was protected by his unswerving devotion to the wife whose incomparable tenderness and clear insight had gone so far to make him what he was. The reading of the letters printed by Mr. Baker shows how deep and lofty the devotion was and how persistent, and the testimony of Mrs. Wilson's brother and innumerable others proves the enduring beauty of the conjugal relation. Yet all the time, as in friendship, I am struck with a certain one-sidedness of that relation: 'It is n't pleasant or convenient to have strong passions. . . . I have the uncomfortable feeling that I am carrying a volcano about with me. My salvation is in being loved. . . . There surely never lived a man with whom love was a more critical matter than it is with me.' Still, still being loved, not loving! Oh, the egotism of men — almost equal to the egotism of women! But loving or loved, the women, the first wife and the second wife, played an enormous part in Wilson's career, both the private and the political.

V

And politics, the government of men, for Wilson as for Roosevelt, was all that seriously counted in life. When he was sixteen, looking at the portrait of Gladstone, he said: 'That is Gladstone, the greatest statesman that ever lived. I intend to be a statesman too.' Even when it seemed that circumstances had cut him off from a political career, he looked to it with bitter regret: 'I do feel a very real regret that I have been shut out from my heart's *first* — primary — ambition and purpose, which was to take an active, if possible a leading part in public life, and strike out for myself, if I had the ability, a statesman's career.'

Then when he was fifty-three years old, and actual politics seemed completely out of his range, he was thrust into the thick of it, partly by his success at Princeton and partly by his failure. It was his original, independent grasp of the educational situation that attracted the attention of the country, and if he had been able to carry through his educational and social programme at Princeton it is doubtful whether he would have left such prospects for the extremely dubious venture of the governorship of New Jersey in 1910. But from that turning point politics was the whole of him.

And first it is necessary to establish squarely the lofty ideal aims of Wilson's political life. To anyone who has followed him at all closely the slurs of Roosevelt, 'He is astute and conscienceless,' 'His lack of all convictions and willingness to follow every opinion,' are merely ridiculous. Wilson's aims may often have been unrealizable, but if so it was because of their loftiness. He wanted to govern, but it was because he saw the superb possibilities of government and fully appreciated the lamentable defects which had hitherto kept those possibilities unattained. He was not mad enough to say that he could remedy the defects, but he was man enough to say that he would give his brain and his whole soul and his very life to trying. Men had claimed too much for Democracy. They had dallied with Democracy and professed to have put it to the

proof and found it a failure, and they were beginning to laugh at it and throw it aside. He believed that Democracy, for all its failures and defects, held the future of the world, as Lincoln believed it. He believed that Democracy, rightly guided and interpreted, even perhaps through the dazzling conception of a world unity, held the only possible hope of the future, and he was ready to give all that was in him in every way to the attempt to realize that hope.

Nor was Wilson by any means a mere dreaming idealist. He had fixed and definite and largely elaborated theories as to how the ideal should become a reality. Even as a boy he was an organizer, and all through his career he was inclined to make systematic plans and frame constitutions of one kind or another. His first and perhaps his best book, *Congressional Government*, was an analytical study of the shortcomings of legislative administration in the United States, and from that point to the conception of the Covenant of the League he was always busy with governmental ideas, the weakness perhaps being that he was inclined to leap at once to larger outlines and to some extent disregard the patient working out of details. But always the theory of government was his passion.

Also, it is interesting to see how, with all his intellectual preoccupations, he did not have the intellectual's dread of decision and responsibility. When he had made up his mind and saw his way, he wanted to go right ahead and act, or thought he did and insisted that he did. He spurns men 'who are dried up at the source by the enemy of mankind which we call Caution. God save a free country from cautious men. . . . Caution is the confidential agent of selfishness.'

Yet, in spite of all this free vigor of theory, the old, lurking, critical, hesitating intellect could not be altogether escaped, and as you follow Wilson's political course you cannot help feeling the defects as well as the qualities of brains. How they stand out in a confession like the following! To think of all who are looking to him, he says, 'makes me tremble not only with a sense of my own inadequacy and weakness, but as if I were shaken by the very things that are shaking them, and if I seem circumspect, it is because I am so diligently trying not to make colossal blunders. If you just calculate the number of blunders a fellow can make in twenty-four hours if he is not careful and if he does not listen more than he talks, you would see something of the feeling I have.'

Cannot you see the brains working, working through it all? It was this that caused the delay and the apparent uncertainty in the dealing with Mexico and in the even more critical dealing with the Great War. It may have been wise policy, it may have been debating inefficiency. It unquestionably was the action of intellect rather than will, and it not only irritated his enemies but provoked dubious comment from his faithful supporters, so that one of the most judicious members of the Cabinet, Franklin K. Lane, cries almost in despair, 'We have had to push and push and push to get him to take any forward step. . . . He comes out right, but he is slower than a glacier, and things are mighty disagreeable when anything has to be done.'

Which brings us to the supreme problem of politics, at any rate for a temperament like Wilson's — the problem of dealing with human beings. He wanted to rule men, to work for their good, to manage them, but somehow he never had quite the tact or the touch to enable him to do it. As regards the

general mass of mankind, taken individually, we have already seen something of his attitude in his social relations. He was intensely curious about men and women, he wanted to understand their motives, their tastes, their habits, their traditions: 'The whole problem of life is to understand one another.' Yet there was something of the intellectualist's contempt for the ignorant prejudice and offhand bravado of the crowd. As one not unfriendly observer says of him: 'He mostly saw man the individual in his littleness and was intolerant, impatient, and disgusted with him. . . . He wanted to speak for the common crowd, but in private he frequently found it difficult to tolerate them. "He has a bungalow mind," was a favorite description. "I sometimes wish they were not so damned honest and had just a little brains."'

On the other hand, when it came to the masses collectively, he had immense, magnificent power over them by his gift of eloquence, could sway them hither and thither as he chose. Here also, as I pass from his earlier speeches, with their simple, sincere, scholarly earnestness, to the later political oratory, I feel a certain descent, as of a man who was striving to put his thoughts into a dialect unfamiliar and somewhat distasteful. But in spite of this he got magnificent effects and effect. From his boyhood he loved oratory and practised it, appreciated its defects and dangers, but also its incomparable magic. And the outcome of his pains and study was the crystallizing of those tremendous phrases, some of which, like the 'too proud to fight,' went far to ruin him, while others, like 'making the world safe for Democracy,' echoed and resounded with a strange animating glory in the ears of millions of weary and war-worn men and women.

Somebody has said that Wilson's phrases did more to win the war than anything else. At any rate, borne on the swelling tide of them and the superb ideals they embodied, he went to Europe against the advice of his wisest counselors, and achieved a triumphal progress such as has perhaps never come to any one man before. Alas that it should have been possible to say, even with rhetorical exaggeration, that when he went to Europe he was the greatest man that ever lived, and when he returned he did not have a friend.

For when it came to handling men as individual co-workers, Wilson's weaknesses became apparent. He wanted to get near them, to conciliate them, to work with them, above all to understand them. But something in his make-up made the contact difficult, if not impossible. His heart was approachable, his head was not. The most striking element in this matter of Wilson's dealing with individuals is the long, profoundly tragic series of wrecked friendships that he left scattered behind him in his political career — West and Hibben at Princeton; Harvey, Garrison, Page, Lansing, and finally even the long-suffering Tumulty and Colonel House. In every single case no doubt Wilson had his good reasons. In every single case no doubt he had to choose between a principle and a friend, and the friend had to go. But it makes a record that is not pleasant to look over, and one is reminded of the harsh criticism of Sainte-Beuve, that he deserted all his friends in the name of truth and in the end truth deserted him. Wilson would certainly never have admitted anything of the kind for himself, but at any rate he did not conform to the saying of a very wise person, that the law of love is higher than the law of truth.

Another significant and closely connected point in Wilson's human politi-

cal relations is the constant drift to inferiors. His apologists deny this. They say that he readily consulted experts. He did, in their special lines, as in his admirable turning over of the entire military management to Pershing. Moreover, he sought information from many sources until his mind was made up. But the fact remains that he instinctively surrounded himself with men who were his intellectual inferiors, who looked up to him and flattered him. It is true, he insisted that he was not under the influence of anyone. But all men are influenced, and when your inferiors are closest to you, it is they who do the influencing. If you read Tumulty's book, you see what Tumulty was, and you also see how Wilson turned to him. The same is true of Lansing and of Daniels, and the Commission that Wilson took with him to Paris forms the harshest of all comments on him in this regard. To be sure, there is Colonel House, perhaps the most extraordinary figure in all the extraordinary aggregation; and who will venture to call Colonel House, that curious, subtle, flexible, insinuating, dominating spirit, inferior to anyone? Yet, in his extreme submission and loving devotion to his chief, Colonel House's influence was perhaps much of the same nature in its working as that of the others.

Then when Wilson emerged from this unwholesome atmosphere of comparative inferiority, when he came into bitter life-and-death conflict with those who were his equals or superiors, not perhaps in character, certainly not in ideals, but in energy, in resource, above all in political experience and political unscrupulousness, — with the Wests at Princeton, with Lloyd George and Clemenceau at Paris, with Cabot Lodge at Washington, — he was beaten, not in his ideals, but in his effort to put the ideals into effect.

VI

So we have considered the man's political career externally. Now let us turn to the lining of it, as it were — to his own view of that career and of himself. It is evident that there was a clear, persistent, dominating, controlling force of ambition guiding him from the beginning, and as to the nature and extent of such ambition he has words as illuminating as his words always are. Of the significance of ambition in general, of its larger purport, he says: 'It is for this reason that men are in love with power and greatness: it affords them so pleasurable an expansion of faculty, so large a run for their minds, an exercise of spirit so varied and refreshing.' And even in early years he analyzed clearly and subtly the working of this passion in himself: 'Those indistinct plans of which we used to talk grow on me daily, until a sort of calm confidence of great things to be accomplished has come over me which I am puzzled to analyze the nature of. I can't tell whether it is a mere figment of my own inordinate vanity, or a deep-rooted determination which it will be within my power to act up to.'

In the formative period the ambition was naturally vaguer and more indeterminate in its character. It never seems to have taken any legal aspect, though law was his chosen profession. But before he came to controlling men directly he cherished the desire to influence them by written words, gave the closest attention to all the secrets of style and the use of them to make an enduring impression on the world. Yet it does not appear that the ambition was ever purely literary in form; there was no mastering desire to produce imaginative beauty for its own satisfying excellence.

To the literary ambition succeeded

the academic, or the two went hand in hand. But here again the passion was not for pure scholarship, but rather to use learning as well as literary gift to arouse and stimulate his fellow men: 'I have no patience for the tedious toil of what is known as research; I should be complete if I could inspire a great movement of opinion, if I could read the experiences of the past into the practical life of the men of to-day and communicate the thought to the minds of the great mass of the people so as to impel them to great political achievements.'

Yet neither in writing books nor in teaching lay the real field of this eager, ardent spirit. Almost from childhood, as we have already seen, he burned to have a hand in the ruling of men, as he early wrote to a friend, 'to mould the world as our hands might please.' As the years ran on, he became more secure, more hopeful of the possibilities in this line: 'I seem to myself to have become . . . more confident, steady, serene — enjoying in a certain degree a sense of power, — as if I had gotten some way upon the road I used so to burn to travel, — and yet fairly restless and impatient with ambition, as of old.' And in his discontent with the academic routine he murmured to his brother-in-law: 'I am so tired of a merely talking profession. I want to do something.'

Then he got the chance to do something with a vengeance. What man in the world ever had a bigger? And can it be doubted that he thoroughly enjoyed it, enjoyed the prominence, enjoyed the distinction, enjoyed the publicity? Mr. Baker says, no doubt justly, that he had never the habit, so marked in Roosevelt, of dramatizing his own doings. Yet over and over and over you have the sense of his rich appreciation of standing where he did: 'From the messages I get I realize that I am regarded as the foremost leader of liberal thought in the world.' Do you suppose that the obscure writer, the humble teacher, did not relish that position to the full? The relish was all the keener from his perfect understanding and vivid memory of the struggles he had had to go through, of the difficulties he had encountered in getting where he was. Take such moments as that when he seemed to have lost the nomination in 1912 and said to his sympathizing wife, 'My dear, of course I am disappointed, but we must not complain. We must be sportsmen.' Crises like that bring out the burning essence of a whole life. The same alternations of triumph and failure appear in his confession to Colonel House: 'I spoke of his success, and he said his Princeton experience hung over him sometimes like a nightmare; that he had wonderful success there, and all at once conditions changed and the troubles, of which everyone knew, were brought about. He seemed to fear that such a dénouement might occur again.'

Yet, with all the ups and downs, there seems to be less of discouragement and depression than might have been expected. Such moments will come, in one form or another: 'Complete success, such as I have had at the Hopkins, has the odd effect upon me of humiliating rather than exalting me; for I can't help knowing how much less worthy and capable I am than I am thought to be.' But in the main there is the stern, firm, unshakable persistence which comes with a gaze forever fixed upon a remote object that must and will be attained.

Something of the same grit and vigor shows in the attitude toward criticism. Wilson did not like it, but he endured it grimly. The curious point in this regard is the working of the intellectual temperament. His friends insist that

he did not bring in the personal side and was thinking only and always of the truth and the right. But, precisely because he was so absolutely convinced that he was right, it came to seem to him that those who criticized him and opposed him were actuated not by conviction but by malevolence, and the very loftiness and earnestness of his ideals infused a peculiar element of bitterness into his personal animosities.

Thus, out of such a strange tangle of ambitions and ideals sprang this extraordinary and almost unparalleled career, a career in which triumph after triumph seemed only to lead in the end to tragic defeat so that one realizes the direct significance of Wilson's words: 'A man may be defeated by his own secondary successes.' But through the dream-like quality of it all, and through the complicated web of seething passions and thwarted aspirations, there runs that lofty sweep of noble idealism which must never be forgotten and which rings in Wilson's own words of the very last years: 'I would rather fail in a cause that I knew some day will triumph than to win in a cause that I knew some day will fail.' Yet, even here, how eminently characteristic is the reiterated *I knew!* He knew, he knew, he always knew, for he was a creature of brains.

TALENTED MEMORIES[1]

Genius in the Nineties

BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN

I

One day a young American came up to me at some party. He had a letter; he was told I knew everyone in Paris; would I introduce him to Whistler, and to some of the French writers? He was handsome, richly dressed, and spoke as though he were a famous writer. I knew nothing of his writing, but he was clearly a robust flower of American muscular Christianity — healthy, wealthy, and, in America, wise. His particular friend was Charles Dana Gibson, the popular creator of the type of which Davis himself (it was he) was a radiant example.

Richard Harding Davis had never met any artists like Conder and me; he was respectful of our dazzling intellects, but he regretted that we were not, like himself, noble and virtuous. We puzzled him sadly; he even at times had doubts in regard to himself; but these doubts, when in the morning before his glass he brushed his rich, shining hair and shaved his fresh, firm chin and called to mind the sums his short stories brought him, proved fleeting as last night's dream. I liked Davis; I was touched at his wanting to make me a better and seemlier person,

[1] This record of intimacies in the world of genius began in the January issue. — Editor

a sort of artistic Boy Scout, springing smartly to attention before embarking on the good, wholesome work of art I was to achieve each day. He knew Basil Blackwood, and encouraged my going to Oxford; to mix with healthy young aristocrats would do me all the good in the world; but when later he heard I was seeing Walter Pater, he lost hope.

I also had a visit from a young journalist, Grant Richards, secretary to W. T. Stead, who had managed for the first time to come to Paris. Unlike Davis, he was frankly envious of the life we led, of the company we kept, of our familiarity with a world from which he was shut off. Some day he would get away from the obnoxious Stead, a man with no feeling for beauty, a kill-joy, a fusty-musty Puritan. To make up for the dreary letters he must copy during the day, he read with avidity the most venturesome books he could get. He was full of *Dorian Gray*, which he admired more than I did — he had never read *À Rebours*, and did not know how much Wilde had taken from Huysmans. He was enthusiastic in his appreciation of my drawings and paintings and Conder's fans, and begged me, when I came to London, to stay in his flat. How hospitable English people seemed, I thought, compared with the French!

About the same time came D. S. MacColl, the protagonist of Whistler and Degas in England. He was visiting Paris. Meeting Conder, he at once fell in love with his painting, with which he never fell out of love. He knew Whistler, had dined with him at the rue du Bac, and afterward called on him at his studio. Whistler came to the door, palette and brushes in hand, and declared he was hard at work. MacColl ran his fingers across his brushes, which were dry and devoid of paint, and Whistler, laughing, let him in.

I spent a pleasant week at Balliol, and met many people, among them York Powell, at Christ Church; on one occasion I scribbled some caricatures of Verlaine and Rodin and other people whom Powell knew, which seemed to amuse him. A day or two later he met John Lane and showed him these scraps, suggesting that Lane, who was on the lookout for fresh talent, might get me to do a set of Oxford portraits. Lane wrote to me, and I saw him on my way through town. The upshot was, he agreed to publish twenty-four drawings of prominent Oxonians, for which he would pay me 120 pounds.

This was an exciting commission; I was to begin work at the commencement of the autumn term. Returning to Paris, I told Whistler of my good fortune. I thought of making pastel drawings. Whistler said, 'Why not do lithographs? Go to Way; he will put you up to all the tricks.'

Before I left Paris I heard that Verlaine was in hospital, and more than usually miserable. Though Verlaine was universally admired as a poet, his habits proved too much even for his friends. Latin Quarter poets, who were not over-particular, had helped him again and again, but he had become impossible. Still, it seemed hard that a man of his genius should be deserted by all, unaided and wretched. I loved his poetry, and, knowing him to be ill, I wrote and told him how much I cared for his verses. A message came — would I go to see him at the Hôpital Broussais?

Verlaine was pleased, I could see, at my visit. We spoke about England, where he had been, and of his memories of London and Brighton. His talk was amusing, with a childlike kind of humor. He liked being in hospital; he was clean, and, in addition, perfectly sober. He had a Silenus-like head; his

baldness made his forehead look higher than in fact it was, and his small brown eyes with yellow lights, and with their corners turned up, looked queer. He was very pale. His eyes had a half-candid, half-dissipated look, the effects of drink and of white nights; but they also had at times an engaging candor. Beneath were broad cheek bones, a short Socratic nose, heavy moustaches, and an untidy, straggling beard, turning gray. One almost expected to find tall pointed ears under his thin locks.

He begged me to come and see him again, and I went back to the hospital several times. He talked much of his illness, and of his poverty, complaining bitterly of the miserable sums Vanier paid for his poems — and of the trouble he had to get paid. Lately he had been able to make a little money by giving some conferences in Holland and Belgium; but the money had all disappeared. Why not give some readings of his poems in England? I suggested. I was sure he would meet with a cordial reception. The idea of going to England pleased him; he talked again of the days spent at Brighton, where he had been a schoolmaster, and of visits to London with Rimbaud. The doctors and nurses, he said, were all kind to him; he had nothing to pay, and lived like a fighting cock. It was his leg that troubled him; but he would soon be out, and then I must come and see him, and meet his friend Eugénie. She was a good creature, he said, 'but sometimes a bit of a jade.'

I heard from him when he came out of hospital; would I come and see him at the rue Descartes? I found him living in a single room, poorly furnished and not very clean. A short, shapeless, coarse-featured woman with dark hair dressed close over a low forehead, with the hoarse, throaty voice of the *banlieue* — could this be she to whom Verlaine had written so many passionately amorous verses, and to whom, despite infidelities, he returned again and again? Eugénie treated me with humiliating respect; she was on what she thought was her best behavior. Verlaine must have told her of English editions, or possible conferences, which to her meant, quite frankly, her bread and butter. On subsequent visits the Krantz resumed easier ways and a more homely manner. She threw out hints that anything coming to Verlaine should pass through her hands; she whispered terrible things into my ears as to what would happen otherwise. Verlaine, with his shrewd and unashamed frankness, taunted her with her greed. She continually robbed him, he cried; he never had a sou — had n't even enough to buy himself a shirt and collars. As for drinking — why, he did n't want to drink, but still, *nom d'un nom*, sometimes one wanted to offer a glass to a friend. There would be fearful abuse, and then, like two cats in a yard, they would walk away from each other, and Verlaine would quietly resume his talk about literature, other poets, and plans for new poems. There was a queer mixture of ribaldry and delicacy in his talk, and something childlike and ingratiating in his manner.

II

In the autumn I prepared to migrate to Oxford. Basil Blackwood had asked me to stay with him at Balliol for a week or two, while I looked for rooms. York Powell offered to put me up later at Christ Church, and Mrs. Woods had asked me to Trinity College. So there was plenty of time to look around before I settled in lodgings.

Grant Richards was still acting as secretary to Stead, a task he much disliked. He had literary and sartorial ambitions; neither one nor the other

received encouragement from Stead, nor indeed from Richards's own family. He, too, looked with envy on my frock coat, on my freedom and my reckless ways. Meeting Stead in London, I sympathized with Richards. Stead, journalist, mystic, reformer, rescuer of fallen women, imperialist, and goodness knows what else, did n't impress me. He had the typical nonconformist presence: the way his hair grew suggested nonconformity; so did the rather obvious piercing eyes. A strong, plain man, whose mission was naturally wasted on me.

Others of Richards's friends were more to my taste, especially Le Gallienne, whose appearance was fascinating. He looked like Botticelli's head of Lorenzo. I at once itched to draw him, and spent a week-end with him and his young wife at his house at Hanwell. A charming person he was, every inch a poet, with long hair, wide collar, and high ideals. He had recently published his *English Poems*, which helped to revive the fashion for reading poetry — a feather, truly, in his cap. He had attracted the notice of Oscar Wilde, by his poetic appearance as well as by his verses; at the same time he had caught some of Oscar's mannerisms, too. I remember his showing me a photograph of Yeats, of whom I then knew nothing, nervously asking what I thought of it. He evidently thought much of Yeats, but he was not displeased at my ignorance of who he was. We parted swearing eternal friendship. I was to make a drawing to appear in his next book, and would soon return for the purpose. Each had flattered the other, as young men on the threshold of life are eager to do.

I went with Richards to see *A Woman of No Importance*, Oscar Wilde's new play which had taken the town by storm. Oscar was delighted, as he had been on the success of his first play, *Lady Windermere's Fan*. At last he had achieved a popular success. In addition, he was making a great deal of money. In Paris he had been rather apologetic about his first play, as though to write a comedy were rather beneath a poet. When I saw it I thought, on the contrary, here is the genuine Wilde, making legitimate use of the artifice which was, in fact, natural to him; like his wit, indeed, in which his true genius lay. I know now that the money his plays brought Wilde did neither him nor anyone else much good.

He was offended with me when I met him in London; he had heard I took sides with Whistler against him, though there was no need to listen to Whistler to hear disagreeable things about Wilde; there were plenty of people who disliked and mistrusted him, I was finding out. I reassured him, and went to see him and his wife at Tite Street, where I also met his two charming boys, Vyvyan and Cyril. I liked Mrs. Wilde. She was n't clever, but she had distinction and candor. With brown hair framing her face, and a Liberty hat, she looked like a drawing by Frank Miles, or, to name a better artist, by Walter Crane. I knew little of the difficulties which were beginning between Wilde and his wife; they seemed on affectionate terms, and he delighted in his children; only I felt something wistful and a little sad about Mrs. Wilde.

One of Mrs. Wilde's intimate friends was Mrs. Walter Palmer, who was a close friend of George Meredith and of his daughter Mariette, afterward Mrs. Julian Sturgis. One eventful evening, George Meredith came to a party at Mrs. Palmer's, at which I was present. What a noble head, I thought, as he sat on a sofa, and how like one of his own characters he talked! This was the only occasion on which I met Mrs.

Wilde at a party with Oscar. I went down with her to supper, and later, when she discovered me to be, like herself, a whole-hearted Meredithian, she took me up to the great man. He was still on his sofa, surrounded by a bevy of fair ladies, and we joined the group and listened to his scintillating talk.

III

When I had sufficiently practised drawing on stone at Way's, I proceeded to Oxford, to begin work on the portraits for Lane.

MacColl had given me a letter to Walter Pater. Pater's appearance was most unexpected. He looked like a retired artillery officer: a thick moustache, hiding rather heavy lips, gray eyes a shade too close together, a little restless, even evasive, under dark eyebrows. He had a habit, disquieting to young people, of assuming ignorance on subjects about which he was perfectly informed. He questioned me closely about Mallarmé, Verlaine, Huysmans, and De Goncourt, and the younger French writers. Guarded in his talk, careful of expressing his own opinions, he was adept at inviting indiscretions from his guests. I naturally wanted to hear his own views on things and people, but young men obviously cannot ask older men what they think of their contemporaries. He asked much about Whistler, for whom he had no great admiration. I did try one day to get his opinion of Oscar Wilde, who regarded Pater as his master. 'Oh, Wilde — yes, he always has a phrase.' I told this afterward to Oscar, who affected to be delighted. 'A perfect thing to have said of one,' he murmured, '"he always has a phrase."' Just as certain intellectuals affect a passion for detective stories, so Pater made a practice of entertaining the football- and cricket-playing undergraduates, while he rather ignored the young *précieux*. He gave regular luncheon parties on Wednesdays; each time I was invited I met very tongue-tied, simple, good-looking youths of the sporting fraternity. But Pater's close companion, Bussel, was always of the party, to share Pater's slightly malicious enjoyment.

I wanted to include a portrait of Pater in the Oxford set, but he was morbidly self-conscious about his appearance. He had been drawn as a youth by Simeon Solomon, and was reluctant, later in life, to be shown as he was. Still, he seemed interested in the drawings I was doing and hesitatingly suggested I should try Bussel first. Bussel sat, and Pater approved of the result. Perhaps Bussel added his persuasion to mine; at any rate he said that Pater was no longer averse to sitting. A drawing was duly made, and sent away to be put down on the stone. When the proofs came I showed one to Pater. He said little, but was obviously displeased; according to Bussel he was more than displeased — he was upset. He had taken the print into Bussel's room, laying it on the table without comment. They then went together for their usual walk; but not a word was spoken. On their return, as Pater left Bussel at his door, he broke silence. 'Bussel, do I look like a Barbary ape?' Then came a tactful letter from Pater: —

OXFORD
March 11th

MY DEAR ROTHENSTEIN,

I thought your drawing of me a clever likeness, but I doubt very much whether my sister, whom I have told about it, will like it; in which case I should rather not have it published. I therefore write at once to save you needless trouble about it. Put off the reproduction of the drawing till you come to Oxford again, and then let her see it. I thought your likeness of Bussel most excellent, and shall value it. It pre-

sents just the look I have so often seen in him, and have not seen in his photographs. I should have liked to be coupled with him, and am very sorry not to be. I think, however, you ought to publish him at once, with some other companion; and I will send you four or five lines for him soon.

With sincere thanks for the trouble you have taken about me, I remain,

Very truly yours,

WALTER PATER

Pater duly sent me the note on Bussel — the last words, I believe, he was destined to write for publication. Some time afterward I heard from Tom Way, the printer: 'We have just had a visit from Mr. Lane before your note came. He came expressly to say that no more proofs were to be pulled from the Pater. I understand Pater has used great stress as to what he will do if it is published. It is very small for these people to go on so, I think.'

I usually found that each of my sitters thought twenty-three of the twenty-four drawings excellent likenesses; the twenty-fourth was his own. Had I paid too much attention to my sitters' feelings, few of my portraits would ever have seen the light. Any record sincerely made from life has a certain value; this fact, I felt, was my justification.

But, imperfect as my portraits were, I know my case was a common one. Was n't it Sargent who said that a portrait is a painting in which there is something wrong with the mouth? Even the great Sir Joshua Reynolds had a large number of rejected portraits on his hands — three hundred, I read somewhere. I remember Neville Lytton telling me, when I was speaking with particular admiration of Watts's beautiful portrait of his mother, that, though they had a chance of acquiring it at the time it was painted, it was rejected by his mother's family; and many years later, when Lady Lytton was an old lady, she paid a visit to Little Holland House and, seeing the portrait again, was moved to tears at the thought that she had once been as beautiful as she appeared in the painting. But Watts would not now let the portrait leave his studio.

But alas, before the Oxford book was finished, Pater died; and when my portrait was finally included in the volume his friends were glad, as so few records of Pater existed. Besides the early drawing by Simeon Solomon, there was only a not very satisfactory photograph.

IV

I insisted, much against John Lane's wishes, on including a few portraits of undergraduates among those of the dons, arguing that, in a record of contemporary Oxford, undergraduates should have a place. So I drew C. B. Fry, the greatest all-round athlete of the time; W. A. L. Fletcher, the leading oarsman; Hilaire Belloc, and Max Beerbohm. I owed my introduction to Max Beerbohm to Viscount St. Cyres, a Merton man who had taken his degree and was now a reader at Christ Church. A baby face, with heavily lidded, very light gray eyes shaded by remarkably thick and long lashes, a broad forehead, and sleek black hair parted in the middle and coming to a queer curling point at the neck; a quiet and finished manner; rather tall, carefully dressed; slender-fingered, with an assurance and experience unusual in one of his years — I was at once drawn to Max Beerbohm and lost no time in responding to an invitation to breakfast. He was living in a tiny house at the far end of Merton Street — a house scarcely bigger than a Punch and Judy show. His room, blue-papered, was hung with Pellegrini prints from *Vanity Fair*. Beside these, there were some amusing

caricatures which, he said modestly, were his own. 'But they are brilliant,' I said, and he seemed pleased at my liking them.

We met frequently. Though we were the same age, and in some ways I had more experience of life than he, his seemed to have crystallized into a more finished form than my own. So had his manners, which were perfect. He was delightfully appreciative of anything he was told, seizing the inner meaning of any rough observation of men and of things, which at once acquired point and polish in contact with his understanding mind. Outside Merton only few undergraduates knew him; all who did know him admired him. His caricatures were sometimes to be seen in Shrimpton's window in the Broad; and in time, through these, he acquired some reputation outside his own small circle; for he was fastidious in the choice of his friends. My Balliol friends scoffed when I spoke of him as the most brilliant man in Oxford.

Max played no games, belonged to no college society, never went to the Union, scarcely even to lectures. While aware of everything that went on in Oxford, he himself kept aloof; going nowhere, he seemed to know about everyone; unusual wisdom and sound judgment he disguised under the harlequin cloak of his wit. He always declared he had read nothing — only *The Four Georges* and Lear's *Book of Nonsense*, and, later, Oscar Wilde's *Intentions*, which he thought was beautifully written.

Wilde came regularly to Oxford during the year I spent there. He and Beerbohm Tree were friends, so Max knew him already. Max the man appreciated to the full Oscar's prose and his talk; he thought him, in his way, a perfect writer; but nothing escaped the clear pitiless gray eye of Max the caricaturist, and Oscar Wilde winced under the stinging discharge of Max's pencil. Pater, Max knew only by sight; he attempted more than once to caricature him, but could n't hit on a formula. I tried to show him where he had gone wrong, offering to fetch the lithograph I had recently made of Pater. 'No thanks, dear Will; I never work from photographs,' was Max's reply.

I implied that Max took no exercise. I did him an injustice: he shared a canoe with a Merton friend, L. M. Messell, and did sometimes strike the water of the Cher with his paddle. Perhaps it was merely a gesture; at least it was made in the Cher. Farther afield I never knew him to go. He boasted once that he had never worn cap or gown; I swore I would see him in both before he left Oxford, for he spoke of going down without taking his degree. I managed to get hold of a Proctor's notice, had it copied by a London printer, and sent out the copies to Max and a dozen others; they were to present themselves before the Proctor at Balliol College at nine o'clock on a certain morning. I took care to be at Balliol betimes, and saw them all arrive in trouble and uncertainty, and, Max among them, in cap and gown. Then I watched them disappear up the Proctor's staircase. At Christ Church in the evening I found the other Proctor furious over the hoax. I told York Powell about it privately; he was in fearful terror lest I be found out, staying, as I was, with him at the House. He tried to be solemn about it, but I think he was secretly amused. But not a word must I breathe to anyone about the unpardonably wicked thing I had done.

V

I had to go up to London from time to time to take my drawings to Way,

and there, meeting Arthur Symons, I told him of Verlaine's readiness to give some readings in England. He too had heard from Verlaine, and was warmly in favor of the project. He promised to make all the arrangements and to look after Verlaine while he was in London; and York Powell offered to arrange for a lecture at Oxford.

Verlaine wrote from more than one address. He had been giving conferences in Holland, at Lunéville, and in other places, and was still obliged to return to the hospital from time to time for treatment. 'Forgive me, my friend, for not having answered your kind letter sooner. But my illness — grippe, influenza, bickering, devil knows what — has got hold of me again and laid me literally on my back.' He complained that he had n't yet been paid for his Dutch lectures. 'My intention is to talk about French Poetry in this part of the century (1880–93), with many quotations, including some of my own,' he writes of his coming conference in London. And again: 'Have you any ideas on the subject of a lecture in London and elsewhere, if it comes off? Please let me know. I hope to be out soon, but you will have a line from me before then. Waiting for a new order — fifteen days, about twenty francs. M. Lane gave me four pounds for two poems — very fair of him. I am still waiting for news of our friends. Yours ever, P. V.'

A few days later he is back in hospital: 'Will you let me know the times of departure and of arrival? Must I go through London? And when will the lecture take place? Also, the prices of trains and boats, and about what they will pay me at Oxford and London.'

He was n't long detained by the doctors, and reached London safely. Here he stayed with Symons at Fountain Court. He gave two readings in the Hall of Barnard's Inn, which were well attended. I heard from both Arthur Symons and John Lane about the lecture. Lane wrote: —

> Verlaine was a great success last night. He, so I learn, leaves Paddington to-morrow morn: for you. He called at the Bodley Head this afternoon — but I was out. Meredith sent a message to me that he would like to have Verlaine down to his place for a day and this morn he wired in reply to me that he would be delighted to have him on Sunday night if I would take him down, but Verlaine is not feeling very well and he is not sure how long he will remain. Perhaps you will consult York Powell about it, and anyhow I am free to take him down on Sunday. Will you write to me and let me know the joint wishes of Verlaine, Powell and yourself on the subject. Let me know on Friday per letter or wire so that I may let Meredith know finally.

What prevented the visit to Meredith I don't remember. From Symons I had an equally reassuring letter: —

> My dear Rothenstein,
>
> I hope you duly received my telegram, and Verlaine after it. Please write and tell me how things have gone, and if the lecture was a success; also if Verlaine goes on to Manchester or not. And I want you to remember to get from him, before he goes, my copies of *Sagesse* and *Amour* that he borrowed from me, and please remind him to write his name in them, as he said he would. As you see, I am already far away, within sight and sound of the loveliest sea in the world, and in my native country, which I have not visited for years and years.
>
> I bought the P. M. B. on my way down. Your portrait is excellent, one of the very best I have seen.
>
> Verlaine's visit, to me, has been most delightful, and I think we ought all to congratulate ourselves on ourselves for having brought him over, and on our luck in getting him. I hope he will get a decent amount of money in Oxford: the London sum will be, I think, about £30.
>
> Yours very sincerely,
>
> Arthur Symons

Symons put Verlaine into the train at Paddington. I met him at Oxford station. A strange figure he looked on the platform, as he limped along in a long greatcoat, a scarf round his neck, his foot in a cloth shoe. I took him at once to Christ Church, where Powell had a room for him.

Verlaine gave his lecture in a room at the back of Blackwell's shop, and read a number of his own poems. As a conference it was a poor affair: he spoke indistinctly in a low, toneless voice; he had brought nothing with him, and he knew but few of his poems by heart. Fortunately, York Powell and I between us provided the books, from which he read. There was only a sprinkling of persons present, — probably few people in Oxford knew much about the poet or his poetry, — but Verlaine was tickled with the idea of having lectured before what he believed was an audience of doctors and scholars of the ancient University of Oxford.

He was delighted with Oxford — with the beauty of the colleges, with the peace of the quads and gardens. He showed no sign of wanting to leave, — he was gay and talkative, and wished to be taken everywhere, — but York Powell, admirer of Verlaine though he was, was in terror lest the poet should get drunk while staying at Christ Church. What would the Dean, what would Dodgson,[2] say? So far, nothing untoward had happened; but after two or three days Powell suggested that I should give poor Verlaine a hint that guest rooms were only to be occupied for a short period at a time. This was not easy, for Verlaine, in spite of a certain childishness, was yet shrewd enough, and surmised that York Powell was nervous; but he by no means wished to leave Oxford. He needed a good deal of gentle persuasion before he was put into the train again for London.

[2] Lewis Carroll, of course. — EDITOR

VI

When the summer term ended I went over to spend some weeks in Paris. William Heinemann, who was preparing an English edition of the De Goncourts' *Journal*, was also going to Paris, and he proposed I should make a portrait of Edmond de Goncourt to be reproduced in the book. I jumped at the chance, not only of drawing De Goncourt, but, as I hoped, of seeing his treasures.

De Goncourt made no difficulties about sitting, and I lost no time in paying my respects to the great man, who through his and his brother's influence on the modern novel had become almost an historical figure, and who with his brother had done so much to draw attention to the importance of the eighteenth-century painters in France. I had read more than one volume of the famous *Journal*, and I knew something of the house at Neuilly. Ushered in and shown up a staircase hung with fascinating-looking prints and drawings, I at once received a suggestion of good things to come. I was shown into Edmond's study, lined with books. There sat the white-haired veteran I had long admired from afar — a big, powerful head, wax-like in its pallor, with two great velvety eyes looking out. His clothes were of an old-fashioned French cut; he wore a handkerchief carefully knotted about his neck, as in the Bracquemond portrait. Reticent at first, studiedly, before I left he had become much more genial. He appeared surprised at my youth.

When I returned to the house for a first sitting, he was much interested at my drawing directly on to the stone. I was the first person he had seen work in this way since Gavarni died. He

talked much of Gavarni, with whom he and his brother Jules had been long and intimately associated. When later I mentioned Daumier, he became bitter at once. 'Ah, fashion,' he said. 'How stupid she is! Gavarni had a hundred times Daumier's talent.' And then, in the same breath, he assailed Villiers de l'Isle Adam and Barbey d'Aurevilly. 'Yes, it's the fashion to-day to admire all the dead, who were n't worth a cent when they were alive.' When he came to look at my drawing, he did not approve of the hair; to show me how he would like it, he went to the glass and, with his old trembling fingers, carefully untidied it.

That Whistler was a great artist he was unwilling to hear. 'He bores me — he's a clown.' With Degas he was annoyed, because Degas had told him that modern writers got their inspiration from painters. He had replied that in *Manette Salomon*, before Degas had begun to paint in his present manner, he and his brother had written that ballet girls and laundresses were subjects made to an artist's hand. 'Degas is too clever,' he said, 'and is sometimes scored off. For instance, the other day, at Alphonse Daudet's, he remarked that our writing was twaddle, that the only man of real talent among us was *le père* Dumas. To which Daudet: "Yes, my dear Degas, and the only modern artist of genius was Horace Vernet."'

I made two lithographs of Edmond de Goncourt during the short time I stayed in Paris. He liked talking about painting and drawing, and showing his treasures. He had marvelous eighteenth-century drawings and Japanese prints; many of these last were pretentiously framed. I wondered at his valuing his drawings by Boucher as highly as his Watteaus, of which he had some admirable examples. But what books and manuscripts he possessed! He showed me the original account books of the Pompadour, giving the prices she paid, among other things, for furniture and bibelots. I was astonished how costly these were, when new. What admirable faith these people had in their own contemporaries!

De Goncourt, too, had not altogether lost this faith. He knew little of any but French culture; like Degas, he was intensely conservative and nationalist. But his taste was very uncertain; round a room at the top of his house he had glass-topped tables where he kept presentation copies of books from his friends, bound in vellum, with their authors' portraits painted on the covers: Zola by Raffaëlli, Montesquiou by Gandara, Rodenbach by Alfred Stevens, Daudet and another by Carrière; a charming one, and the only drawing which appeared to me suited to a book cover, by Forain; and many others in more dubious taste and badly painted. How strange that the sensitive biographer of Utamaro, of the Pompadour and *Les Femmes au 18me siècle*, should indulge in such doubtful fancies! He said, when I last saw him, that he was undecided about his next Japanese monograph — whether it should be on Harunobu or on the better-known Hokusai. He was anxious I should draw Madame Daudet, as well as Saint-Victor, Zola, and Daudet; also the Princesse Mathilde. I wrote to the Princesse, who did n't reply, perhaps because I began my letter 'Chère Madame.' I had little experience in writing to royal princesses. De Goncourt seemed very devoted to Alphonse Daudet, and to his wife. He said I must draw them both; he would write and tell them so. He also gave me a letter to Zola.

Daudet received me cordially. Of course he would sit, since his dear friend Edmond de Goncourt wished it.

He was exciting to draw; very pale, almost glistening white, with long black hair and beard just beginning to turn gray. He looked terribly ill. His hands were white and bloodless. Very sensitive hands they were, closed on a black ebony stick, his support when walking. I had read Daudet's *Tartarin* at school; it was almost a classic, as well known to boys as Mark Twain's *Tramp Abroad*. Other books I read later; but Daudet was now less in favor among the élite. I think he knew this, for he complained loudly of the newer writers, much as the older men do to-day. 'Ah, you young men of to-day, you came into the world with all your teeth fully grown — you are so bitter, so unkind! Men of my generation sympathize with old and young. I try to find good in all.' He was anxious to get Whistler to paint his daughter.

When my drawing was done, Daudet was so flattering about it that he made me uneasy. How old was I? Wonderful; what a future before me! I must show it to Madame Daudet. 'Has n't he caught me to the life?' Madame Daudet was flattering too, but with a shade of ennui. She must have tired at times of Daudet's meridional superlatives. True, he had great charm; but there was something in him that did n't ring true, that was slightly embarrassing; perhaps one felt he was too well aware of his fascination.

For Edmond de Goncourt he expressed unbounded admiration. He asked much about Meredith's position in England. Lord Dufferin, he said, often came to him in the evenings to read to him. He had just translated, *viva voce*, *Modern Love*. I asked him if he found it difficult to follow; he said, no, he understood everything perfectly. As Lord Dufferin was not reputed a perfect French scholar, and as *Modern Love* is difficult to read, even for English people, this was surprising. I had just been reading *Un Caractère*, by Léon Hennique. Daudet was delighted to hear his friend Hennique praised; he agreed that he was an exquisite writer. Speaking of Verlaine, he told me that Verlaine had once tried to stab him at dinner just after the publication of one of his books.

I met their son Léon[3] several times at the Daudets'. I thought him very clever, but too cocksure. He told his father that he had made up his mind, that his opinions were finally settled, on every aspect of life. He had inherited the meridional temperament of his father, with the latter's tendency to exaggerated praise and blame. His mentality was clearer cut, but he lacked his father's charm and grace. His wife, Jeanne, a granddaughter of Victor Hugo, was a handsome blonde, rather like Saskia. I went to lunch with them at their luxurious flat, where they lived in more state than the older Daudets. He gave me two of his books, which I have not reread; but lately I came across a book of his reminiscences, dealing with this particular time, which was brilliant, I thought; his prose portraits are sharp and convincing. The book recalled very clearly this period of my life in Paris.

VII

I was rather embarrassed one day when De Goncourt told me he had lately made a great discovery: the life of a courtesan written by an obscure English author in the seventeenth century — a wonderful book, the precursor of the modern realist novel. He then began to describe *Moll Flanders*. I did not like to tell him that this was a kind of classic in England, well known to everyone who knew Defoe's work.

The ignorance of French writers and painters of all but their own art

[3] Afterward the notorious Royalist. — EDITOR

and literature used to surprise me. De Goncourt had heard vaguely of Swinburne and Rossetti, and I told him about the beauty of Rossetti's early work and also of Swinburne's poetry.

That Edmond de Goncourt would write down any scraps of my chatter I had never imagined. He asked me many questions about England — about the Pre-Raphaelites especially. I suppose I told him the little I knew, and mostly through Whistler's stories; what young man would n't do his best to be informing with an old man of De Goncourt's eminence? Whistler had given me very funny accounts of the Rossetti household at Cheyne Walk, and I must have been indiscreet enough to repeat them. Two years later, when the last volume of the De Goncourts' *Journal* appeared, I received a rude shock.

De Goncourt gave me a letter to Zola, whose portrait was to appear in the English edition of the *Journal.* I was rather taken aback by Zola's house in the rue de Rome. I had scarcely expected to find the author of *L'Œuvre* and *L'Assommoir* in such luxurious surroundings. His study was filled with expensive-looking antiques, rich carpets and hangings, bronzes and caskets — no armor I think, but it was the kind of room in which one expected to find suits of armor. On the wall hung his portrait by Manet, in Manet's early dark manner.

Zola's personality did not impress me; he was not at all amiable — in fact, rather sulky. I suspected that there was little love lost between him and Daudet and De Goncourt. Perhaps it was because I had come from Edmond de Goncourt that Zola was not very cordial. Lately I read that in the De Goncourt *Journal,* which was to have been published thirty years after Edmond's death, the references to Zola are so libelous that even now it cannot be published. I felt at the time that there was something ungenerous about De Goncourt and Daudet — that they were both rather jealous, perhaps of the phenomenal success of Zola's work, not only in France, but throughout Europe.

Zola wore a kind of monk's dress; he was writing his book on Lourdes, and getting himself into the right frame of mind; though, not knowing this at the time, such a costume on him was rather startling. He was not in a mood for talking. I had my drawing to make, and as this was the only occasion on which I met him, my impression of his character was of course superficial.

I had not forgotten Verlaine. Verlaine's room looked more forlorn still after Zola's palatial *hôtel;* and he was, as usual, in the depths. 'My dear friend,' he wrote, 'I'm counting on you for Wednesday. . . . Are you willing and able to contribute a little to the expenses of our frugal orgies for that luncheon, and to bring me the *Figaro* and its supplement? In any case, be sure to come, won't you? . . .'

Verlaine was not well enough to come out to meals, so of course, since he often asked me to join him and Eugénie at lunch or dinner, I usually procured some addition to their larder from the restaurant below. But Verlaine must indeed have been poor to have asked for the *Figaro;* and lately he had been in hospital again, this time at the Hôpital St. Louis, where he had had to pay for his keep. 'My dear friend,' he had written me, 'what has become of you? I am still here. Better, but slow to mend; there is no end to this foot! And six francs a day! etc. etc. Also, I should be very grateful to you if you could hasten the advance or the balance from the *Fortnightly,* which would help me so much. Won't you see about it quickly? Symons is in

Paris. He has been to see me twice already in my hermitage, where I am really very comfortable; a room to myself; free to smoke, and to receive visitors every day. Good food. But it is n't freedom. When will that really come for me — definitely? Saw Mallarmé yesterday (who is waiting for word from York Powell). So am I, and of the book — and from Lane.'[4]

Then again complaints about the *Fortnightly:* 'I need that cash so badly! There are also verses in the *Athenæum*, for which I expect something. About that you could see Gosse, to whom I have written without getting a reply.'

'I need that cash so badly!' — not he alone, for his needs were few; but Eugénie was greedy, and there was someone else, too. For, soon after, I heard from him again: 'I have a recurrence of my illness, which I am looking after carefully, and which prevents my writing much. On account of this relapse, I have n't yet been able to go to Belgium, and still less to Switzerland. I'm living elsewhere, and even divorced. Write to me at 187 rue St. Jacques; and be so good as to send me two or three copies of the *Pall Mall Budget*, which contains your portrait of me. Be sure not to send anything to the rue Broca.'

The last sentence is significant. When I saw him again he said he had got rid of *cette harlot.* But soon afterward the Krantz was sharing his new room in the rue St. Jacques; and Verlaine wrote: 'Our ménage is flourishing. We are expecting baby — canaries! And we are the richer by an aquarium, with two little fish.'

[4] John Lane was to publish a selection of Verlaine's poetry, with an introduction by York Powell and a portrait, but the book never appeared. — AUTHOR

Before I left Paris I heard from Beerbohm.

2 CHANDOS SQUARE
BROADSTAIRS

MY DEAR WILL:

I made my entry into Broadstairs quite quietly last Sunday. I find it a most extraordinary place — a few yards in circumference and with a population of several hundred thousands. In front of our house there is a huge stretch of greenish, stagnant water which makes everything damp and must, I am sure, be very bad for those who live near to it. Everyone refers to it with mysterious brevity as the C. I am rather afraid of the C. And oh the population! You, dear Will, with your love of Beauty that is second only to your love of vulgarity, would revel in the female part of it. Such lots of pretty, common girls walking up and down — all brown with the sun and dressed like sailors — casting vulgar glances from heavenly eyes and bubbling out Cockney jargon from perfect lips. You would revel in them, but I confess they do not attract me; apart from the fact that I have an ideal, I don't think the lower orders ought to be attractive — it brings Beauty into disrepute. Never have I seen such a shady-looking set of men in any place at any season: most of them look like thieves and the rest like receivers of stolen goods and altogether I do not think Broadstairs is a nice place. Are you in Paris? How charming — I am sending this to your publishers, who know, probably, your address. By the way, did you remember when you saw that poor fly in the amber of modernity, John Lane, to speak of my caricatures? Do write to me and tell me of anything that you are doing or of anyone you have seen. . . .

Photography — what a safeguard it is against infidelity. If Ulysses had had a photograph of Penelope by Elliot and Fry in his portmanteau, the cave of Calypso might have lost an habitué. . . .

Yours ever,

MAX

Have you entered any Studio yet? I would recommend you to draw from the life: nothing like it.

(*The concluding installment takes Mr. Rothenstein to London*)

SHEEP

'WHAT ails your sister, Ben?' the fiddler asked
As they were washing at the pump one night.
'Pa killed her sheep to-day. Two years ago
Dogs killed a ewe and Lissy took the lamb
And kept it in a box behind the stove
And fed it milk all winter through. It growed
Up big; she called it hers. To-day when Pa
Was makin' fence, it muzzled him, like it
Does Lissy. When he chased it off, it come
Right back. He hit it with a club — it's dead.'
'I'll get my violin and play to-night,'
Was all the fiddler said. He played gay tunes
And dancing tunes and sprightly lilting songs;
He told of how he rode a circus mule,
How he cut lumber up in Michigan,
And floated down the Mississippi once,
And how he lived with hoboes on the road.
And then he took his violin again
To kind of fool with strains of 'Money Musk.'
It was a tune to which a lamb could dance,
And Lissy, hearing, wondered if there were
Far-off green meadows where a lamb would dance
And maybe hills with tender weeds to crop,
Or if there was a leader with a bell
To lead lambs home at dusk to some old barn.
(The sound of sheep bells tinkled through her dreams
That night.) And all the while the fiddler watched
Her dark blur at the window sill above.
'I would not have knowed you had it in you;
I thought you was a long-faced cuss,' said Jake.
'Laughter and tears were second cousins once,'
The fiddler said and started for the barn.

SOPHIE TUNNELL

THE SON

BY SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

I

SHE had been its sole occupant for so long that she had come to think of the house as her own. Its lofty echoing rooms did not abash her; no terrors disputed her right to mount the grand staircase which through the height of the five stories circled above the marble-paved hall. With her candle — for she was conscientious in her trust, and the little light of a candle seemed more economical than the electric light — she went her last round, peering at the shutter bolts, tweaking the curtains to make sure that no moth lurked there, opening the deep empty wardrobes, turning up this switch or that to see that the bulbs had not perished, sniffing for damp, pausing sometimes to rub a fly stain off the gildings or to lift the dust sheet from a couch and beat up its cushions; and then, descending to the basement again, with its warm inhabited smell of gas, and cooking, and yellow soap, and vinegar, she would scrape together the last coals in the grate, recertify herself of the back door fastenings, stroke once or twice the sleepy cat, and go to her bed — contented, knowing that all was well, all in good order.

For they might come back at any moment, back to the house so long ago and so sweepingly abandoned that now they only existed there as a possibility, as a something of which it had been said, 'They might come back.'

Twenty-one years ago Lucy Abbott had stood before Mrs. Henriquez, receiving her last instructions.

'Our solicitors, Cox and Thompson, will pay you your money quarterly. If anything goes wrong, let them know. And if any repairs are necessary, have them seen to and send the bill to them. Here is the address. And get the parrot's food from the forage department at Whiteley's.'

Lucy Abbott, a widow, who went out charing by the day and sometimes looked at a magazine in the evening, was too grateful for her good fortune to speculate as to how and why it had come to her. To be a caretaker — to have a certain wage, and a certain roof over her head, and a position which freed her from the scoldings of cooks and housekeepers, the attentions of butlers and footmen — this was an ambition which she had never even attempted; for as a rule a caretaker is expected to have a husband — and she was a widow, and resolved never to marry again.

'Very good, madam,' she had said, too respectful to say more, though afterward she had reproached herself that no word of gratitude had escaped from her reserve. And so she had left the room. Three days later the family started in a fog for the south of France, and she saw no more the figures at all times but obscurely seen — through opening doors, or moving below on the marble pavement while she polished the stair rods high above them: Mr. Henriquez and Mrs. Henriquez, and Mrs. Ezra with her three little girls,

and young Mr. Henriquez, dark, florid, romantic — though not quite so young as, imbedded in that family life, he appeared to be, since the glossy head seen from above was beginning to go bald.

She had never been one to gossip with servants; thus, though she had been the charwoman at No. 51 for three years, — indeed, it was from scrubbing the back area there that she had crawled home, one glittering May afternoon, to have her miscarriage, — she knew little of her employers beyond their names and the sound of their voices. Their belongings were more real to her than they.

With the superb nomadic improvidence of their race, they had left the house almost as they had lived in it. The plate and the more valuable knick-knacks were sent to the bank, but the pictures still hung on the walls, the medicine bottles crowded the shelf in Mr. Henriquez's dressing room, the nursery cupboard was full of toys, strings of beads and used kid gloves lay jumbled together on Mrs. Ezra's bureau, the fifteen divers-colored cushions billowed on young Mr. Henriquez's divan, and above them the cigar cabinet was still half-full of cigars. The linen press held linen fine and plentiful enough for a palace; in the wine cellar Château Lafite and Château Yquem matured and dwindled from their secret primes. A perambulator stood in the back lobby, and every night the parrot's cage was covered over with the remains of a wadded satin dressing gown which had been worn by Mrs. Henriquez. A dim, musty, whispering scent still touched the air as the heavy folds settled into place over the silent, gaudy bird.

In London, does one wish it, one can lead as nowhere else a life perfectly separate and unknown. Lucy Abbott did so wish. She was afraid of mankind; but it was mankind in the guise of some close fellow creature who might make her unhappy that she feared — a fear which rendered her insensible to the ordinary womanish terrors of living alone. By the end of six months she had so ordered her life that for days together she was under no obligation to exchange a word with any human being. Her train of life was so regular that even when she went shopping in the back streets that crouched among the mansions of the quarter there was little need for her to open her lips. The woman at the dairy knew that, if it was Tuesday, half a dozen eggs were what she required; if Friday, half a pound of butter. The butcher, the baker, the grocer, the fishmonger, the greengrocer, could tell beforehand when she would appear and what she would want; and, being so regular a customer, she was well served, for all the modesty of her purchases, so that she was seldom obliged to rebuke or remonstrate.

Once a fortnight she visited the forage department of Whiteley's for the parrot food, and on her way thither she would give threepence to the blind man at the corner; and twice a year she had in the sweep for the kitchen chimney. She never went to church, for the experience of life which had taught her to fear man had not taught her to love God. Sometimes on Sunday afternoons in winter she would walk as far as the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, where she threw a week's accumulation of crusts and bacon rinds to the ducks and sea gulls and watched for a minute or two the toy yachts lying over under the wind. From these excursions she would walk briskly home, her thoughts gone before her to the clear kitchen fire where, since it was Sunday, she would make toast for tea; and running down the area steps, as the accustomed bulk of the great house reared and darkened

above her, she would rejoice with an obscure gladness that she was home again. The gas lit, — for there was no electric light in the basement, — the parrot would begin to sidle toward her on his perch, shrieking and flapping his wings, and the cat, rising with dignity, would stretch itself, and proceed to the corner where its saucer of milk was always set down for it.

In summer she did not even go so far as the Round Pond, for with her regular life she had grown stout, and walking upon hot pavements made her feet ache. Instead, she would go upstairs to the drawing-room and sit by the open window with her crochet lace. The sparrows chattered on the balcony, across the road in No. 46 someone would be playing the piano, and presently the church bells would ring. Behind her the room would begin to darken; in the houses opposite, this window and that would light up, and from the open casements sounds would come of knives and forks rattling against plates, and after that, from the basements, the sounds of washing up. She could see to work no longer, and from the area, where his cage was set out, she could hear the parrot shriek for company.

'I must go down,' she would think, making no move. For now the room behind her was completely dark, and the languid voluptuous evening flowed into it like a caress, like an enchantment, so that she seemed to be no longer Lucy Abbott, the caretaker, but some grand sad lady whose satin skirts lay silent around her, whose mind was filled with lofty and impalpable regrets. All was lost, but all was well. Footsteps sounded on the pavement beneath; sometimes the smell of a cigar floated up; sometimes soldiers marched by, for it was war time. The parrot shrieked again, his cry piercing the air like a shaft of light piercing water. There she sat, Lucy Abbott, alone in her great house, hidden, solitary, unsurmised as a thought, waiting for the moon to rise, waiting for them to come back, waiting for she knew not what.

II

So twenty-one years had gone by. The first cat had died, and after a while she had adopted a kitten; and when the kitten had grown to be a cat, and was dead in its turn, another kitten was adopted. During the war she had given up crochet and knitted socks instead; and once a policeman came about the lighting regulations, and the bread was dark, and shopping had been complicated with coupons; and after the war there were fireworks in Hyde Park, but she had not gone to see them. Once she had had influenza, and twice the pipes had frozen. That was all. To look back on, it was not much.

But now it was all over, and she knew not what was to come. For the twentieth time she reread the telegram: —

RETURNING TO-NIGHT.

ALBERT HENRIQUEZ

Albert. That was young Mr. Henriquez. The overheard voice of Mrs. Henriquez traveled out of the past, saying contentedly: 'Albert is a good boy. I have never had any trouble with him.' Crumbling bread through a sieve for the bread sauce, for a partridge seemed the best thing to buy for a gentleman dining alone, she tried to recall him, but nothing came back with certainty except the aspect of that glossy head with the little bald circle on its crown. Yet, though she could not recall him, it was he whom she remembered, it was he whom she had expected. He had stood behind her in the obscurity of the drawing-room; it was the smell of his cigar which had

floated up to her; dark, florid, and romantic, it was he whom she had waited for all these years, knowing that he would come back. They were all a lovely family, but he was the loveliest of them. Once, when she was scrubbing the front steps, he had come out of the house and, seeing her, he had raised his hat and said, 'How do you do, Mrs. Abbott.' And now, for one night at any rate, he would be hers, and she should minister to him.

The impulse seized her and, though she was tired with running about ever since the telegram came, she left the crumbs and hoisted her aging body up the three flights of stairs to his room. It was all in readiness — the fire burned nimbly, the curtains were drawn, the fifteen cushions were plumped up, the shaded reading lamp threw a deeper shadow into the lap of the marble woman with no clothes on. It looked just the same as ever; it looked as though he had been there all the time. A thin tarnish of fog was in the warm room — perhaps the windows were not quite closed. She pulled aside the curtain, and the light, striking obliquely upon the pane, showed her a word written in small silver characters close under the crossbar. *Infelix.* She had never noticed it before, and what did it mean? He must have written it, scratching the glass with his diamond ring; for she could remember now that he always wore a diamond ring. Perhaps it was the name of a lady.

Oh, but she could recall him perfectly! From that diamond ring a whole recollection flowered. Only he would not look quite like that now. Twenty-one years are bound to make a difference, even to a man.

But when he came, bringing the fog into the closed house with him, he was so greatly changed that no expectation of change could have prepared her for what she saw. He was pale and corpulent, he had false teeth and wore a wig, and his clothes — he who had used to be such a dandy — were slovenly put on, and did not seem to fit him. Under the dark melancholy eyes were great pouches of discolored flesh, such as one sees on the faces of certain birds. But that was not all. Young Mr. Henriquez had been affable and debonair; he had not been the sort of gentleman to trouble himself about anything; an air of sheltered ease, of feline well-being, had clothed all his movements as it clothes the movements of a prospered house cat. But this Mr. Henriquez had a cold in his head, he shivered, and kept on his overcoat, and the match, which he struck to light another cigar, fell from his fingers and charred a hole in the doormat, while he stood glancing about the hall as if something lay in wait there.

'Well, Mrs. Abbott. You see I remember your name.'

'I'm sure I'm much honored, sir.'

'After all these years, what? How long is it?'

'Twenty-one years, sir, almost to a day.'

'It's cold. This floor ought to have a carpet on it, a thick Chinese carpet.'

'I've lit a fire in the dining room, sir, and in your sitting room and bedroom. And I have prepared some dinner, sir.'

Three fires and a dinner — in the stress of the last few excited hours it had seemed to her that she was preparing a most lavish and splendid welcome, but now she doubted and was abashed. Three fires could not do much to warm the empty house, and of course a dinner like hers would be no novelty to him. It was a sad home-coming, poor gentleman! It was not to be wondered at if he looked cowed and ill-content. After twenty-one years he had come back alone to the house of his splendid days, and there was no one to welcome him

but the caretaker. Her little taper of remembrance, how could it lighten him? How should he warm himself at such a welcome as hers? No wonder he seemed loth to go forward. For he still stood on the large mat, glancing about the hall as though something lay in wait there, peering up at the darkened skylight so high above, following the ascent of the stairs as though he waited for someone to come down them.

She, who for all these years had dwelt alone and unafraid, suddenly began to feel oppressed by the house, opening out its vistas of solitude all around them. It was as though with his coming fear had come too — his fear, his melancholy. And she called back the being of the house in the old days, full of people, full of doings, flowers, lights, company, music and laughter, no expense spared; a glorious order, sustained and dominated by the imperious commands, the untiring, unyielding sway of Mrs. Henriquez — moulded, as it were, and propelled onward by the impulse of her sweet heavy voice. If she, the servant, thus recalled the mistress, how much more acutely must he now be recalling the mother! And he was always such a devoted son — the only son, the apple of her eye. He had never married, he had never broken away as most sons do, he had always retained the dependence and biddable ways of a child. Once more she heard the heavy voice saying contentedly: 'Albert is a good boy. I have never had any trouble with him.'

'How is Mrs. Henriquez, sir?'

Oh, she should not have spoken! For he looked wildly at her; for a moment she thought he would strike her. Then, as though he would wipe out her question, drown any echo of it that might still be lingering in the empty house, he walked over to the gong and struck the metal disk a blow which weighed on the air like the toll of a bell.

III

Back in her kitchen, Lucy Abbott tried to fasten her mind to the business of cooking and dishing up. Gravy soup, fillet of sole, the partridge with bread sauce, fried potatoes, and a cauliflower, tinned pineapple, and sardines on toast. When she had ladled the soup into the tureen she climbed on a chair and fetched down from its hiding place on the top of the dresser a bunch of keys. It should have been taken upstairs on a salver, but as all the plate was in the bank she must make shift with a saucer.

He had pulled one of the leather armchairs to the fire and was reading a book. He did not look round as she entered, but at the faint clatter of the keys sliding together as she set down the tray he started.

'What's that noise?'

'I have brought you the keys, sir. This is the cellar key. What will you be pleased to drink?'

'The keys.'

He took them from her and weighed them in his hand, clinking them together and listening attentively to the sound. Then he went back to his chair, and dandled them in the firelight.

'Dinner is served, sir.'

'Oh! Here, take these things, and get me a bottle of whiskey.'

During the meal he did not speak, except once when he asked her if there were any olives. 'He has eaten nothing,' she thought, staring at the dishes which covered the kitchen table. Such food was not to be wasted; she must carry it to the larder, and to-morrow she could make *rissoles* from the partridge and fish pie from the sole. But before she was aware what she did she had shoveled all together and thrown it into the fire. When she had washed up she came back to the kitchen and fed the cat. Then, leaning heavily upon the table, she began to read the

newspaper, greasy and blackened with pot marks, which was spread over it. The smell of good food was still in the room, the partridge bones crackled in the flame. She could hear the cat's tongue rasping against its dish. Poor pussy, she would have enjoyed those bones, and the sardines would have been a treat to her, too.

'Better the cat,' thought Lucy Abbott. 'Then someone would have enjoyed it, at any rate.' And, rocking her weight upon her hands, she was beginning to cry from weariness and disheartenment when she heard his voice.

'Mrs. Abbott, where are you? Damn these stairs! They're as dark as Egypt.'

Before she could wipe her face and run to the door he had come in, carrying the whiskey bottle in one hand and his glass in the other.

'I've come down for a chat, Mrs. Abbott. I can't sit alone all the evening. Fetch yourself a glass, and we'll hobnob down here, where it's cheerful.'

He sat down in the old broken basket chair and stretched out his hands to the blaze. The diamond ring flashed on the twitching hand. It had not aged. Had a lamp been lowered into the sepulchre, those blue and green and scarlet eyes would have been found wakeful among the corrupting flesh.

'Well, now. Tell me how you've been getting on all these years.'

'It's been pretty quiet, sir.'

'Quiet. H'm. No rats?'

'No, sir. I've never seen any rats.'

He raised his melancholy glance and stared at her, as though he were considering her words.

'Of course there were the Zeps, sir. But they did n't do any damage here.'

'Zeps?'

'Yes, sir. In the war, sir.'

'Oh, yes, yes. The war. But no rats, you say?'

'No, sir. No rats.'

He turned again to the fire, and she looked at the whiskey bottle.

But he had drunk very little.

The clock ticked, no word was said. At last he lifted his weight out of the creaking chair and began to wander round the room.

'There's the parrot!'

'Yes, sir. He's never ailed. But he's quieter than he used to be.'

The bird woke up, and started to tweak among its breast feathers for lice.

'Why do you keep it in a cage?'

He spoke with vehemence, but even if she had been able to think of an answer he would not have heard it, for, brushing past her, he was gone from the room. She heard him going up through the empty house, switching on all the lights as he went. A door banged, and then there was silence.

She sat down and leaned her head on her hand. She believed herself to be thinking, but no thoughts came. She sighed, and stared at the cigar ash on the hearth, and sighed again. It seemed to her that she must be going mad. No woman in her senses could feel so daunted and bewildered, so castaway from the common assurances of life. 'I've overdone myself,' she said, speaking aloud so that her own voice, at any rate, might be real and known to her. 'That's what it is — I've overdone myself, getting things ready, and the dinner, and all. And then there was that telegram. I've got out of the way of such doings, living so humdrum for all these years. And then I'm not so young as I was.'

But her words fell away from her into the silence, and soon she forgot that she had spoken them, wandering in such a maze of bewilderment that when she heard the music she was even for a moment at a loss as to who could be playing the piano upstairs.

But the music lulled her, and she listened with a kind of drowsy pleasure, too coarse of ear to know that the instrument was all untuned and frantic, too ignorant to be fretted by the aimless reiterations of the performer. Her eyelids pricked and her body nodded forward. 'I must n't go right off, in case he rings,' she thought; and the next thing she knew was that the music had ceased and the noise had begun.

'Let me out! Let me out!'

He was shouting at the top of his voice and hammering on the door. She ran upstairs, stumbling and sick, and because all the lights were turned on she seemed to be running through a strange house. 'I'm coming, sir.' But even when she stood at the door, and knocked on the panel, and spoke through it, the shouting and the hammering continued. It seemed to her that she dared not go in, and at the same moment she turned the knob and the door yielded exactly as usual. She heard him catch his breath and leap back.

'Oh, Mrs. Abbott! It's you, is it? Come in.'

He was standing behind a chair, as if to guard himself. He panted, and his wig was awry, but otherwise he appeared to be no way discomposed, and his amicable smile forbade any questions on her part. He said no word to release her; and, holding to the door for support, she waited, dazed and blinking before the violent light which streamed down on them from the chandelier. The cut-glass prisms flashed blue and emerald and scarlet, and she knew that they reminded her of something she had seen before. The lid of the grand piano was open, as though after all these years a secret in hiding there had come forth. The room was icy cold, the empty grate glittered like an armory, the marble mantelpiece looked as though no fire could ever warm it again.

Above it, set in the wall, was the portrait of Mrs. Henriquez, smiling and triumphant, holding a fan and wearing a white satin evening dress with a tight waist from which, like a flower from its calyx, her bosom and shoulders rose full and glistening. She must be an old woman now, if she was not dead; but the former will lived on in the portrait and looked forth its assurance that a servant would observe its bidding. Lucy Abbott felt herself to be under her mistress's eye. Her glance waited upon it, her faculties refuged themselves in the old stronghold of submission; she was ready to forget, in obedience to the dead, her fear of the living.

But he had seen the direction of her gaze, and started forward with a shout — the furious outcry of one who at long last beholds and recognizes his fatal enemy, his tyrant, the usurper of his soul, and hails him with such an explosion of malice as abolishes the memory of fear. Shaking and retching, he snatched up the heavy steel poker, and took aim, and shivered the glass. And then with blow after blow he began to batter and demolish the painted face, the indifferent bosom, till the canvas fell down upon the hearth in shreds; and even then in his hate he struck on, beating at the wall behind it, as though he could never come to the end of his hatred.

Lucy Abbott had fallen upon her knees. She pressed her hands over her ears and shut her eyes, but still she could hear the blows and the snarling breath dragged through his nostrils as he struck, and still she saw the reeling figure, and the veins that stood out on the clenched and livid hand, and the hairy wrist that shot forever from the shirt cuff.

At last she knew that he had ceased to strike. Slowly she raised her head

and opened her eyes. His back was to her; but, as she watched, the madman turned and showed her a face leeringly triumphant and contented — the face of a child that had gained its will. Once or twice he nodded, smiling mischievously, chuckling to himself and pursing up his lips; and then, steering a wide circle as though he would keep out of her reach, he ambled from the room.

Still on her knees, she heard him descending the stairs and crossing the hall, and fumbling with the catch of the front door. And then the door closed behind him, and she heard his shuffling footsteps die out along the street.

BIRD HEART

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

THERE comes a time in the career of the most ardent bird watcher when his first enthusiasm begins to wane. The regular birds of the country have been recognized, their songs and call notes learned, their tricks of flight caught and memorized; a good many of the uncommon species have been seen, and even some of the rarities. From the point of view of what one may call the 'collector of birds seen and recorded,' the law of diminishing returns has set in; only very seldom is he rewarded by the sight or sound of a species new or little known to him.

I had reached this stage about the end of my university career, when a lucky accident set me off on a new tack. I was spending some of the spring vacation with a reading party on the coast of North Wales. The farmhouse we were in stood all alone at the end of a peninsula; between the peninsula and the mainland was a bay, full at high tide, a glistening sweep of sand and mud at low tide. This place was the haunt of hundreds of birds — ring dotterel and sheldrake, curlew and various small waders, redshank and oyster catchers. They went on calling — even through the night, especially when there was a moon. I spent some time watching them, and soon saw the redshanks courting. It was one of the most entrancing of spectacles.

Redshanks, cock as well as hen, are sober-colored enough as you see their trim brown bodies slipping through the herbage. But during the courtship all is changed. The cock bird advances toward the hen with his graceful pointed wings raised above his back, showing their pure white undersurface. He lifts his scarlet legs alternately in a deliberate way — a sort of graceful goose step — and utters all the while a clear far-carrying trill, full of wildness, charged with desire, piercing and exciting. Sometimes as he nears the hen he begins to fan his wings a little, just lifting himself off the ground, so that he is walking on air. The hen will often suffer his approach till he is quite close, then shy away like a startled horse and begin running, upon which he folds his wings and runs after. She generally

runs in circles, as if the pursuit were not wholly disagreeable to her, and so they turn and loop over the gleaming mud. Then she pauses again, and the tremulous approach is again enacted.

I did not, of course, manage to see or grasp all this at once. It had to be pieced together as the result of several spells of watching, day after day. Other things I saw too: violent encounters between rival males, which generally resolved themselves into interminable pursuits, the one seeking to chase the other away from his own domain, the other continually turning and running back; the beautiful song flights of the cock birds, when they mount with one clear, melodious note to descend with another, and so on. And I discovered that here was a whole new world of watching to be undertaken, rich in sights fascinating in themselves, and full also of meanings which had to be puzzled out and unraveled. And watching and studying the courtship of birds have been a never-failing hobby to me ever since.

As showing some of the interest behind bird courtship, I will take another sight I first saw in this Welsh bay. Oyster catchers frequented the rocky beach at the bay's outlet; and here I used to hear them make a penetrating piping. Watching them at this, I saw that sometimes two birds and sometimes three were piping together, running round each other in short curves in an excited yet formal way, their heads pointed down so that the just-open bill was almost touching the ground. Or on other occasions three birds would be together, but only two were piping. What did all this mean?

I had not much time to watch them then, and did not find out till over fifteen years later, when I went to Holland with a party of bird-watching friends deliberately to study the courtship habits of various wading birds. Oyster catchers were very abundant and could be easily watched; and I made up my mind to make them one of my special studies. A Dutch ornithologist who stayed a few days with us could not understand my spending so much time watching them. 'But they are such common birds,' he said, 'and you can see them anywhere!' However, I persevered, and was, in my own estimation at least, amply rewarded. I found that, apart from a special kind of flight with formal stiff wing beats, this piping appeared to be the only method which the oyster catcher possesses of expressing his or her emotions, whether of love, jealousy, or hostility. It was used when a single cock was paying court to a hen; when the hen's emotions were well tuned up, she might use it too, so that there was a piping duet; it was used by a mated pair when another pair trespassed on to their territory, or when an unmated bird trespassed into a pair's family circle.

Further complications arose owing to the fact that, as with many other birds, excitement is infectious. If one bird begins piping around a female in the middle of a flock, for instance, a number of others are almost certain to join in, and you may see regular 'piping parties' of ten or a dozen birds. These are interesting, for they are halfway to being social functions like dancing. And finally, since piping is the sole expression both for jealousy and for love, when both emotions are present, as when two rivals are courting a single female, either emotion reënforces the expression of the other, and the piping becomes exceptionally vigorous. This is what seems to be happening when you see the trios of two birds actively piping to a third. They are two cocks courting one hen — often one of them her rightful mate, the other a rival who came to join in the fun when he

saw the other begin piping. As they twist and turn, each sees first the desired hen bird, then the hated rival; and each sight stimulates to renewed piping. So the frenzied piping dance goes on; and sometimes it may arouse the female so that she too begins to pipe.

II

This curious restriction of the means of expressing emotion is another reminder of the much greater fixity of the behavior of birds as against that of human beings. An extremely entertaining result of this limitation was recorded recently by Dr. de Haan for an argus pheasant in the Amsterdam Zoo. The male argus pheasant has a long tail, but his chief adornment is a beautiful decoration along the quills of his wings. In courtship, he throws his wings up and forward, making a bell like the bell of some great flower, behind which his head and neck are completely hidden. This he directs toward the hen, while putting his head so that he can peep through the feathers and judge of the effect on her. In the species of argus pheasant to which the Amsterdam male belonged, the hen generally stands quiet for a little before the cock when he gives his display, even if she does not always show great interest.

But at Amsterdam they only had the hen of a second species of argus pheasant; and she would not stand still when the male began his courtship, but wandered erratically about the cage. The cock bird threw up his wings, peeped through — and the hen was already almost out of his field of vision. He furled his great pinions, ran round until he thought he saw another opportunity, threw himself into the flower attitude again — and was again disappointed. This went on for a few days, the cock wearing himself out in his hectic efforts, until finally he gave up in despair, left the restless hen to her own devices, and proceeded to display before an object which, if unresponsive, was at least stable — namely, the trough in which his food was put out!

It is worth noting that in this perverse transference of his attentions he did not select just any casual object, but one which already had pleasurable associations. And indeed, this linking up of emotionally charged objects with courtship is in other birds often seen as part of their normal behavior. The most frequent of such associations is between courtship display and the handling (or rather 'beaking') of nest material. Male warblers posture before the female with leaves in their mouths. Herons and egrets build nests out of sticks; after they have been relieved at the end of a spell of incubation they present their mates with sticks, to the accompaniment of an elaborate display ceremony. Crested grebes build with sodden water weeds, and have a wonderful joint ceremony in which both birds of a pair dive for weeds and then, holding them in their bills, swim at each other and leap up to meet, breast against breast. Adelie penguins lay their eggs in a little depression bordered by stones, and the male, as part of his courtship, fetches stones to lay at the hen bird's feet.

The Adelie penguin also provides an illustration of the linking on of courtship activities to objects productive of other emotions. Dr. Levick, who was camped during a whole breeding season next door to an Adelie rookery in the antarctic, records how the birds used to come up with stones and ceremoniously present them to the sledge dogs and the human members of the camp. In this case it seems that the large and unfamiliar creatures excited some feeling of wonder or interest in the breast of the birds; and they expressed it by the only means at their command.

Penguins introduce us to another interesting fact — much of their courtship is mutual, male and female simultaneously posing or displaying to one another. The display is rather ludicrous to our eyes, as it consists in pointing the beak straight up with a very sentimental, languorous expression, at the same time drooping the body, spreading the flippers, and emitting a soft humming noise. But it is a pose charged with tender emotion, as evidenced by the term used by Dr. Levick to describe it — 'the ecstatic attitude.' Sometimes a bird on the nest would be overcome by emotion and would go into the ecstatic attitude all by itself.

As a matter of fact, in a great many birds such mutual display is the sole or the usual method of courtship. When we consider a large number of birds, it soon becomes clear that there is a general rule: namely, that mutual courtship is usually found where both sexes share more or less equally in the reproductive duties of building the nest, sitting on the eggs, and feeding and guarding the young; whereas purely masculine display is usually found where the cock bird does not help brood the eggs, and it is at its height — as among pheasants, peacocks, ruffs, or blackcocks — where the male never comes near the nest or young at all. Apparently in the former case the necessity for making the sexes similar in respect of their brooding and parental instincts has overflowed, so to speak, on to their other characters, and made them alike in plumage and in display as well.

A striking example of mutual courtship is seen in the albatrosses. The courtship of several species has been described, and is in each case essentially as follows: the two majestic birds stand fronting each other, spread their wings, throw back their heads, and finally end by both stretching their necks and heads vertically upward and together emitting a repeated, ringing, trumpet-like cry.

The grebes, which I have already mentioned, also have wonderful mutual ceremonies; it is an illuminating fact that though their courtship is as beautiful and as strange and fantastic as that of any gaudy tropical creature, and though they live and breed in reasonable numbers in England, even within forty miles of London, no one had taken the trouble to watch and record it thoroughly until the present century.

I have not the space to describe it here, — besides, I have set it down in print elsewhere, — but I must refer to one interesting side issue. The commonest form of courtship ceremony among grebes is for the two birds to front each other with their slender white necks raised to the full, their chestnut and black ruffs and ear tufts partially spread, and then to shake their handsome heads at each other, first rapidly, then slowly, and so on in alternation, to the accompaniment of excited little barking noises. Now where courtship is mutual, it takes two to make a display; whereas it is doubtless very enjoyable to head-shake together, it is no fun, it seems, to do so by one's self or to an unresponsive mate. Sometimes you will see a pair dozing on the water; one bird — let us say the cock — wakes up, approaches the hen, and shakes his head ever so slightly at her, as if to say, 'Come on, old thing.' She, perhaps, just takes her beak from under her wing, but speedily puts it back again — too lazy to respond. He may try once or twice again, and still find her unresponsive. If now, swimming restlessly up and down, he spies another hen grebe, unmated or temporarily alone, on the water, he will swim up to her and start his head-shaking advances, to which she will almost invariably respond. Here, coupled

with strict monogamy during the season, we see the existence of what can only be called flirtation. The flirtation is quite innocent — it never seems to lead on to anything more serious than the excited head-shaking; but none the less, it always has the effect of waking up the rightful mate, however lethargic she may have been before.

As an example of the puzzles that beset the bird watcher, I will record an actual instance of what happened in such a case; it was in the first day or so of a fortnight which I spent watching grebes, before I had any inkling of what it was really all about. I saw a male grebe halfway between two females. He swam to one, shook his head a little, then swam to the other fifty or sixty yards off, and there followed a vigorous bout of head-shaking between them. Suddenly there was a great commotion. The female of the head-shaking couple flew off with a squawk; from below the surface there emerged another bird; and, after some splashing and rapid turning, she proceeded in her turn to indulge in a bout of head-shaking with the cock.

At the time, this was all Greek to me. It was only after another week or so of frequenting that grebe-haunted sheet of water, turning a telescope on to every happening that seemed interesting, taking copious notes, and thinking over my notes at night, that it became clear. The cock bird was flirting; the hen had woken up and dived to the attack in the way characteristic of grebes, who attempt to spear their rivals in the belly from below the surface with their sharp-pointed beak; the odd bird, thus painfully reminded that she was an interloper, flew off; and the rightful mate, instead of attacking her errant husband too, as might have been logically expected, was excited by his misdemeanor to a vigorous outburst of that head-shaking expression of affection which only a few minutes before she had refused him. It was a subtle and interesting working of the avian mind.

III

The study of courtship, indeed, would be expected to throw light on the minds of these winged and feathered creatures, so like ours in some respects, so very unlike in others — more light, perhaps, than the study of any other single aspect of their behavior. For here we have an exceedingly strong impulse at work, often without the opportunity of immediate gratification; we have rivalry, jealousy, and all the other complications of sex; we have the sexual motive interwoven with the instinct to defend the territory round the nest, and with the brooding and parental instincts; we have the mental association with nest building and nest material. It is not enough to study animal behavior by means of experiments in the laboratory. That, of course, is absolutely necessary to understand the precise way the brain machinery works in this or that particular situation; but in order to know the range of situations normally open to the bird, and the variety and richness of the behavior with which they are met — for that we must go to nature, and rely primarily upon patient watching.

Besides throwing light on psychology, the watching of bird courtship can throw light on evolution. Much of the posturing and displaying of courtship may be simply the direct outcome and expression of the intense excitement of the breeding season and of unsatisfied sexual desire. But this cannot apply to the many cases of special plumes, like the train of the peacock, which only come into use during courtship, or even, like the feather frill of the ruff or

the crest of the crested grebe, are only grown in the breeding season as well as only being employed for display. These, according to our present biological knowledge, cannot have been developed and fixed in the race because of any excitement in the individuals of each generation; and they are much too elaborate and adaptive to have any merely accidental origin; they can only have been evolved because they were in some way useful, and have been developed through a slow process of selection, individuals which happened to be endowed with better adornments having an advantage over others, and accordingly bearing more progeny. It was Darwin who first reasoned this out; in the case of birds with brilliant-plumaged males, he argued that their adornments must serve to secure success in winning mates, and that it was through this means that the best-adorned specimens would gain advantage, by having more chance of perpetuating their characters in their offspring. To this process he gave the name of sexual selection.

And, as a matter of fact, in one or two cases bird watching has given confirmation of Darwin's bold and far-reaching theories. The ruff, for instance, is a wading bird which in the winter is very much like half a dozen other kinds of medium-sized waders. In the spring, however, the male grows round his face the astounding frill or ruff of feathers from which the species takes its name. Not only that, but every male is a law unto himself. Some grow black ruffs, others ruffs that are white, sandy, brown, gray, pepper-and-salt, and half a dozen other shades. In addition, the tufts on the head may be of different color from the main ruff. These brilliantly adorned males assemble on what is generally called a 'hill' — a slightly raised spot of ground where they dance in exuberance of excitement or spar and duel with each other while waiting for the hens. The hens visit these masculine assembly places solely for the purpose of choosing mates. When one appears on a hill, the males flop down to the ground with ruffs fully erected and wings often outspread, and wait her pleasure as if hypnotized. She has complete freedom in choosing, and signifies her choice by tapping one of the cock birds with her bill.

Now Edmund Selous, that indefatigable watcher of birds, built himself a hide close to a ruff assembly place in Holland, and watched there almost every morning throughout the major part of the breeding season. As each ruff on a hill is differently colored from every other, the individuals can be told apart; and so by patient and prolonged watching and taking of notes Selous was able to establish the simple but vital fact that different cock birds differed very much in their success with the opposite sex. Some never succeeded in winning a single mate all through the weeks he watched. One secured more mates than all the others put together; and it was notable that this bird had a very finely developed and brilliantly colored ruff. Thus for ruffs at least the essence of the Darwinian hypothesis seems proved; and, by the way, the bird watcher was needed to give this proof, for we could never have been sure from observation or experiment on captive birds that the same processes were at work in a state of nature.

It is probable that the same influence of female choice makes itself felt in other polygamous or promiscuous species, of which the blackcock is a good example. But when we come to the common song birds, we discover that matters are much more complicated. In warblers, for instance, and buntings and finches, which Eliot Howard has watched so thoroughly, real courtship

display does not begin until *after* the birds have paired up for the duration of the season or the brood, and so can have nothing to do with the selection of mates. And the same seems to be true for the elaborate mutual courtships of grebes, herons, and other birds. It would take too long to go into the complicated question as to where the utility and function of this kind of courtship lie; it must suffice to point out the interest and difficulty of the biological problems which intensive bird watching has raised, and which can only be solved in full by more watching.

IV

To watch birds is delightful enough in itself; but most people like a background against which they can set their observations.

These feathered creatures, what are they in the economy of Nature? What is their history, what may be their future? How do they compare with other kinds of living things?

The master key here is the idea of evolution; it unlocks the door through which alone our biological backgrounds become visible. There are no other animals built in at all the same way as birds. How did they come to evolve into their present condition?

The first thing that evolutionary study teaches us is that birds were not always so different from other creatures as they are to-day. The few fossil birds known from the upper Cretaceous age, seventy or eighty million years back, all had teeth, like any lizard. When we reach the Jurassic period, near twice as long ago, the only two specimens of birds so far found were so unlike any ordinary bird in their construction that, if it were not for the lucky accident of their having been embedded in such fine mud that the imprint of their feathers is still preserved to us, we should have been in doubt as to whether they were birds at all. They might almost equally well have been exceptionally agile reptiles, for they were toothed, had long jointed tail bones, and big claws on their fore limbs. And before this time in the world's history, for all the hundreds of millions of years since life began, there were no birds at all.

Birds, in fact, are the offshoot from one kind of very active reptile, probably related to some of the smaller dinosaurs. They became birds through the evolution of feathers out of scales, which first, by acting as a heat-retaining blanket, allowed their temperature to be kept at a high level, well above that of their surroundings, and, secondly, made flight possible. The other peculiarities of modern birds, such as their using their high body temperature to brood their eggs, the transformation of their originally long and awkward tail, like a kite's, into an efficient rudder fan, or the lightening of their dead weight by the substitution of horny beaks for heavy teeth — all these came later. By about forty or fifty million years ago, all birds had become of the essentially modern type; nothing has happened since then save a perfecting of the different branches — duck, or hawk, or song bird — for particular modes of life.

There have been three other groups of animals to achieve true flight: one, the flying insects, arose from a wholly different stock; two, from the same backboned stock to which the birds belong — the flying mammals or bats, and the flying reptiles or pterodactyls, the latter all long extinct.

The great advantage which the birds had over their vertebrate competitors in the art of flying was that they, possessing feathers, could make a wing of these; while the skinny flight-membranes of bats and pterodactyls had to

be stretched taut and so demanded attachment to hind as well as to fore limb. Bats cannot run or hop, nor could pterodactyls; their legs are subordinated to their wings. But birds kept their legs clear of this entanglement, as the ancestors of man kept their fore limbs clear of running; and so birds were free both of the air and of the earth, having one pair of limbs for each element.

Insects are the equals of birds in this respect; but they are inferior in another. They can never grow big. It would take too long to go into the reason why, but the fact remains; an insect as big as a swan or even as a thrush is, luckily for us, unthinkable. Small size is in itself a disadvantage; it brings the further disadvantage in its train that it prevents an animal from having a constant temperature higher than its surroundings, for its bulk is so small in proportion to its surface that the heat generated by the chemical combustion in its muscles all leaks away in no time.

So insects are not only small, but the whole tempo of their lives goes up and down with the temperature of the outer world. They cannot achieve the constancy of living possible to a bird or mammal, and are at a great disadvantage in winter, being put out of action more or less completely by the cold.

However, though birds can grow big in comparison with insects, they are limited in size in comparison with other vertebrates. This comes from the fact of flight; the laws of aerodynamics make it very inconvenient for a flying bird to weigh much over fifty pounds, and quite impossible for it to weigh as much as a horse or even a leopard. It is only the birds which have given up flying, like the ostrich or cassowary, or the extinct moa or dodo, which have even begun to grow big according to mammalian or reptilian standards.

The stock size for birds, in fact, is from something under an ounce to about ten or fifteen pounds; their construction forces them to play their rôle in the world within these limits of weight.

V

The next valuable light which evolution throws on birds is that they do not in any way represent a past stage in man's evolutionary development, but have developed divergently along their own lines. Birds and mammals, in fact, represent two quite distinct branches of the tree of life, which developed quite independently from reptiles. And they developed from two quite distinct reptilian stocks, so that if we want to find a common ancestor for furry mammal and feathery bird, we must look for it in the most primitive kinds of reptiles, and must go back at least to the very beginning of the middle ages of life, about two hundred million years back. Their special resemblances, such as the uniform and high temperature, have been independently evolved in the two stocks, and in some cases, as with the division of the heart into two quite separate sides for more efficiency in circulation, though the result is the same, the evolutionary method followed has been dissimilar.

Birds have kept reptilian-looking scales on their feet, and have stuck to the reptile's method of reproduction by large-yolked eggs contained in a protective shell. In some ways, however, the bird branch has evolved beyond their rivals, the mammals, and in these respects must be regarded as at the very tiptop of the tree of life. Birds have the highest temperature, and therefore the greatest speed of vital chemistry, of any creatures. They have the greatest activity, the greatest emotional variety; they show the highest extremes of beauty in color and pattern,

they have the most striking and highly developed courtship of any group of animals, and their songs are by far the most beautiful and elaborate music that the world knew before the coming of man. They are the most mobile of creatures, and so are at a great advantage over every other kind of land animal in high altitudes; for they can breed there and take advantage of the riches of the arctic lands and still more of the arctic seas during the summer, and then migrate to temperate climates, leaving a few wretched foxes and reindeer to eke out existence over the inhospitable winter.

There are two lines in which mammals have beaten the world — in brain development and efficient methods of reproduction. As regards reproduction, it seems clear that the fact of flight discouraged any adoption of the perfected mammalian method of nourishing the unborn young within the mother's body. Extra weight is a severe handicap to a bird; and when it can mature and lay its eggs one at a time, and yet hatch them out all at once by putting off incubation until all are laid, it would be a disadvantage to handicap itself by the weight of half a dozen embryos at once. And it is perhaps just because of the birds' very success in the matter of flight and of high temperature that they failed to progress further in regard to brains. So many avenues were thrown open to them through their mobility and their activity that no pressure lay on them to circumvent fate by means of intelligence.

Possibly, too, their relatively small size had some say in the matter. Intelligence depends on making new combinations of nerve paths in the higher centres of the brain; and for this a much larger number of nerve cells and fibres seem to be required than for even the most elaborate equipment of the fixed nerve routes by which instincts operate.

One thing at least is certain and significant: whereas, in the general stock of mammals, progress was being made and new specialized lines budded out up till a mere five or ten million years ago, and in the line of man's descent evolutionary advance has continued up to the present and may well be prolonged into the future, the birds settled down to stability about halfway through the Tertiary epoch, about twenty or thirty millions of years back, and since then, though they have doubtless sprouted out innumerable tiny side twigs of new species and genera, do not seem to have made any real evolutionary progress.

Nor are they in the least likely to achieve any in the future. Like the insects, whose most advanced types, such as the ants, have been living the same kind of lives, endowed with the same kind of structure, for an even longer space of time, they appear to have reached the limit of perfection attainable, in the circumstances prevailing upon the earth, by the kind of creature which they are. They have attained the limiting speed of flight possible to living flying machines operating with feathers and one pair of wings; their temperature is as high as it can profitably be made; their migrations take them to the extreme end of habitability in high latitudes; their ability in nest building is as great as could be attained by instinct alone.

We must remember, however, that evolution is never all progress. Progress, it seems, there has always been, but it is progress in the upper limit of life's achievements, not in the great bulk of her productions. Indeed the impulsion to progress comes from the very fact that there already exists this great mass of animals and plants which have already reached a more or

less final and stable relation with the world about them, and have already adequately filled the lower and more obvious places in life's economy. It is just because there exists such competition in the old ways of life that it is an advantage for any creature to push forward and adopt new and improved methods.

Each group that has reached stability is thus filling a very definite place in the elaborate system of exchanges which constitutes the balance of Nature. Looked at from this point of view, as regards what they do rather than how they do it, birds take on a new interest. The great majority of them are eaters of other animals, either throughout life or, in the case of small grain-eating birds like various finches, throughout their greedy nestling period. For this they have stuck to the ancestral predilections of vertebrates, which were all in origin flesh eaters; a herbivorous diet only came in late in vertebrate evolution, with some of the big reptiles, and later and still more efficiently with some of the bigger mammals. Among birds, on the other hand, very few are herbivorous; such are some of the geese and ducks.

The birds as a whole thus stuck to a meat diet; but their average size determined the average size of their prey. The great majority of them are so moderate in bulk that they can only eat small creatures; and these small creatures, though they will include worms and snails and spiders, will by the nature of the biological world be for the most part insects. Some of the larger birds eat creatures up to the scale of frogs and mice, or are carrion feeders, or prey on other, smaller birds; and there are of course numerous water birds which live on Crustacea, the aquatic equivalent of insects, on molluscs, and on fish. But if we could take statistics of the food of all birds, in especial of all land birds, we should find that insects headed the list.

Now insects, in contradistinction to vertebrates, are in the great majority vegetable feeders, both by ancestral predilection and by modern practice. So that in regard to what we may call biological trade — the complicated circulation of matter through lifeless forms in earth, water, and air, through green plants, animal bodies, and microscopic scavengers like moulds and bacteria, and back into lifeless forms again — the net effect of birds is to be a check upon insects in their consumption of green plants and their products. In this way they are obviously the allies of man: remove every bird in the world at one stroke; the biological balance would be tilted, and it would be much harder even than now to protect man's crops and trees from the ravages of their persistent insect consumers. Birds, in fact, are one of the few groups of animals whose activities as a whole are useful to man.

VI

But do not let us run away with the idea that economics is everything. There was a letter in the *Times* one day apropos of Sir Hilton Young's bill for safeguarding some of the beauties of the countryside. The writer, after pointing out that the bill, if it became law, would involve in certain cases some financial sacrifice for individuals or for the country, continued, 'And after all, the aims of the measure are merely æsthetic' — and therefore, in his estimation, not to be weighed against even small quantities of pounds, shillings, and pence.

It is just this point of view — the attitude embodied in that word 'merely' — which I want to combat. Economics is the foundation of everything, and money is money and must be made.

We may know that elementary truth well enough and yet be permitted the reminder that the really important thing is what we are going to ask of our money when we have made it. And one thing that some will want to ask for is the refreshment of unspoilt country and the delight of wild birds.

The bird watcher and the bird lover ask for more birds, and more different kinds of them, and more opportunities of quietly watching and studying them. In the last thirty or forty years there has been a welcome change in the attitude of the general public about birds. They are more interested in them, fonder of them, delight to see photographs and read accounts of them in their wild state, but deprecate the killing of them or the wanton taking of their eggs much more than they used to. The bird watcher can help the growth of this changed attitude. We have gone a long way, but could go much further. In some American towns there are now bird boxes everywhere, in city parks and private gardens, and bird tables and bird baths — and naturally an enormous increase in the number of birds to gladden the eyes of city dwellers. In Germany before the war I went once casually into the city park at Würzburg, and found an astounding plenty of birds, and people feeding them. One man had a couple of tits on his hand, chaffinches and blackbirds at his feet; he told me he once had a spotted woodpecker swoop down from a tree and take a nut from his fingers. And the hawfinches, those fantastic huge-billed birds, so shy that many country people do not know of their existence even where they are not uncommon — they were sitting about in the trees like sparrows; I even saw a pair of them courting over a public path and in full view and sound of the trams and traffic in the street beyond.

We could encourage and tame birds like this in our own garden and our cities and our parks if we wanted to.

The bird lover can help to see that the Bird Protection laws are enforced. He can try to get the law changed; to take an example, the law which permits the discharge of waste oil from oil-driven ships at sea, to drift about and foul our shores and in doing so to smear itself on the plumage of hundreds of guillemots and divers and puffins and other sea birds, prevent them from opening their wings, and so condemn them to death from starvation.

And he can help by supporting the societies which are saving wild bits of country from being built over or otherwise developed; or reserving them as actual sanctuaries, inviolate to the birds; or providing bird rests at lighthouses to prevent dazzled migrants from being drowned; or paying watchers to see that protected birds are not shot or robbed of their eggs.

For — and this is my last word — in considering the birds' place in Nature we must remember that they have a place in civilization as well as in wild nature, and that even if we be busy mechanizing so many aspects of life, or rather, just because we *are* mechanizing them, there is all the more reason to reserve to birds — shy birds as well as tame, rare birds as well as common — a place in our civilized scheme of things, and to see that that place is kept for them, and so for our delectation and that of our posterity.

BENNETT AND HIS TIMES

BY WILLIAM A. CROFFUT

I

I was born in the ancient town of Redding, Connecticut, just before I can remember. I conceived an early aversion to the stony pastures and bleak hills of the locality, and did not appreciate the great honor of first beholding daylight in the same town that had given to the world Joel Barlow, poet, diplomat, and friend of Washington, and had furnished headquarters to General Putnam in the times that tried men's souls. Nor did I foresee the interesting fact that if I tarried permanently there I should have Mark Twain's company in curling up and spending my second childhood in this sequestered nest. Not comprehending my patriotic inheritance or my illustrious environment, I was probably delighted when my father resolved to try a change and moved the family to Orange, near the learned town of New Haven.

For the first year or two I was educated at home, and my favorite aunt often assured me that if I would be good and tried hard I could get to be President of the United States. Very likely I could have been, but having a lot of other things to do, and early learning how much worry the office involves, I have never sought the nomination.

My life before the age of fifteen seems to have been rather purposeless and colorless. While visiting at my ambitious aunt's in Birmingham, I was fond of playing with the bright children next door. There I first saw phonography. A sedate and scholarly but ingenious and enterprising man their father was — Mr. George Kellogg. He took a most kindly interest in the curiosity which the strange characters excited and told me what they were for. He even lent me an English book of phonography, one of Isaac Pitman's earliest, and, though a busy man, he gave me some suggestions and practical hints which I afterward made useful.

About this time one Thomas Ranney began a desolating campaign of pothooks and trammels in Connecticut. My father encouraged all my vagaries; phonography to him was always a wonder and delight. He arranged that I should enlist under the Ranney banner, and I walked to Derby, four miles and back, three times a week to attend the evening classes. He used Andrews and Boyle's class book and reader. They were of the sixteenth edition and had just come out. The days took on a serious hue. I went around the house analyzing orally all the words I could think of and got the reputation of talking to myself. I made a feeble effort to report the sermons of our bucolic parson; but, as I did not wholly conceal my machinery, I excited his jealousy by attracting more attention than he did. Then I laid aside my pencil and followed the skeletons of words on my knee. Some of the spectators thought I was crazy, but my schoolmates considered me inspired. I persistently followed this habit of spectral phonography, if I may so call it, and it

greatly assisted me in mastering the art, which I pursued with avidity and which I early determined to practise for a living.

My next impulse took the form of a desire to 'get a job.' I was quite incompetent for any reporting position, but of this I was unconscious, and I thought I saw light ahead. In an adjoining town a good uncle of mine solaced his conscience and shriveled his pocketbook by keeping a temperance hotel. For the comfort of his guests he took a daily New York newspaper, and when they laid it down his nephew cribbed its substance eagerly. One day I found an advertisement stating that for one dollar a lesson Mr. Theron C. Leland, 'professor of phonography,' would in eight lessons prepare any young man for an amanuensis and would 'guarantee him a position.' From the dictionary I learned what an amanuensis was. My father immediately arranged to have me 'polished off,' as he called it, and I was not long in hunting up and finding Mr. Leland in the great city.

My training began at once, and it was severe. Mr. Leland gave his lessons in the editorial rooms of the *Herald of the Union* — a pro-slavery weekly newspaper, especially devoted to the interests of Daniel Webster. He received the editor's articles from dictation while his pupils looked admiringly on and followed with their tardy pencils. As the dictations were given in what was virtually a public room, the organ of the great Expounder could hardly be said to have a secret policy. This building was where the tall Western Union towers have since risen on lower Broadway, and the distinguished editor was accessible only after a climb of four flights of stairs.

One morning I got there before any of the office staff, and was busily writing when I heard the clump of heavy boots coming up the stairs, for in those days everybody wore top boots who could afford them. The owner of the boots paused on the upper landing, balanced himself a moment at the newel post, looked around through the empty rooms, and said, 'What! Mr. Leland abed yet?' I answered that he would probably arrive very soon and pushed an armchair toward the visitor. He was a portly man, with thin hair, a lean, wrinkled face in need of the razor, beetling brows, and unfathomable gray eyes. He seemed weary. Conspicuous articles of his apparel were a very tall silk hat, a blue coat with flat brass buttons, nankeen vest, and a high inflexible stock that looked like a ring of cast iron around his neck.

'No,' he said, 'I will not wait. Tell him that I called — that Mr. Webster called. And I want to see him at once.'

Mr. Leland came in shortly and said, 'Ah, yes; Mr. Webster is in town, then. I must go over to Number Eleven. Don't you want to come along?'

It was Mr. Leland's generous and amiable custom to invite his pupils to accompany him when he called to report, and of course I went with him gladly. The Number Eleven he had mentioned was a large parlor on the second floor of the Astor House which the Expounder of the Constitution occupied whenever he was in the city. And there we presently found him. He walked leisurely up and down the room as he spoke. The dictation seemed to be the outline of a law speech which he was about to deliver, — perhaps the last he ever did deliver, — I have forgotten where or in whose interest; but as he mentioned 'dollars' frequently, I have since fancied that it perhaps had something to do with the tariff, then a foremost topic of discussion. Mr. Webster folded his hands behind him as he walked, and between his sentences

emitted a slight buzzing or humming sound from his lips — a peculiarity which I have never seen referred to. I had my notebook and was very much astonished at the extreme slowness of the orator's dictation. He spoke on that occasion not more than fifty or sixty words a minute, and it could not have been difficult to follow him in longhand. The 'mighty Daniel' looked the sick man that he was, and his various infirmities were emphasized by the deep disgust that had taken possession of him when General Taylor was nominated over him at Philadelphia in 1848 and when General Scott was given similar precedence in the nominating convention at Baltimore in 1852. To have two 'ignorant frontier colonels' preferred to him was more than his proud soul could endure.

II

At the end of my prescribed course Mr. Leland promptly said, 'Very well, sir, your term is ended. What next?'

'Work,' I said, 'if I can.' His question seemed to lack positiveness. I inferred that he was quite as doubtful about my competency as I was myself, but he added, 'There's nothing like trying, is there? I have spoken to a man named Pray who sometimes has work for a phonographer, and I will give you a note to him.'

He wrote a few hasty lines, enclosed them, and handed them to me. I was not long in finding the handsome residence of Isaac C. Pray, No. 23 Irving Place, close to the great Academy of Music. It was a bashful and awkward boy who rang the doorbell and handed in an improvised card and the note. Bridget reappeared presently and said briefly, 'Folly me!'

I did. My disqualifications seemed mountainous as I walked through the hall and presented myself to Mr. Pray, who wheeled in his cushioned chair as I went in, looked surprised, and exclaimed, 'Dear me! A mere stripling!'

This was discouraging, but in lieu of something more sensible I said, 'I have grown quite a little this last year, sir.' He laughed, took me by the hand, and said, 'However, young man, it is n't age that always tells, is it?'

Not thinking of anything better to say, I answered, 'No, sir, it is n't. I am older than I look.' Thinking it over afterward, it occurred to me that this was malapropos, but he laughed again, as if I had said a very bright thing.

'Can you report?' he suddenly asked.

I have admired myself very much since because I had the self-possession and mendacity to look him straight in the eye and answer, 'Yes, sir.'

'How many words a minute?' And I ventured audaciously, 'A hundred or a hundred and fifty.' I ought to have said fifty or seventy-five.

I must have turned scarlet, for I felt myself a guilty thing whose sins were about to be exposed.

'Let's try it,' he said, and motioned me to a table. He spoke five or six minutes, perhaps, and then stopped to take breath. 'Now read it,' he said.

How I ever got through it I cannot now conceive, but he remarked approvingly, — or reprovingly, — 'Ah! You remembered it, you rascal!'

I felt now that my doom was just as good as sealed. He had guessed right, for at least half of the paragraph was attributable to a good memory. I was greatly relieved when he continued, 'Perhaps you'll do. Can you earn eight dollars a week? Suppose you begin by running errands!'

'Yes, sir,' I answered. 'It will give me pleasure to be of use to you.'

'You will board with me,' he resumed. 'Breakfast, eight; dinner, six — be punctual! Meanwhile you can

take this down to the *Herald* office and deliver it to Mr. Bennett in person. In person. Be sure and leave it!' And he handed me a large sealed envelope from his desk. I took it, bowed myself out, and in a few minutes found my way to the den where the elder Bennett forged his thunderbolts. It was at the top of a building adjoining the American Museum at the junction of Broadway and Park Row, and Underhill had pointed it out to me as a fearsome cavern where ambitious reporters were tortured. I trembled as I handed the great man the parcel.

The Scotch editor who terrorized New York at that time was, as I recall him, rough-hewn and bony, six feet high, with a harsh and strident voice, a crescent of white whiskers under his chin, and so terribly cross-eyed that when he looked at me with one eye, he looked out at the City Hall with the other.

'Who from?' he bluntly asked, without taking the document.

'Mr. Isaac C. Pray,' I answered.

'Nothing to do with Mr. Isaac C. Pray! Nothing to do with Mr. Isaac C. Pray!' he exclaimed angrily. But he took the parcel and tore off the envelope, disclosing a quantity of printed matter. With a savage gesture he flung it out the door into the hall, fixed me with one good eye, and shouted, 'I don't want it! I won't have it! Carry it back and tell him to keep his stuff!' And he turned his back on me.

I went out at once and collected the matter before it could blow away, but not before I had discovered it to consist of galley proofs. Notwithstanding the order, 'Be sure and leave it,' I made my way uptown again with it, bewildered and amazed at the reception, and wondering if my job depended on the singular performances and ungovernable temper of the master of the *Herald*. I was reassured by my reception at Irving Place, where the author pleasantly accepted the package, merely exclaiming, 'Yet that fool once got his living as a proofreader!'

Without more mystery or concealment, Mr. Pray now took me into his confidence.

'You must say nothing at any time to any person of anything you may hear in this house,' he said quietly. 'Or of my business.' He added, 'I have undertaken to write a life of Mr. Bennett, rather against his protest. He does n't like the idea wholly and gets angry about it. He is odd, but will come round all right. These are some of the early proof sheets, and I wanted to give him a chance to revise them and correct any errors. Bennett does not want his life written at all, and declares he will not contribute a word.' Hereupon the author handed me the rejected proofs to read, saying I had 'better get the hang of it.'

It was still a riddle to me, as week after week I went on making copy from his dictation, and the riddle was not wholly solved when the handsome finished book issued, the next year, from the press of Stringer and Townsend. In the introduction, as there printed, will be found the following illuminating paragraph: —

> The author of these pages has sought no person's counsel upon his theme or its mode of treatment. Neither Mr. Bennett nor any one connected with him has been consulted either directly or indirectly, with respect to the writing or publication of these memoirs. It would have been easy, had circumstances permitted and he been willing, for Mr. Bennett himself to supply some points in his career which he alone can justly elucidate; but the desire of the author has been to be free from influences which might arise from personal inquiry.

It is obvious that Mr. Pray had imposed upon himself a terribly difficult

task: to write a friendly biography of an unfriendly man without the active assistance or even the passive sympathy and acquiescence of the subject of it, and even under his prohibition. The reader who desires to know how that herculean labor was accomplished is referred to the volume itself — *Memoirs of James Gordon Bennett and His Times*.

As a manuscript maker I managed to give satisfaction, for Mr. Pray was fortunately very amiable and not very exacting, and he had many callers to occupy his time. I was repelled once more in a second visit to the *Herald*, but I always suspected, though I never knew, that while the volume was in course of preparation Mr. Bennett's wrath subsided, without being placated.

III

There were eight persons, if I remember correctly, around the dinner table that first night at Mr. Pray's. I talked as little as possible, for I immediately discovered that silence was my rôle.

It was far the most brilliant company I had ever met. The conversation ran on the latest books, the latest plays, the latest songs, the new magazines, and, generally, what was going on in Bohemia.

The second or third day Mr. Pray pushed across the table to me a little brown envelope containing two tickets to hear the great Forrest, asking me, 'Have you heard him?'

'No, sir,' I said, delighted. 'I have never been to the theatre but once; that was to hear Mr. Burton the other night as "Toodles."'

'Good thing! Good thing!' he exclaimed. 'And you'll be delighted with Forrest in *Macbeth*. He is having wonderful success at the Broadway, you know.'

I did n't know, but I kept that to myself.

By this time I had come to harbor a respectful curiosity concerning the people with whom I was breaking daily bread and to whom I had been barely presented. I asked Underhill who they were.

'Well,' he answered, 'they are lots of things. They are literary "fellows." They are theatre sharps. I have done some work for Pray, myself.'

'He gave me some tickets to Forrest the other night,' I said.

'Well he might!' he exclaimed. 'He has the entrée of all the greenrooms in the city. He used to edit the *Journal of Commerce*, and, later, the *Ladies' Companion*. Now he writes for the *Sunday News*. He was manager of the Park Theatre for years. And, bless your soul, he's a highly successful actor himself. Before 1850 he played Hamlet, Othello, Sir Giles Overreach, and Shylock at the Queen's Theatre in London. Did n't you know he wrote the farce entitled *Here She Goes and There She Goes*, also several serious plays like *The Hermit of Malta*? Oh, he's a great boy! And don't you know that it is his sister, Miss Malvina Pray, who has made such a hit at the Broadway?'

I was astonished. I felt that my genial friend had pumped me full of information and I sat up late that night receiving dictation, the better to qualify myself for my work. Mr. Pray himself later expanded this information by telling me that in 1850 and '51 he was the musical and dramatic editor of the *Herald*, and that he resigned that position to become manager of the National Theatre. I drew some inferences and kept still.

It now seemed to me as if I had struck a permanent job, and it certainly was an agreeable one.

The front parlor was the workshop.

It was small and frequently crowded. When my presence for any reason was undesirable, Mr. Pray would toss a bit of blank paper to me across the table, saying, 'Take that to Harris.' He had reminded me that Mrs. Harris was the authority of Sairey Gamp. 'And,' said he, 'this is a Dickens household and these were Dickens's headquarters. He went from here to the banquet in 1842 on Washington Irving's arm. And there probably never was so much embarrassment round a dinner table as when Irving, the chairman, broke down in his presentation speech.'

Mr. Pray sometimes kept me up late by dictating dramatic reviews for the city newspapers after a play, and I soon learned that he not only was a regular critic, but was considered an authority on actors and acting. He often gave me a ticket to some theatre, and I heard Junius Brutus Booth as Richard III.

One morning the great American tragedian, Edwin Forrest, stepped in. I recognized him immediately without the masquerading make-up of Macbeth. He had now attained not only distinction but, unfortunately, notoriety, for through jealousy of the great Englishman Macready, then acting in New York, he had fomented the Astor Place riot, resulting in the death of twenty-two exasperated citizens and the wounding of a hundred more. Also, Mrs. Forrest had sought and obtained her divorce after a long contest. Both the divorce and the riot seemed to increase his audiences.

All his life Forrest longed to be a comedian, though he had the very face of Melpomene, the frame of Virginius, and a voice of thunder. No man was ever more obviously fitted to his rôle and his environment. Capable of great tenderness and genuine emotion, he was turbulent and aggressive in expression and giantesque in stature. I saw him many times during those months, and sometimes, at Mr. Pray's request, received from him the dictation of a letter. But his quarrel with Macready had soured him and he was already past the meridian of his powers.

Forrest had cavernous eyes, and a magnificent head, topped with a wealth of dark, tousled hair. He was a very handsome man. I recall hearing a prolonged conversation, or rather a monologue, about his congressional ambitions. 'You can and you shall go to the Senate!' exclaimed Pray. 'See what incredible idiots this state has sent there!' 'Thank you — thank you for the classification!' said the actor, and they both laughed heartily.

Another of the royal line of monarchs of the American stage I met here about this time. One evening came a violent and aggressive rubadub in the vestibule like a volley of musketry. When the door was opened it admitted a grotesque inebriate who staggered to the sideboard and grabbed the decanter. His coat was much too small for him, his necktie was erected under his left ear, and he spoke with an inimitable stutter as he clutched the empty air above his smashed white hat and took up the rôle which he had rendered so familiar. Yes, it was verily the same old 'Toodles,' as which he had appeared more than seven hundred times.

I was of course immensely interested in the personnel of my temporary domicile. It was unique. One evening the partition of the dining room slid noiselessly aside like a piece of stage scenery, and the table was drawn out to seat twenty persons instead of eight. It was a theatre party. I was not invited, but I had met several people who were there. Voices that penetrated my room proclaimed a convivial evening and a jolly assembly of the devotees of the sock and buskin.

IV

I was not long in discovering that well-defined hostilities still existed between Mr. Bennett and his biographer. In the 'moral war' which had been waged for years against the *Herald* by almost all the newspapers of New York, the object of which was its suppression and annihilation, Mr. Pray had defended Mr. Bennett, but not in that exclusive and whole-hearted manner which the editor claimed as a right. Pray, a highly educated and refined man, insisted that the assailants, whom he called 'assassins of character,' were indeed a disgrace to journalism and to the city, but he also insisted that in the battle of invective and vituperation Mr. Bennett had placed himself upon their level. This is a sufficient explanation of Bennett's repudiation of the volunteer biographer. But Mr. Pray did not shrink from his self-imposed task. He said in the book: —

> While censuring the indiscriminate attacks made upon Mr. Bennett, where the most indecorous treatment was used towards those connected with him without regard to sex or to those chivalrous restraints which subdue passion and malignity even in their most fiery moods, be it not understood that any recriminations by the *Herald* are justified. They are just as censurable as the assaults of which complaint is made. All such personalities are disgraceful, spring whence they may, and provoked by whatever injustice and wrong. No mind cultivated by taste and education can view them with anything less than loathing and contempt.

As a specimen of the prolonged battle of indecency, a hand grenade from the enemy, with only a portion of its powder remaining, may show what vile combustibles were used by the 'moral' editors: —

> Stigma on the city — obscenity and profanity — vicious and depraved — corrupting influence — vice and vulgar licentiousness — hypocrisy, ignorance, and bloated conceit — most diabolical and execrable — double apostate and traitor — liar and poltroon — political Iago — half crazy, uneducated wretch — slipshod, ribald style — profligate ridicule and impious jests — immoral and blasphemous monstrosity — a vagabond who fled his country — wretch — pest — villain — forger — blackmailer, &c.

To such a broadside of envy, hatred, and malice, Mr. Bennett replies: —

> These blockheads are determined to make me the greatest man of the age. Newspaper abuse made Mr. Van Buren chief magistrate of this republic, and newspaper abuse will make me the chief editor of this country. Well — be it so. I can't help it.

The first years of the *Herald* had been years of desperate poverty, disappointment, and failure. Mr. Bennett made it inoffensive and even prudish. He was without money and without friends. Frequently he could not pay for paper for the next edition. But he was determined to succeed, and at last found that he could do it only by constantly piquing curiosity and exciting alarm. He tried and adopted a decent and dignified course at first, and pursued it until it was obvious that if he persisted in it the paper could not exist for a single month. He then became the father of sensational journalism — the 'yellow' product of the times. He assailed the character and impugned the motives of distinguished citizens with a result that might have been foreseen, and perhaps was. He was assaulted upon the street with clubs and knocked down three times in as many weeks. After one of these assaults he made a humorous report of it, saying, 'My damage is a mere scratch,' and adding: —

> As to intimidating me, or changing my course, the thing cannot be done. I tell the honest truth in my paper and leave the consequences to God. I may be attacked, I

may be murdered, but I never will succumb. I never will abandon the cause of truth, morals, and virtue. To me, these attacks, lies, are as the idle wind. They do not ruffle my temper. Conscious of virtue, integrity, and the purest principles, I can easily smile at the assassins and defy their daggers. My life has been one invariable series of efforts, useful to the world and honorable to myself, to create an honorable reputation during life, and to leave something at my death for which posterity may honor my memory. I am building up a newspaper that will take the lead of all others that ever appeared in the world, in virtue, in morals, in science, in knowledge, in industry, in taste, in power and influence. My whole private life has been one of virtue, integrity, and honorable effort in every relation of society. I mean to make the *Herald* the great organ of social life, the prime element of civilization. I shall mix commerce and business, pure religion and morals, literature and poetry, the drama and dramatic purity, till the *Herald* shall outstrip everything in the conception of man.

When Mr. Bennett married and returned from his honeymoon with his bride, the newspapers of New York leagued together to compel the manager of the Astor House to refuse to entertain them on the ground that they were immoral persons! He did not resent the dastardly conduct except to say: —

Praise and dispraise — abuse and condemnation — are equally thrown away on me. Born in the midst of the strictest morality, educated in the principles of the highest integrity, inclined, from the first impulses of existence, to be a believer in human virtue, I have grown up holding with a death grasp to the original elements of my soul, while every new discovery has but revealed a deeper depravity in every form both in this country and Europe. I have seen human depravity to the core. I proclaim each morning the deep guilt that is encrusting society. What is my reward? I am called a scoundrel — a depraved wretch — a vile calumniator — a miserable poltroon — these anonymous assassins of character are leagued and stimulated by the worst men in society — by speculators — by pickpockets — by sixpenny editors — by miserable hypocrites, whose crimes and immoralities I have exposed, and shall continue to expose as long as the God of Heaven gives me a soul to think and a hand to execute. Slanders the most vile and dastardly that blackness of heart can conceive are circulated against the *Herald* and my personal character — a character that has never yet been stained either in the old world or the new.

When forecasting the destiny of the *Herald*, its master speaks like an inspired prophet on some mountain of vision. The *Herald* before 1840 is full of these predictions. For instance: —

When I started on my own hook last spring I could not, to save my soul, get credit from friend or foe for five dollars. With industry, talent, and reputation acknowledged on all hands, I was cried down by some secret influence, attempted to be trampled on, and even audaciously assailed in the open street by the very persons I had spent years in supporting and raising in the scale of society. I never quailed — I never feared — I never saw the man I dreaded to meet face to face, or the obstacle I would not attempt to surmount.

I go for hard work, just principles, an independent mind, a name that will last for ages after my death, and a place in the glorious hereafter, side by side with the greatest master spirit and the purest benefactor of the human race.

My ambition is to make the newspaper press the great organ and pivot of government, society, commerce, finance, religion, and all human civilization. I want to leave behind me no castles, no monuments of marble, no statues of bronze, no pyramids of brick — simply a name. The name of James Gordon Bennett as one of the benefactors of the human race will satisfy every desire and every hope.

I mean to link my life, character, fortune, faith, all with the *Herald*. If I live, I know I shall succeed in my purpose, for I never yet set my heart upon a thing that I did not accomplish it.

The other newspapers shake their sides with ribald laughter at this exhibition of egotism and effrontery. The braggart is set upon by Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart; but they have serious moments, too, these scoffing editors. They wish they could guess the riddle of this Sphinx of journalism.

He calls upon God so often that they hail him blasphemer; he protests his own personal virtue with an earnestness that is very comical, and they call him hypocrite. But above the racket of their railing is heard a complacent voice venturing to prophesy that the *Herald* will be the leading champion of truth, honesty, and virtue after they are all dead, and they know not what to think. They had seen this magician establish the *Herald* with less than five hundred dollars in his pocket. They had seen him repeatedly knocked down and rising from the prostration as if refreshed, merely remarking the next day, 'The *Herald* is producing as complete a revolution in the intellectual habits of daily life as steam power is in the material. If a splendid fortune shall result for myself, that may be a matter of complacency, but it is a matter of course.'

To this magnificent forecast the unanimous press of the city would belch forth its volley of abuse. It called the offensive editor 'virago, vixen, Xantippe, public scold.' One of his adversaries erected a gallows to hang him on, and another prepared a ducking stool at the Battery. The hostility of the large and rich papers to this impudent intruder knew no bounds.

He gave his enemies as good as they sent, 'and worse,' as Sir Boyle Roche might say. Bennett was not a gifted writer, but his columns bristled with exclamations, interrogations, sneers, lampoons, reprimands, sardonic grins. The combatants flung at each other billingsgate and the argot of thieves, till all were in danger of being suffocated in the reek and effluvium of their unsavory battlefield. The *Herald* was small and lively. The big papers were chagrined and maddened past endurance to see its jocose, scandalous, and quizzing paragraphs sought for and laughed over while their own brilliant essays were ignored. His motto was 'Never be more than a day ahead of the people, and never an hour behind.'

I, an unsophisticated youth in my teens, and quite unacquainted with the great world's ways, had but a vague comprehension of the dreadful tumult, and only a shadowy conception of the singular character of Mr. Bennett and his relation to the public. It was only when I absorbed the spirit of the book by a re-perusal that I became thoroughly acquainted with the curious controversy.

While condemning Mr. Bennett for the *Herald's* bad manners, Mr. Pray could not help adding in extenuation:—

> The dark character of journalism was necessary to educate the people into the enjoyment of a higher style of art, just as Negro minstrelsy was necessary. Persons of fashionable habits and wishing to be esteemed patrons of the arts and admirers of literature would not support Mr. Bennett while the *Herald* was in its infancy, modest, prudish, and daintily fashioned. He tried them, and they sorely tried him. He could not prosper. In other words, he could not attract public attention till he caricatured himself physically and morally, mentally and editorially, and became, to all outward appearance, that which he had never been. He must be a mountebank. He must blacken his face, or the public would not look at him. Mr. Bennett might have written in prose or verse, with the force and elevated fervor of a Milton, yet, in the city of New York, he would not have sold newspapers enough in the year to furnish him with shilling dinners, provided he honestly paid, as was ever his wont, his printers and paper-makers.

To the obloquy and reviling of the current newspaper press resounding through the country, Mr. Bennett calmly answered: —

I have been a wayward, self-dependent, resolute, freethinking being from my earliest days. Yet there were implanted in my burning soul those lofty principles of morals, honor, philosophy and religion, that the contumely of the world cannot shake or all the editors or bankers in Christendom intimidate. I feel myself, in this land, engaged in a great cause — the cause of truth, public faith, and science, against falsehood, fraud, and ignorance. I would not abandon it even to reach the glittering coronet of the extinct title of the Duke of Gordon.

I bear a charmed existence. Neither fire nor sword nor steel nor competition nor hate nor abuse nor falsehood nor slander nor indictment nor persecution in a thousand forms can quench my spirit or impede my movements. I do sincerely believe that some superior power watches over me.

How gentlemen of taste, refinement, and education could carry on so absurd a warfare for ephemeral notoriety is indeed surprising. But it went on and on till every vestige of character seemed to be lost by every belligerent. The afflicted public appears to have regarded the combatants only as tragedians who die on the stage at night and come to vigorous life in the morning. And so the campaign of swashbucklers persisted, the garrulous scolds persuading themselves that they were dealing with brother bandits and that the safety of society required that they should be deemed bestial and despicable.

It is not necessary to call attention to the tremendous improvement in editorial courtesy since the days of the elder Bennett. If editors of the New York newspapers of the present day should conduct themselves towards each other as did Weed, Bennett, Greeley, Raymond, Webb, and their contemporaries, they would not survive the derision with which they would be greeted.

V

While in New York I saw the poet N. P. Willis a good many times. I had been delighted with his *Letters from under a Bridge*, and, boylike, sought every opportunity to get a glimpse of the brilliant author. There was a bookstore in Union Square which I had heard he was in the habit of visiting, and thither I went and lay in wait for him. About the third morning I saw him and shadowed him — followed him quietly around till I heard the proprietor address him by name. Then I was happy. I stole to his side and clandestinely inspected him. A pair of bright eyes, I remember, a graying reddish beard, long hair flowing almost in ringlets, a soft 'Kossuth' hat, with broad, wayward brim and crown irregularly indented, a vest of yellow cut velvet, and a large black brigandish cloak drawn around his trim figure.

I feasted on him. I gloated over the privilege with youthful enthusiasm. He went away. I moved along and stood exactly where he had stood. He vanished. I followed him. To the sidewalk. To the corner. To an omnibus. I thought his hands the handsomest man's hands I had ever seen. I was ashamed to follow him farther, but I went away radiant, and said to myself, 'I have seen another great man.' And so I had — one of the most remarkable of his kind.

At a later day I learned that the critics declared Willis's style artificial and affected. It always seemed to me exceedingly natural. It was not simple; it was complex and fantastic, but it was natural — to him. But I have always wondered how 'Absalom's Lament' and other religious poems which I had wept over at school could ever

have been written by such a dilettante, exquisite, and leader of fashion as this man became.

Willis was cordially loved, not only by his own family, in which he was a model husband and father, but by his employees and by everybody who came into intimate relations with him. He had a warm, buoyant, happy nature, which reflected its colors on all.

The reader can hardly guess how disappointed and distressed I was when my services as an amanuensis at Irving Place came to a sudden end. This was announced in a letter from my mother: 'We have concluded that it is best for you to come home and go to school.' The summons was a great shock.

In vain I pleaded that I was 'now at school' — the best school that any boy was likely to have, where I was being taught the mysteries of bookmaking and the methods of accurate composition, 'besides having important lessons every day in American history.' This was strictly true.

I did not go into details, but it seems that information had already reached my home that I had been inadvertently thrown into the company and under the influence of 'play actors' and that I was somehow involved in the immoral 'moral war' on the strange and incomprehensible editor of the *Herald*. In after years I discovered that it was the fear that I might drift to the stage that made my recall peremptory. The apprehension was entirely unfounded. I was interested in the curious life of the actors whom I saw, but not attracted to share it — partly, perhaps, because I never possessed the smallest dramatic talent.

MEDICINE AND STATESMANSHIP

BY LORD DAWSON OF PENN

I

To most of us, nothing is so personal as medicine. The lawyer, or even the theologian, may speak of his vocation with some chance that his hearers will accept his words impersonally. But when the doctor speaks, his hearers apply his words immediately to themselves. If the address is about disease, doubts and fears assail them. If he discusses appendicitis or duodenal ulcer, he will have his audience feeling about to see if they are afflicted with the ailments he describes. We all know to what extremes doubts and fears about disease can go. A distinguished friend once wrote to me: 'I am so much better. I have not had cancer for three months.'

But despite our habit of applying personally anything said about disease, medicine in its wider reaches far transcends the personal. In fact, at its broadest, it becomes a branch of statesmanship. Disease is not my present theme. I wish rather to discuss medicine in some of its comparative relationships.

There have been periods in history when statesmanship was great, but medicine was crude and little thought

of. I need only instance the age of Elizabeth, one of our great masters of statecraft. Throughout her reign she furthered peace and secured strength of government; but public health was a question she almost completely ignored. It is interesting to observe in passing that when she had the dropsy the Queen herself was treated with a prescription of numerous ingredients any one of which would have killed a man to-day in a very few minutes. There could be no greater tribute to her constitution than the fact that she was able to take it. Indeed, I have a shrewd suspicion that she never did take it.

I often think that a remarkable feature of the Elizabethan age was its contradictions. Consider her palace at Greenwich: the walls were hung with the most wonderful tapestries and carpets, yet the floor was covered with reeds. When one layer of reeds got dirty, it was not removed; others were merely placed on top, with the easily imagined result that a certain kind of life multiplied more profusely on the palace floor than we should think desirable. On his visit to England the great Erasmus complained of this kind of inconvenience, and only recently I came across a reference to wormwood as a valuable remedy for the condition he found so painful: —

> While wormwood hath seed
> Get a bundle or train,
> To save against March,
> To make the flea to refrain.
> Where chamber is swept
> And that wormwood is strewn,
> No flea, for his life, dare abide beknown.

II

Until the last part of the nineteenth century, statesmanship thought in terms of individuals. The fight was for freedom of conscience, equality of opportunity, self-government. The state was looked upon as an aggregate of individuals. During the same period doctors were concerned for the most part with people so entirely sick that they were detached for the time being from the stream of life, and in looking after this cloistered class the doctors themselves were apt to become cloistered in thought. The sick, for their part, regarded illness not as a natural product of their working or playing lives, but as something which had inexplicably fallen upon them, as a fate sent by Providence which could not be avoided.

Then came, toward the end of the last century, the wider appreciation of the importance of preventive medicine, and the increased study of ill health in its early beginnings, which in turn directed attention to the day-by-day life of people and the conditions that surrounded them. At the same time, methods of diagnosis increased in range and accuracy. Treatment became more precise in its objectives and resourceful in its means by the inclusion of such agencies as air, light, and food. With this knowledge came an awakening to the possibilities of constructive nurture.

Accompanying these developments in the art of medicine, statesmanship also made advances. Having achieved liberty and equality for the individual, it began to assume a parental function, and concerned itself more and more with constructive measures for the health, prosperity, and contentment of people generally. Thus the lines of development of medicine and statesmanship approximated.

Perhaps I ought to say here, by parenthesis, that some of the examples I am seeking to give may apply with greater force to an old country than to a new one. But I hope that this will not impair the general argument. It is, in fact, quite possible that the dan-

gers which an older country has already faced, and might perhaps have avoided, may point the way to those that are still young.

Certainly the parental rôle of the state is growing apace. In England and in many European countries it has reached an advanced stage. It provides help for those who are born, taught, sick, unemployed, for the hungry, and even for those who are thirsty. It regulates wages and hours of labor. True, it is prompted by a social conscience which inspires man's onward progress. At the same time it costs England a quarter of her national income to maintain the services which shepherd her people from the cradle to the grave. Other countries have found that the cost of the parental function of government steadily mounts.

It seems reasonable to pause and ask, Is the result of this tendency as good as its purpose? No one surely would contemplate a return to the haphazard methods of an outworn individualism. Everyone recognizes the desirability of a constructive social policy on the part of the state, although the rigid and standardized methods which these gigantic efforts involve create difficulties and doubts. The more the cost of social policy is centralized, the farther its administration removed from the man who receives the benefit, the more apt is that man to lean upon a prop, to become a creature of fate rather than a master of effort.

I suggest that a study of the governance of the human body prompts useful reflection. There is no attribute of the human being more notable than his individuality. Parade a thousand men, and each one will be distinct. Indeed, so definite is his individuality that his fingerprints are sometimes his undoing.

What makes diagnosis of disease the most difficult branch of the doctor's art is this very problem of individuality. No two men are ill in the same way. The statements in textbooks represent a very poor average of experience. They often represent a type which seldom occurs. Evidences present in one patient are absent in another. In the same disease, pain will be a feature of one case and not of another. Morphia will give rest to one patient and excitement to another. The effective dose of that valuable remedy belladonna may vary by 200 per cent. The application of radium under like conditions of disease will not produce like results. Moreover, the mind reactions of one man differ from those of another. The doctor has ever, by the exercise of his own intuition, to take stock of the personal factor. As the famous saying puts it: 'There is no sickness; there are only sick people.'

Should not personality and the rich variations of individual life be equally an object of care to the statesman? Is it not one of the problems of statesmanship to see that in its broad attempts at social legislation personality is not forgotten? Just as the doctor, in treating the individual, cannot neglect his social background, so the statesman, in treating the social problem, cannot neglect the individual. He must weigh in a just balance the rôles of the state and the individual. The varying problems arising from unemployment in different occupations illustrate this theme.

But is it possible for the large organization of the state to appreciate the varying needs of separate men? Is not the state compelled to postulate a man so standardized as to be virtually unreal? I recall the story of a railway company which tried to economize in its use of locomotives. In

order to utilize the engine for a larger number of hours, the officials duplicated the engineer and the fireman. The effort failed. It was found that more could be got from the engine in the long run by entrusting it to an individual engineer who looked upon it as his personal property and, as long as it was his, obtained the best from it. Personality told.

Again, physiology teaches that man's health depends upon initiative and effort. In some, such initiative and effort are inborn. In most, the stimulus of necessity is needed. The same amount of external assistance may help one man and damage another. This, I take it, is another of the difficulties of governments. Their problem is to apply their remedies in such a way as to prevent them from becoming rigid and mechanical, so that they may be adjusted to the infinite variety of human nature.

Of this kind is one of the problems of unemployment. In the modern state, work is more narrowed, more specialized, and it is more difficult to find a job for the unemployed man in his own kind of labor. If he is given help, the difficulty is to prevent his coming to regard what was meant as a temporary prop as natural and belonging to him by right. And the farther the cost of the benefit which he receives is separated from his own sense of responsibility, the greater the danger becomes.

I should like to offer an anecdote, and a true one, as illustrating this theme. In one of the outlying counties of England a farm laborer had been out of work for many months and had been living on the dole. He went to his doctor one day, and when he had received the required treatment he said: 'Doctor, do you know, I had an offer of work some days ago which would have given me five shillings more a week than I am getting from the dole, but after giving it thorough reflection I preferred to remain independent.'

III

Years ago the statesman was able to bring freedom — in a political sense, at least — to the individual, and it would be an irony indeed if, having achieved that, the state in turn should enslave the individual by a too close and controlling care. How to avoid this appears to me one of the great problems of modern life. A workman in a large factory which had grown from a personal business expressed a preference for the latter. When asked why, he replied: 'The boss used to excite us.' He was expressing the necessity of emotional interest, the demands of individual personality. The direct control and care by the state must, I suggest, become more rather than less mechanical, more seductive than helpful, and at a cost disproportionate to the results.

The world has moved ahead so fast as regards material civilization that man has almost, for the moment, got behind in his power of adaptation. This is certainly true of disease. Whereas we have got rid, to a large extent, of the diseases that come to us from without, in the shape of microbic infections and the like, we are now replacing them by illnesses which are — in part, at any rate — the result of man's constant struggle to adapt himself to the rapid advance of material civilization. In medicine we are familiar with the mind which deteriorates by retaining too much direction within its conscious and even conscientious self. It means increasing anxiety for itself and fretful misguidance of others.

The sovereign state is faced with problems economic and social so numerous and perplexing as to overtax

its capacity. In the realm of thought, new aspirations and discoveries crowd upon the statesman's attention so fast that there is no time for them to crystallize into clarity of purpose, and so they produce conflict. Medicine is always teaching that diagnosis must precede treatment, but democracy is impatient for treatment. In his attempt to prescribe treatment for the problems of the day, the statesman is confronted with a task almost beyond him. It is characteristic of our contemporary difficulties that, more than ever before, they require specialized knowledge, and those who possess such knowledge show a tendency to hold aloof from political life. The result is that governments by their very burdens are forced into mechanical methods. Parliaments become intensive rather than deliberative, for institutions, like individuals, can suffer from high blood pressure. And peoples lose confidence in government.

Once more, personality needs valuation and free play. Would this not be obtained by smaller groupings in which the skilled helper, inspired by human interest, would play a part? Let me turn again to physiology for an illustration. It seems as though some rearrangement of function were needed — a rearrangement which would harmonize quite well with the layout of the human nervous system. In the nervous organization are the supreme centres of the brain, but with certain powers delegated, and with certain parts of the nervous system semi-autonomous. Would not the state, like the higher centres of the brain, sometimes fulfill its function better by direction rather than administration, and by encouraging variations within its general control? While retaining the reins of policy and securing adequate responsibility, could not statesmen delegate many of the great problems that come before them to other bodies, small in number of members and containing experts endowed with the necessary skilled knowledge — bodies sufficiently independent to be uninfluenced by political exigencies and to be able to take the long view as regards public policy?

Such experiments have been tried. They are in force with regard to certain public utilities, and to broadcasting. As for agencies of social welfare, these bodies, in addition to expert knowledge and disinterestedness, would require humanity. Admittedly this is a more difficult quality to secure, if it is to be the pure juice of the grape of human understanding, and not mere sentimentality. One of the dangers of democracies is that they so often mistake sentimentality for sensibility.

Fortunately the polities of the English-speaking nations seem to produce citizens who understand human needs and have an aptitude for ministering to them. That has been the secret of much successful voluntary work — the recognition of personality and a genius for spontaneous rather than prearranged organization. What we need is unity of purpose with scope for diversity of expression. What we seek is men, not a massive organization, however admirable in design — men with the impulse to think and to strive, and to solve the problems of life and health conformably to knowledge and each to his own way of searching. For citizenship should be a recognition of mutual dependence and the value of service. The state claims from each citizen a positive allegiance, not a negative acceptance.

MOUNT BERMUDA

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

It was half-past four in the afternoon of the Second Day of Creation, and in a drowned world I was wet and cold and hungry and idle and bored. Then things began to happen inside my mind, and at 4.45 I was still wet, but neither cold nor hungry nor idle, and hence not bored.

At the very tip of the long, southward-pointing finger of Nonsuch is a small cliff jutting out to sea between two little gorges, and on the uttermost point I was perched in a deluge of rain, hugging my knees and wishing for the sun. Only the day before I had been desirous of knowing something of the beginning of Nonsuch and of Bermuda, and now, suddenly, I realized that my wish had been answered, and instead of squatting, disgruntled and bored, I focused all my imagination on making the most of this cosmic opportunity. There must have been a moon in existence somewhere in the firmament beyond all this dampness, for the tide was high, although the horizontal water was quite hidden by the vertical downpour.

The isolation of my perch was such that not a particle of land — dry or otherwise — was visible. I should not have been surprised if a school of active fish had dashed past, and twice I glanced obliquely upward, half expecting to see the keel of a boat, as when I am submerged in the diving helmet. I could breathe only by keeping my head well down. Every portion of my body was wet, so, having nothing for comparison, I was not conscious of moisture. At first I had been aware of dripping and splashing and the slap of waves, but these, by interminable repetition, had become part of underwater silence. I might have been the last of the evil pre-Noahites, about to slip into oblivion. And then even this conceit left me, and I attained a damp Nirvana; hunger, cold, wetness, boredom, were forgotten, and I was an utterly inadequate but appreciative mind looking on at the birth of Bermuda.

Students of the planets and of our jolly, round, whirling earth have given us an estimate of cosmic evolution considerably longer than that of the Bible. I have known days, indeed, which seemed like an eternity, and Einstein tells us that space annihilates both ether and time. Still the human mind likes to mumble definite figures, even though they are far beyond actual appreciation. So I recall with moist satisfaction that the birth of the seven seas must have been somewhere around a billion years ago. This seemed ancient even to me on my oceanic pedestal, and my mind flew ahead to the time, twenty or thirty millions of years ago, when the volcanoes of the western Atlantic began to push and boil upward. Unlike the usual cluster of such outbursts, that of Bermuda was solitary in mid-ocean. In the West Indies and Antilles, seven or eight hundred miles to the south, there were scores of neighborly outlets which nosed their way up from the bottom into light and air, and far across

the Atlantic, twenty-five hundred miles east, the volcanic constellation of the Azores broke surface.

Here in complete isolation, at the bidding of some deep-hidden geological whim, the lava began to ooze forth, and, after an inconceivable chemical battle with the icy waters two miles down, piled up the scarlet, molten rock from the very vitals of Mother Earth, pitting its three thousand degrees of sheer heat against the all but freezing water, backed by two tons pressure to the inch. As far as we know to-day (and this knowledge barely creeps across the line from the illimitable Land of Minus), this mountain reached the surface with one peak, to a southernmost particle of which I was now clinging. But on the slopes of this great submarine massif two mighty side cones stretched themselves up — so high that they almost made of Bermuda a trio of island centres. To-day they are known as the Challenger and Argus Banks, flat-topped peaks, fifteen and thirty miles offshore and only a few fathoms beneath the surface. I have dredged the former from the *Arcturus* and gleaned a great mass of seaweed and reef animals, and I have fished it from the *Gladisfen* and found it aboil with sharks. This is Bermuda Mountain as we know it to-day.

But, to go back, here was I blinded and surrounded by water, and all I knew of the world was that I rested on a hard bit of crag — so Bermuda must be above water. The Third Day of Genesis was yet to dawn, for early therein is a mention of dry land, and that was, to my senses, yet to come. Shifting my cramped limbs, I slipped and slid down the rivulets and waterfalls until by the mere cessation of liquid sound I knew I had reached the level of most of our globe. The downpour had long ago flattened whatever motion the ocean might have had of its own. I dipped still farther — the rain ceased to pelt my knees and shoulders and I knew I was neck-deep under sea. I reached out and swashed the water back and forth, and something stuck between my fingers. I plucked at it and palmed it, and climbed back upon the only material in the world which was not water. Bracing my toes into convenient crevices, I shook the water from my eyes and gazed mistily at what I had salvaged from the waves.

Vague messages traveled from eyes to mind — strangely from a forgotten world, a world which held such qualities as sunlight and dryness, an unwatery world. I held a grape in my hand, — that idea persisted for a long time, — and I looked steadily at it between drops, trying to picture the necessary dryness which was required to make of a grape a reality. I had almost succeeded when a spark of accessory memory made it plain that this could not be a grape. It might have been several other things, but its actualness burst upon me and for a few moments I experienced the joy which has come only twice before in my life, when I have been playing a silly game with myself and my mind (as at present hugging the idea of the Second Day of Creation), and suddenly have had Earth or Sky or Cosmos take a hand, lean down, and play with me. I felt like Ord when he glimpsed the hand of the Player enormous in the sky, over the heads of the gods. Only in my case it was nothing but a little green sphere, which, if very hard, might have been an emerald; if sheltering a cluster of small seeds, would most assuredly have been a grape.

My second memory was correct and I knew that my fingers had closed upon a Halicystis floating in this waste of waters. And the knowledge that it was this made me shout aloud into the world of drops that the Third Day of

Creation had dawned, and I was here to see! But if I am to be a consistent surveyor of the evolution of Nonsuch I must keep my Halicystis shut away for a while in my closed fist and pretend I have not yet seen it.

II

Bermuda has two nicknames which to us on Nonsuch are gross misnomers. One is 'The Isles of Rest.' This slogan comes stamped across our envelopes and for the average tourist it is doubtless very true. To us, whose work day is measured only by our physical being's absolute limit of energy, it is only comic. The second is 'Coral Islands,' when as a matter of fact there is not a particle of coral in the inorganic make-up of Bermuda. Living coral, in small and large heads, is indeed abundant on the submerged reefs, although even here it is only a veneer of encrusted life.

Bermuda is undoubtedly the apex of a mighty volcanic mountain. A recent deep boring, made in the hope of finding fresh water, failed completely in its purpose, but provided absolute proof of ancient volcanic activity. The first three hundred and sixty feet showed limestone such as we find to-day everywhere in Bermuda. For the next two hundred feet yellowish clay-like rocks represented decomposed volcanic tufa. From here down to the extreme limit of boring, fourteen hundred feet, there was nothing but black volcanic rock, and this undoubtedly extended down to the very ocean floor. The only lava I have seen is a bit from the gizzard of a sandpiper, freshly arrived from Greenland. Everywhere, on all the islands, are crags and cliffs and outcroppings of stratified rock, soft where newly exposed and hardened to the consistency of steel where lashed by breakers. The multitudes of superimposed leaves of stone do not mark past lava flows or deposits on an ancient sea bottom, but sheets of wind-blown sand swirled over prehistoric dunes.

As long as my watery world reigned supreme I could well make my date millions upon millions of years B. C., but when the low afternoon light began to sift through the rain, and I could dimly see the fissures and crags of the hardened, wind-blown rocks of Nonsuch, then eons of time passed quickly and I again came down the scale to, geologically speaking, almost contemporary times — say in early Pleistocene, about two millions of years back.

Here we have a geological conundrum. At this time — twenty thousand centuries ago — let us suppose we have a potential Bermuda submerged a little distance beneath the surface of the ocean. How can we make this into isles of rest without raising the crest of the submerged volcano or adding coral or other material to its summit? The only logical remaining possibility appears to be absurd — the lowering of the ocean itself; and yet this is exactly what happened. If a pail of water is allowed partly to freeze overnight and the ice is then removed, the level of the remaining water will be considerably lowered. So, many years ago in the Pleistocene, great windstorms carried away vast quantities of water, drawn up into clouds from the oceans, and deposited them as snow over all the northern lands of the world. The snow then turned into ice and pushed southward, and the first glacial epoch began. Little by little, as more water was piled up on land, the level of the Atlantic Ocean sank, and Bermuda Mountain came nearer and nearer to the surface. Finally, when over a half-mile thickness of ice had formed, the level of the sea was lowered more than two hundred and fifty feet, leaving Bermuda high and dry.

Dry Bermuda at this time was of considerable extent, and the terrific windstorms probably prevented the growth of any vegetation. But snails, uncounted hosts of snails, barnacles, sea urchins, bryozoans, and other shelly creatures found the shores excellent for existence and thrived. Generations died and their homes were smashed by the waves and ground up into sand, and this was blown into high dunes and cemented by the rain. 'And so, Dearly Beloved,' was written the second chapter of Bermuda. When I stand upon the summit of Nonsuch and look eastward toward Coopers, or south to Gurnet or west to Castle, I see everywhere the paper-thin records of past wind-borne sand (more euphoniously, æolian), once fine as powder, now hardened into limestone or very marble. And when I dive four or five fathoms down to the bottom of Nonsuch Bay, or farther out on the edge of the ocean abyss itself, there again are everywhere the fixed records of ancient dunes.

The first time I drove across Bermuda I noticed in the sheer limestone walls, where the road cuts deep into the hills, an occasional stratum of rich red loam, many feet beneath the present surface. It remained for Dr. Sayles, when on a visit to me on Nonsuch, to make plain the meaning of the several layers of earth lying between the numerous records of ancient wind-swept sand. They represent the successive interglacial periods of warmth, when the water would rise, reducing the exposed surface and curtailing the wind-blown dunes whose formation necessitated considerable areas above water. During periods such as these, the conditions would be much like the present, when the cessation of constant movement of shifting sand would permit the establishment and growth of plant life and the slow accumulation of earth and mould. In the course of time there would come another glacial period, with a reëxposing of great extents of surface, and the whirling sands would quickly destroy and bury the plants and the collected soil. And so on, until Dr. Sayles believes he can recognize no fewer than four distinct soils representing as many interglacial times of windless warmth.

III

As the rain slackened and the afternoon sun grew stronger I saw, from my semi-aquatic seat, the gray and black crags about me. Beneath my hand was a thickened slab with six delicate layers, the fourth twice the depth of the others. I fingered this particular layer, crumbled its edge into sand grains, and flung a handful into the air. And then I tried to imagine the mighty wind which last had swirled these over the dunes and into that other air — hot or cold — which blew over this spot at least fifty thousand years before the first glimmerings of historic human life. And I and my work and my opinions seemed, like Kim, to be very small and of very little account and of no real importance whatever.

I began to muse on what was the use of it all, and why bother about anything any longer, and because this, like charity, is only an inverted form of egotism and conceit, my partner in my silly game of long ago sprang another surprise. I noticed that there was a mist of sorts between me and the stratified sand near by. I looked up, and, as far as emotional effect went, a full charge of high explosive might have gone off at my elbow. I experienced a visual shell-shock, for high overhead there was etched the strongest, most materialistic rainbow I have ever seen, one end of which began in mid-air, and the other curved down, down, down,

holding true from red to violet, to the rock beside me. Once before, on a Guiana jungle river, I had been actually at the end of a rainbow, when, at my very side, one colored the bulwarks of an Akawai canoe.

As I stood up I dropped my Halicystis grape, but swiftly salvaged it again as it bobbed about on the water, not because of its great rarity, but by reason of its part in my game. For on the Third Day of Creation, somewhere about seven hundred millions of years ago, when the waters and the sky and the earth had been running satisfactorily for a while, there appeared the first living organisms comparable with my pseudo-grape. For several reasons the round, green Halicystis is the most appropriate of modern living beings to play the part of one of the earliest of organisms. First of all it is a plant, an alga, and plants certainly preceded animals. And, secondly, it is a single cell, and unquestionably the Protophyta are the most accurately named of all groups. Again, many creatures of ancient times amaze us with their astounding size; pterodactyls, dragon flies, brontosaurs, titanotheres, moas — all exceed any corresponding organisms living on the earth to-day. In Halicystis we have a contemporary miracle, no whit less wonderful than would be a living six-foot ant, or a fifty-foot dog, or a hundred-foot man. When we think of a single cell we think automatically of something microscopic, such as the cells in the human body which have an average diameter of a fraction of a millimetre. In Halicystis, however, we have a large green marble, probably the largest cell in the world.

Aside from its interest so germane to my present mood, Halicystis is a very remarkable organism. The Bermudians call the little plants 'sea bottles,' and after storms they are sometimes found in dozens washed ashore along the south beach on Nonsuch. They have great resiliency, and when fresh and alive will bounce five or six feet from a smooth surface. When the sun shines brightly upon a group on the sand just as they have been left by the waves, their beauty is that of polished emeralds — the sunlight passing through their translucent, green substance and deeply staining their thin shadows.

They may be round or pyriform, and no one knows where they begin life, whether hidden beneath some rock near shore or, as is more probable, farther out in the mysterious mid-zone. Unlike related forms, when freed from their slight attachment they float buoyantly. In an aquarium they will live for a week or more, then gradually pale out until they are like ghosts of grapes, and, little by little, settle to the bottom with only a few jade-colored granules in place of the nucleus and all the complex vital mechanisms of this 'simple' plant of the sea. I have measured a Halicystis one and one-half by two inches, and some have been reported to grow as large as a hen's egg.

The ease of collection of this and related sea bottles, and the extraordinary size of this single cell, have led to the detailed study of the effects of electricity and various chemical compounds and elements upon them — experimentation which may conceivably lead to better knowledge of cellular health and disease in the human body.

To-day when I walk the beach, with the storm's aftermath pounding on the sand, the small green globes not only appeal to me with their intrinsic beauty, but they recall the delight that one of them gave when it so fittingly ushered into my imagination the dawn of the Third Day of Creation — a matter of more than half a billion years gone by.

AN INTERRUPTED CONVERSATION

BY ARTHUR FIELD

I

LATE on a summer night in 1915 a hospital train lay in railway yards on which war had imposed one of its times of alert inactivity and a hush intensified by the panting of a locomotive at a standstill. On the steps of the last Red Cross carriage lounged a marine, a tall young German with a good-humored face. He yawned at the stretcher on the ground at his feet, gazed across many lines of metals at the distant station, and envied the sentry pacing the platform under the lights: that soldier had only a rifle to carry.

At a pattering of footsteps along the vestibule he glanced up. A medical orderly, about twenty years old, under medium height, fair, with candid features and a quick manner, was beckoning to him to bring in the stretcher.

'Make a prisoner walk this far anyway,' protested the marine.

'He is badly hurt. Hurry up!'

'Is he heavy, Martin?' groaned the marine, as he pulled the stretcher into the vestibule.

'Heavy enough. He is an Englishman, a captain. You must be careful.'

'Cattle trucks should be good enough for prisoners,' grumbled the marine, thrusting the head end of the stretcher at Martin. For nearly two hours they had been carrying wounded to and from the operating car, but Martin, without demur and seemingly without fatigue, had always borne the greater share of the weight. At first the marine had thought that the little orderly was too stupid to notice the trick, but with misgivings he had begun to suspect that perhaps Martin fancied himself the stronger of the two.

They passed down the corridor between bunks in two tiers, occupied by bandaged forms with discolored eyepits, whitish lips, and jaws patchy with stubbly hair: all in that carriage were prisoners from the last battle. Of the few who were awake one only paid any attention to the Germans. He was a solidly built man over forty, with a round head, thick black hair, and brown eyes. Loss of blood had made him less rubicund, but he had recently been shaved clean and was manifestly one who had spent most of his life in the open. Expectantly he watched their approach.

'Captain,' said Martin in English, 'this marine has come to help carry you to the doctor.'

'Thank you,' answered the captain, and nodded to the marine, who grinned in spite of his determination to remain impassive toward the enemy.

After they had placed the captain on the stretcher, the marine volunteered, 'Let me take the head end.'

'No!' returned Martin. 'This is an important case, and I understand better how to carry him.'

'Very well, "doctor"!' the marine said mockingly, and wondered why the orderly flushed.

'Lift slowly and be careful,' said Martin curtly.

They carried the wounded man out of the carriage and trudged beside the

train. After they had passed four carriages the marine grunted, 'He is the heaviest yet.'

'He may understand you,' cautioned Martin.

'I hope he does.' The marine, who considered that wounds did not make anyone less an enemy, felt that this Martin, whose acquaintance he had made on the arrival of the train at midnight, was somewhat ladylike in his view that all sufferers were entitled to the same attention; and in his opinion the marine was almost justified, for Martin belonged to that group of men who have much of woman's tenderness without her relapses into primordial ferocity — men who are active in trying to make the world better.

Captain Reynolds looked at the station. 'Antwerp,' he thought. 'Antwerp it must be. And a new view of it. Clément's place will be full of these fellows. When it's over I must look him up and tell him that the last time I was here the German marines found me heavy. I'll bet he finds them heavy. But the little orderly is a prize. Blushed at being called "doctor."'

His bearers lifted him up steps and into a railway carriage equipped as an operating room. After they had placed him on the table, the orderly stood at attention and the marine withdrew to the door.

On entering, Reynolds had seen that the two nursing sisters were nice-looking brunettes under thirty. The surgeon was spare, red-haired, about fifty, with pleasant eyes behind rimless gold spectacles.

'How do you do, sir,' said Reynolds, and thought, 'Pretty good man. Everything shipshape and looks modern. No sour faces at his elbow.'

'Good evening,' answered the surgeon in precise English. 'Captain, I understand.'

'Yes, sir.' Reynolds wore a coarse white shirt, and over his hips and legs had a blanket; of his uniform there remained only his cap, which was in Martin's care.

At a sign from the surgeon Martin rolled up the captain's shirt and unwrapped wide bandages at his waist. After he had examined the wounds, the surgeon asked, 'When was the operation?'

'About ten days ago — I think.'

'Shrapnel, eh? How do you feel?'

'All right, sir.'

'No trouble?'

'Not to speak of, though sometimes I wonder if they found it all.'

'Why do you think that?'

'At times I feel there's a bit about here,' — Reynolds pointed to the left of his navel, — 'but it may be only my fancy.'

'You feel it now?'

'No, doctor.'

'Often?'

'Only when I think about it, and not always then.'

'To-morrow night you will be in hospital. Tell them. They will take an X-ray.'

While they put on fresh bandages, Reynolds stared at the ceiling. His patient's calmness and breeding, the healthy appearance of the wounds and other signs of a successful operation, pleased the surgeon.

'You have only to be careful, Captain, and all should go well. If they have to operate again, you have an abundance of strength.' The surgeon had seldom seen so fine a torso on the operating table; this Englishman, who had followed the laws of health, would in time recover from lacerations which would have crippled for life an ordinary man. 'You have remarkable strength,' he commented in an appreciative tone, and studied the great chest; his hobby was collecting statuary, his passion personal hygiene, and

he used the scalpel only as a last resort.

Martin, who idolized the surgeon, was glad that they both liked this foreign captain.

Reynolds, whose one pride was his body, for some moments was silent under their admiring gaze, but at last glanced feebly toward his legs.

'A piece struck my thigh.'

Martin drew up the blanket and unwound bandages: from hip to ankle the right leg was spotted with shrapnel, but the holes were shallow and the joints untouched; and on the left thigh was a wound larger than a man's hand, as though a hoe had slashed away skin and flesh.

'The second shell,' Reynolds explained, 'burst farther off.' He had taken a liking to his courteous enemy.

'You received your share of metal,' remarked the surgeon.

After they had rebandaged his legs, Reynolds said as nonchalantly as he could, 'I suppose, sir, the left will be all right?'

'I can promise you that you will recover practically full use of it. The army is your profession?'

'I have n't any.' He knew that the German was inquisitive about the old scars a bullet had left on his thigh. 'They once tried to make a lawyer of me.'

The surgeon surmised that his patient was one of those Englishmen of means who in time of peace wander about the world in search of sport and, probably, of information, but in war prefer to serve their country on the battlefield. He persisted gently, 'But once before you have been unlucky, and lucky, with that thigh.'

'A present from a Boer gentleman.'

'I may have guessed as much,' rejoined the surgeon with a touch of self-satisfaction, and went on in a kindly tone, 'You will be all right, Captain, for more adventures, if for a while you are quiet. Remember. You must rest.'

'Thank you, sir. I had been worrying about that leg.' Reynolds made an attempt at a bow which included the sisters. Throughout they had worked in silence, but from their glances he had inferred that they understood part of the conversation. At his bow they smiled faintly; and the surgeon, as though unwilling to end the interview abruptly, raised a warning finger: —

'In time you will be well, but for a while you must be quiet.'

'I'm rather of the opinion,' came with a smile, 'that your gunners made sure of that.'

'You must do as I say,' enjoined the surgeon gravely, 'and remain quiet.'

'I will, sir. Thank you. Good night.'

While they carried him back along the metals, Reynolds felt almost elated. After he had recovered somewhat from shock, he had begun to fear that the abdomen and one thigh had been permanently weakened; but now he looked forward to complete recovery. 'As for keeping quiet,' he mused, 'I could sleep for another week or two. Doctors always say things like that.'

They laid him on his bunk and carried out another patient. On the way Martin volunteered, 'He is a nice man, that captain.'

'A nice Englishman!' drawled the marine.

'What a physique he has! Wounded in South Africa also, and yet not a professional soldier!'

'A nice Englishman?' repeated the marine, who had heard enough praise of an enemy and, to lighten the distasteful and unexpected task of carrying stretchers, diverted himself with teasing his chance comrade.

'He is polite to everyone,' retorted Martin, 'even to you.'

'He's a prisoner,' goaded the marine, 'and knows what's good for him.'

Martin disregarded the sneer. Some-

thing of a gymnast, a patriot who preferred healing to killing, he admired the composure of one with severe wounds, of an athlete who became a soldier in time of war only. 'Though he understands how to be strong,' he thought uneasily, 'he may not know the danger.' A dread had seized him lest a clot in the blood stream might suddenly kill the Englishman. 'I will give him special care, and he will be strong again, that fine man.' As he plodded on, in the glow of feeling himself a disinterested benefactor he forgot his aching arms. Perhaps the captain, a superior man, would ask him his name and after the war write and thank him.

Each time that night he passed along the corridor he paused to make sure that the captain was only sleeping.

II

The following afternoon Martin found the captain wide awake and much refreshed. As his other patients needed no attention, he might talk for a very short while with this Englishman who was willing to be friendly, appreciated any little service, and would be grateful to the Medical Corps for having saved his life. How boldly this captain must have lived, and how coolly he accepted whatever happened! Though seriously injured, from his air he might have had merely a broken leg.

'Is there anything you wish, Captain?' he asked, hovering by the bunk.

'Nothing at all, my lad.' Reynolds observed that this young man with the engaging manner was interested in him; conversation would help to pass the time. 'Don't run away.'

'There is something you need?'

'Why, yes! If you're not busy.'

'No, sir!'

'Then stay and talk to me. Your English, you know, is very good.'

'I have been in London.'

'You were long there?'

'Two years.' As he spoke, Martin recalled the warning against spies, but at once dismissed the idea as ridiculous: his personal affairs were of no importance to governments and might entertain his patient. 'My father was willing,' he went on, 'that I go later to America, and to improve my English he sent me to work for a friend of his in London, a chemist.'

'And when you were on a visit home war broke out.'

'No, no!' Martin decided that it was better he should do most of the talking and let the captain rest. 'My father died, and I came back to be with my mother, who was alone. We went from the hills into München, but work with chemists was scarce and I became a hospital orderly. My mother had always lived in Bayern and would not leave, so I could not go to America. Then, when she saw how much I wished to go, she was willing to leave; but war came, and so —'

'And so!' echoed Reynolds sympathetically.

'But I am glad to be here, glad to give a year to my country. Later we shall go to America. In New York there is a cousin of my father. We should live near him. I know chemistry and English. I should work and make money.'

'And —' suggested Reynolds.

'And — and I should go to college.' Astonished at having admitted this ambition to a stranger, he hastily changed to: 'Naturally we like to live here, in a civilized land, but in America there is more opportunity for me.'

'Then you consider America uncivilized.'

'Their machines are good, but for other things I think it must be a sort of Russia, except that in America many are rich and few of the upper classes have culture. What culture they have,

they have copied from Europe: their best doctors come to us to learn.'

'That's interesting. What countries would you call civilized?'

'England, of course, has had great minds,' admitted Martin, 'but her time is past. We can improve her. The Latin nations are decaying.'

'That's a bad outlook.'

'We shall make things so much better! After the war one of the Kaiser's sons will be King of France and another King of England. That is settled.'

'I see.' Reynolds gazed at the intelligent face and with a grave air asked, 'What about the Russians?'

'From Russia we shall take some provinces, and Poland. From there we can civilize the rest of their land.'

'And America will like all that.'

'They will be glad to become our allies,' said Martin earnestly.

'That would be very convenient for you when you go to America, and to college.'

'Yes, to college,' affirmed Martin, with the quiet obstinacy of one who has been often laughed at.

'You will be a good surgeon.'

'You — you have guessed!'

'That was easy. You will be like the surgeon on this train.'

'I cannot hope for so much. But how did you know?' He was astounded and delighted. In the hospital at München and in the Medical Corps he had with increasing zeal regarded his surgeon as the exemplar of noble living.

'You watch closely what he does, and you look after us so well.'

In an effort to conceal his joy Martin fumbled at a pocket and drew out his watch.

'I must leave you, sir. Soon we put off the Frenchmen. You will leave the train later. You will go to a very good hospital where they can do more for you than we can here.' Reluctantly he went away.

Reynolds turned to the window: the train was crossing a bridge over the Rhine, and soon was entering a city which he guessed to be Düsseldorf. He looked at the quiet streets, at the people in Sunday clothes. Everything seemed much as it had been three years ago when he had passed through on his way to fish in Southern Germany. Except for the fascinated stare of the citizens as the train crept into the station, he might have convinced himself that the war was a dream and that his injuries had been caused by an accident. While the grim and painted caravan glided past, couples and family parties, respectably dressed, stood in silence. Reynolds, a bachelor with distant relatives whom he regarded with tolerance but avoided as much as possible, felt a touch akin to pity for those burghers, stout or scrawny, who were awed by a glimpse of the humane side of war. 'Just as well they don't know what's coming,' he thought.

His had been years of physical adventure, and, though the timid would have called him reckless, he was shrewd through experience and daring at need. In his travels he had acquired for most of mankind, except for the young, an indolent contempt, a contempt hidden under affability, under an ease of manner which made subordinates eager to serve him. Having foreseen that war was possible, he had retained his commission in the Territorials as a duty expected of a man of his class; and when Great Britain had declared war, with a shrug of his shoulders he had canceled a hunting trip abroad and had volunteered for active service. In its first engagement his regiment, thrown hurriedly into a battle, had been almost annihilated. After he had been struck down, the German battalions had flowed past him. He had waited for his side to advance again, but to his disgust had been picked up by the enemy.

Then he had cheered himself with the thought that he was yet alive. For the present his business was to recover his health; later he would escape, for he knew the country fairly well.

III

The train was far out from Düsseldorf when Martin reappeared.

'How's the fishing this year?' asked Reynolds idly, remembering his last visit to Germany.

'The fishing! You like fishing?'

'Of course! How is it this year?'

'I do not know. I have had little time.'

'Had any luck at all?'

'Only twice I have been,' whispered Martin excitedly. 'The one time nothing, and the second time little ones. It is better in Bayern. But to think that you fish!'

'All sensible fellows do,' answered Reynolds, amused, but attracted by the unexpected enthusiasm. 'I had some good catches in England, but not much in France.'

'It is so funny you also are a fisherman. But I might have known. Yet, it is funny. You see, the other Englishman was one also.'

'The other Englishman?'

'Yes! It is funny — you both are fishermen. I met him also by chance. That was long ago, but I have always remembered.'

'Will you tell me about him?' prompted Reynolds.

'He was very different,' began Martin, with the ardor of one who would be completely understood, 'but he was very nice. He was the first Englishman I had met. That was long ago — while I was at school. We lived then in the country in Bayern.'

'I have heard it is good fishing there.'

'You also should have come. I know all the water about my home. But the other Englishman — it was so. One morning I was fishing, and a gentleman on a motor cycle came along the road on the other side of the stream. Some distance from me he stopped and fished. I was vexed that a stranger should have chosen one of the best pools, which I had not yet reached. I had caught several that morning, and was in no hurry; but that a stranger — I knew that from his clothes — should take my fishing vexed me. So I watched him. He was short, very thick. When I saw he could put the flies wherever he wished, I was not quite so vexed. Soon he had one, a large one. He danced about, and I went near to tell him where the weeds were, but I saw he understood. Twice he had the trout close, but let him run off again. After the second time I shouted, "Use the net! Use — "'

'You will disturb the others.'

'I forgot.' Martin glanced up and down the corridor and went on in a low voice, '"Use the net!" I called. Without looking at me he said damns, and I guessed he was an Englishman. But I wanted him to have that trout, and I threw my net across. He picked it up, and soon he had the trout. I thought he was angry, he looked at me so. He had a crooked moustache and yellow teeth. He looked at me and twisted his mouth till his moustache was more crooked and I saw all his teeth. How could I know he was pleased? He thanked me and said that he had left his net on the motor cycle. He liked to talk, and that whole day we were together. I knew where the fish were, and we rode on his cycle. He was crazy, but very kind.'

'Crazy, was he? Ah, yes! An Englishman.'

'I do not think that, Captain,' protested Martin. 'Some English are not. But,' he went on hurriedly, 'he talked

only about fish and about himself. He had many illnesses, he told me, and the doctors for years had said he must die soon. Yet he was very kind. I think he was a hypochondrist. But, sir, is that the English word?'

'Hypochondriac,' suggested the captain.

'Hypochondriac. I must remember.' He repeated the word twice. 'Yes, he was a hypochondriac and he himself said he was crazy — fish-crazy. He had boxes of flies and things of metal and rubber I had not seen before. They must have cost much money. At lunch — he had food for six men, but we were hungry — he looked at my rod and flies and swore. "Why don't you make your own flies?" he asked. "You have the hands." The afternoon was warm; we sat under a tree, and he showed me how to make them. I tied and tied, and for some time he said only, "Rotten"; but with the last he was pleased and still pretended to find fault. "Now that I have taught you," he said, "you must never use a bad fly." He gave me three old ones to copy and said he must go. When he had stopped that morning he was on his way to fish in a place he had heard of. That was his habit, to go to some new place he had heard of. I told him that many kilometres away there was a stream that few knew of, but I would take him to that secret place. He said he liked that. We went, and there he lent me one of his rods. I had never held such a rod. The line went out straight and fell so.' He dropped hand and arm lightly along the edge of the bunk. 'I am tiring you, Captain.' He stepped back. 'I must go away and let you sleep.'

'Nonsense! I've been asleep all day. What was the stream like?'

'Very good.' As he came back to the side of the bunk he studied his patient's features and was satisfied. He would talk a while longer and go at the first hint of weariness. If he left now, the captain might be annoyed, might again fret about the possibility of a piece of shrapnel being yet in his abdomen, and might even imagine he had detected pessimism in the orderly's precautions. To worry was bad. Often he had noted how his surgeon had talked an anxious patient into calmness of mind. 'Very good,' he repeated quietly; 'one you would like. Little waterfalls and pools. We went up a long way, and he said it was the best fishing he had had for the year. We were there till the moon was shining. Then I remembered that my father would be vexed at my being late. The crazy — the Englishman saw that I was nervous, but he laughed when he knew why. "We shall go home together," he said, "and have fish for supper." He rode his motor cycle so fast that I thought we should be arrested, but we reached home. Before my father could speak, the Englishman said, "I kept your son out late, but see the fish." Now my father seldom fished, and, though for the Socialists, he suspected the English; but this Englishman went on talking until he had persuaded my mother to let him go into the kitchen and clean the fish for supper. For a time my father was vexed with me; but, as I said, he was very much for the Socialists, and after supper he began to like this rich gentleman who answered, "Yes, yes!" and agreed with his opinions. But I think he cared only for fish and did not always understand my father's Socialist speech. Perhaps also he thought of me, of my being late. He went suddenly. He was leaving early next day for the place he had heard of.'

'Did you meet him again?' asked Reynolds, and from the lad's rueful face knew the answer.

'No. And I wished to so much! I told you he was kind. In the morning my mother found, under the bench

outside, the rod he had lent to me. Tied to the winder was a paper with the words, "For my good friend Martin Wullenweber." That is myself. But he had not told us his name, and we could not ask him. You see, I could never thank him. He liked me because he was crazy about fish.'

'Possibly,' said Reynolds with twinkling eyes. 'And he made you also fish-crazy.'

'Perhaps. But my work is with the people, to make them well again. The fish were his people. He had many laws for them and he obeyed the laws. About young fish and mother-fish and times he forbade much. He forbade more than the Government. You may smile, Captain, but you and I know that, as he said, the fish do not read the almanac. He told me so much, and I should have wished to thank him for what he told me and for the rod. He may have come back when I was in München.'

'So you tie your own flies.'

'I try to.' Martin hesitated, then blurted out, 'May I show them?'

'You have them here? Rather!'

'I bring them.'

Martin darted along the corridor and soon returned with an old-fashioned fly book.

'Raise me a little, please,' demanded Reynolds.

'It is better that I hold the book for you,' advised Martin, without realizing that he was imitating his surgeon's manner and tones.

IV

While the train ran its smooth course and the afternoon sun threw splashes of light on the bunks, Martin displayed a succession of neat rows of flies, of which Reynolds recognized all the varieties except one.

'These I did not make,' admitted Martin, and pointed to a single row. 'A friend gave them.'

'But you tied the others. Then you are a fisherman,' said Reynolds in a tone of admiration.

Martin flushed.

'What are those in the top row?' inquired Reynolds. 'I never saw that kind before.'

'I made them from one he gave me. He himself had invented it.'

'It looks good. What luck have you had with it?'

'It is good,' replied Martin emphatically.

'What did he call it?'

'He said it had no name, but I —' He paused and became very red.

Reynolds looked at him with a smile.

'But you call it "The Crazy Englishman."'

'I — I did not know his name. I — I was young then.'

'The best name you could have given it,' observed Reynolds with a serious air, 'and a fine lot.'

Martin, still pink in the face, pulled out and offered a 'Crazy Englishman' with, 'Will you please take this? I have others. Some day — perhaps —' With boyish eagerness he gazed at his patient.

Reynolds looked at him curiously, opened his lips, turned pale, and gasped. Martin let the book fall and caught the captain's head as it fell to one side. Desperately he held the head straight. The captain gasped a few times and became livid. Then Martin felt the body stiffen under his arms.

Some minutes later the doctor gazed critically at an erect and haggard orderly on whose white tunic hung a gay trout fly.

'What is the matter, Wullenweber?' he asked reprovingly.

'Sir,' reported Martin in a dull tone, 'the English captain is dead.'

SAUVETERRE

We have come to the end of the world, or the world's beginning,
Above the fields of lavender and thyme,
Above the stunted vines, the crouching, withered olives,
To ancient chaos, where the bare hills climb
In crags that cut the sky, and echo to the wheeling buzzards' cry.

And the feet that have come to the end of creation falter,
And the voice dies upon the wind that blows
From the abyss beneath the last sheer stony buttress,
The western bluff that hides — what no one knows
Of emptiness; for who will dare
Look over the edge of life, and find nothing there?

We have come to the end of the world, and have dared the venture —
The fields of Paradise are spread below.
Chaos is put behind and to the far horizon
The level, sun-steeped fields and vineyards go,
With neat array of willow trees,
Like small, round, emerald hives to house celestial bees.

Freda C. Bond

EPISCOPALIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBORS

BY HOWARD CHANDLER ROBBINS

I

On November 16, 1930, thirteen ministers of the Protestant Episcopal Church, eleven of whom were rectors of parishes in New York City, issued and distributed among their congregations a statement that read in part as follows:

> We, whose names are signed below, deeply desirous of safeguarding the fellowship between our church and all vital elements of American Christianity, and conscious of our ordination promise to 'maintain and set forward quietness, peace, and love among all Christian people,' are moved to express a conviction which we fear might otherwise stand obscured.
>
> We share the reverence which is rightly held in our communion for our unquestionable Catholic heritage, and this we interpret as an unbroken fellowship in history and spirit with all the age-long faith and worship of the church since its beginning. But at the same time we so highly honor the connection of this church both in history and in fundamental sympathy with that spiritual rebirth which is known as Protestantism that we are not willing to see this church separated in word or work from its Protestant affiliations. We believe it is now, as it has always been, the glory of this communion to call itself not 'Catholic,' as distinguished from 'Protestant,' but 'both Catholic and Protestant.'

The reference of the thirteen presbyters to their ordination vows came as a surprise, for it is commonly supposed that in Episcopal churches the guardianship of doctrine is the prerogative of the highest order of the ministry and belongs to bishops exclusively. This, however, is not the case. At the time of the Reformation the Church of England showed its 'fundamental sympathy with that spiritual rebirth which is known as Protestantism' by entrusting to the priest or presbyter (the terms are used interchangeably) the same guardianship of doctrine as had hitherto devolved upon the bishop, requiring from him at his ordination the same identical vow. 'Will you be ready, with all faithful diligence, to banish and drive away from the Church all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word?' This vow is retained in the ordering of priests in the Protestant Episcopal Church and in every other branch of the Anglican communion. It does not appear in the forms for the ordination of priests in the Orthodox Eastern churches, nor in the Roman Pontifical. The only promise that is required of the priests according to the formularies of the Roman Church is that of obedience to the bishops; an absolute and summary right is vested in the bishop to 'restrain and censure them' at his discretion.

In *The Continuity of Christian Thought*, Dr. A. G. V. Allen observed that by this simple change the clergy of the Anglican communion ceased to be mere creatures of the bishop in their respective parishes, as had been, and still is, their position in the Latin Church; they became the spiritual representatives of the congregation, charged with the responsibility of inquiring for themselves into the nature

of the Christian revelation, and of presenting to the people that only which they believed had sure warrant of Holy Scripture. 'Thus the Church of England had secured, without discarding the episcopate, that which the reformed churches of the continent had only been able to secure by the abolition of the ancient order.'

From this brief historical survey it appears that the thirteen presbyters were not acting *ultra vires* in issuing their statement. Far from being 'rebels' against lawful authority, they were Christian ministers, conscious of the dignity and responsibility of their office, exercising a latent right, and by the very exercise of this latent right vindicating their assertion that the church of which they are ministers is Protestant as well as Catholic. Such a right is characteristic of Protestantism and rests ultimately upon the New Testament doctrine of the priesthood of all believers, of which universal priesthood the Christian ministry is representative. This doctrine is implicit not only in its ordination services but also in the constitution of the Protestant Episcopal Church. In this church the powers of bishops are strictly limited and defined by a written constitution. Neither a single bishop nor the House of Bishops, nor, for that matter, the entire episcopate of the Anglican communion, has the power to legislate apart from the other orders of the Clergy and the Laity in Convention assembled, or to change by one syllable the Book of Common Prayer, or to use as criteria of doctrine that which cannot be proved by the Bible — another instance of the Protestantism of the church. 'Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation; so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of the Faith,' Article VI of the Articles of Religion.

As to the reason for issuing the statement in question, this is sufficiently indicated in the statement itself. The signers were 'unwilling to see this church separated in word or work from its Protestant affiliations.'

How was this church in danger of being so separated? By the promulgation in the name of their church, and as though it were its official teaching, of a theory of the ministry which, although held as a private opinion by many members of the Anglican communion, is no part of its official teaching. This theory is that, mediately or immediately, Jesus himself instituted the episcopal form of church government; that it exists by divine authority because of his appointment; that the bishops are the successors of his Apostles, and that only such ministers as have been ordained by bishops can exercise a ministerial priesthood — that is to say, a ministry not only of the Word but also of the sacraments of Christ.

Exaltation of the episcopal office is, no doubt, very ancient. It has behind it an age-long and tremendous weight of tradition, and for centuries it dominated the thought of Western Christendom. Support for it can be found in the writings of Church Fathers as early as the second century, in the epistles of Ignatius, in the writings of Irenæus, in Tertullian's *Prescription of Heretics*. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage in the third century, taught it with so much emphasis that it may be called the Cyprianic conception of the Christian ministry. His treatise entitled *The Unity of the Church* has been described as the charter of the institution which was to be known in history as the Latin or Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church has, however, modified the doctrine by progressive centralization so that now not the bishops as bishops but the Pope as

supreme pontiff is regarded as the centre of Catholic unity, and as such claims to rule the world by right divine. That this claim extends to far frontiers appears in the famous Bull, *Unam Sanctam*, where Boniface VIII in 1302 declared, 'Subesse Romano pontifici omni humanae creaturae declaramus, dicimus, definimus, et pronuntiamus omnino esse de necessitate salutis' (We declare, assert, find, and pronounce that it is entirely necessary for salvation for every human being to be in subjection to the Roman Pontiff).

Dean Inge points out that, on the eve of the Reformation, Alexander VI made over the New World to Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon by the Bull, *Inter Ceteras*, in terms which are amusing to Americans. 'Acting on our own initiative, from pure generosity and certain knowledge, and with the plenitude of our apostolic power, we make over all the islands and continental lands which have been discovered or may hereafter be discovered, towards the West and South, by drawing a line from the North Pole to the South Pole . . . this line to be drawn a hundred leagues west and south of the Azores and Cape de Verde Islands . . . by the authority of Almighty God, granted to us in the person of St. Peter, and as vicar of Jesus Christ, which authority we exercise on earth, to be held by you, your heirs and successors forever.' Once grant the doctrine of Cyprian, *De Unitate Catholicae Ecclesiae*, and it will be difficult to find a permanent resting place this side of Boniface VIII and Alexander VI, where our late unpleasantness with Spain appears as a war of rebellion against our lawful king.

II

But Cyprian has not had the final word in this controversy, whereof the world-encircling Anglican communion is witness. A doctrine older than that of Cyprian, more primitive, more venerable, more scriptural, and far more Christian, is to be found in the writings of Clement of Alexandria, great doctor of the universal church and one of the noblest intelligences by which it has been illumined. According to Clement, the unity of the church depends upon fellowship with the living Christ; he does not mention unity with the bishop. 'The church has organic life; it is a community of men who are led by the divine Logos, an invincible city upon earth which no force can subdue. The church is like a human being, consisting of many members; it is refreshed and grows; it is welded and compacted together; it is fed and sustained by a supernatural life, and becomes in its turn, in the hands of the divine Instructor, a means of leading humanity into life. The bond of the church's unity, the secret of the church's life and growth, is the living, personal Christ, whose immanence in humanity is the only force adequate to its deliverance from sin, and its final perfecting according to the original purpose of its creation.'

With this doctrine of Clement of Alexandria, which is also the doctrine of the Apostle Paul, the official teaching of the Anglican communion and its official definitions of the Catholic Church are entirely in accord. The word Catholic is used in many senses; in its primary sense it means universal, and in this sense, and this sense only, is applied with propriety to the entire Christian fellowship regarded as one in Christ. An exclusive use of it by a particular denomination to unchurch fellow Christians is not only a contradiction in terms but is of the essence of sectarianism, the part calling itself the whole. This is recognized in the Anglican Bidding Prayer, which be-

gins, 'Let us pray for Christ's Holy Catholick Church; that is, for the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world.' It is recognized in Article XIX of the Articles of Religion, where the visible Church of Christ is defined as 'a congregation of faithful men, in the which the pure Word of God is preached, and the Sacraments be duly administered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same.' It was recognized by the episcopate of the Anglican communion in the Lambeth Conference of 1920, where 'all those who believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, and have been baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity,' were acknowledged 'as sharing with us membership in the universal Church of Christ which is His Body.' It is recognized in the Communion Office in the identification of the church with 'the blessed company of all faithful people.'

How uncatholic, in contrast with such definitions as these, appears any attempt to disown fellow Christians and unchurch them because they do not adhere to a particular form of ecclesiastical organization! Dean Swift's biting words are applicable to all such offenders against charity:—

> We are God's chosen few,
> All others will be damned;
> There is no place in heaven for you,
> We don't want heaven crammed.

The satire was directed against Calvinists, but it applies with equal force to all who oppose the tide flowing toward Christian unity, whether the offender is a Roman pontiff sending forth an ungracious encyclical, or a boisterous Senator stirring up religious prejudices, or a strident Klaxon of the Ku Klux Klan. Catholicism is positive and inclusive, not negative and exclusive. It is the recognition of the rights of the community. It possesses the authority of collective experience. It is what all Christians everywhere and at all times have believed concerning Jesus and the Father who sent Him. Even in a narrower use, with reference to the past, it is still a generous and inclusive term, indicating 'an unbroken fellowship in history and spirit with all the age-long faith and worship of the church since its beginning.'

On the other hand, Protestantism, generously defined, is also positive and inclusive. Protestantism, for want of a better word, may be regarded as indicating the rights of the individual, the authority of conscience, the priesthood of all believers, the right and the corresponding duty of private judgment, and the immediacy of the Christian's relationship to God. The nations which accepted 'that spiritual rebirth which is Protestantism' moved forward to higher levels of Christian civilization than had been reached in the past, and began to realize as not before their heritage of freedom.

It appears to the writer of this article that all hope of the ultimate union of Christians in one body rests upon an equipoise of these two equally definite, equally fundamental, and always complementary elements, *Freiheit und Treue*, the freedom associated with Protestantism, and the loyalty characteristic of Catholicism. What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. The tide is flowing toward Christian unity; no outworn theory can impede it more than momentarily; no Canute in Rome or elsewhere can stay it by dogmatic declaration. But only those who perceive and value the unity in diversity existing among Christians of different denominations, and who regard their divisions as schisms within the one body rather than as separations from it, can move with the flowing tide toward the goal of

unity, set far beyond our sight, but not beyond our hope.

III

Let it be said once more, then, and with all emphasis: the Latin or Cyprianic doctrine that only such ministers as have been ordained by bishops can exercise a valid ministry of the Word and sacraments, and that the Catholic or universal church is limited to those ancient communions which have retained the episcopate, is not the official teaching of the Anglican communion, any more than is fundamentalism, or belief in the verbal inerrancy of the Bible. Both beliefs (or either), while tolerated as private opinions (Anglicanism is tolerant of wide diversity in private opinions), are and will remain private and unofficial opinions and no part of the teaching of the church. The Anglican communion does indeed adhere steadfastly to the 'Historic Episcopate' as a fact, but it does not couple with this factual adherence any theory of the origin of the episcopate. It accepts the Bible as the inspired Word of God, but it does not define the nature of its inspiration. This liberty of opinion has left Anglican scholars free to make tranquil and untrammeled research, and they have played a part second only to the indefatigable Germans in applying the methods of Higher Criticism to the study of the Bible, and second not even to Germans in studying the origins of the Christian ministry.

More than a generation ago, Bishop Lightfoot's famous *Dissertation on the Christian Ministry* struck a vital blow at the Cyprianic theory in its exclusive form. What the Bishop has to say about priesthood in the New Testament is strikingly in accord with Protestant opinion: 'The Kingdom of Christ has no sacerdotal system. It interposes no sacrificial tribe or class between God and man, by whose intervention alone God is reconciled and man forgiven. Each individual member holds personal communion with the Divine Head. To Him immediately he is responsible, and from Him directly he obtains pardon and draws strength.'

More recently the Bishop of Gloucester and Canon Streeter have administered the *coup de grâce*. In the words of the latter, 'In the Primitive Church there was no single system of church order laid down by the Apostles. During the first hundred years of Christianity the church was an organism alive and growing — changing its organization to meet changing needs.' Scholarly research has made it evident that at the end of the first century A.D. there existed, in different provinces of the Roman Empire, different systems of church government. 'Among these the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, and the Independent, can each discover the prototype of the system to which he himself adheres.' Canon Streeter adds that, if his hypothesis is correct, then, in the classic words of *Alice in Wonderland*, 'Everyone has won, and all shall have prizes.'

Henry Drummond used to say that religious people are generally right in what they affirm and wrong in what they deny. The fundamentalist is right in maintaining the Bible to be the inspired Word of God, and wrong in denying the findings of science which oblige him to recast his definition of the nature of its inspiration. So, too, with the supporter of the doctrine of apostolic succession. To hold strongly to the positive values of the doctrine, to recognize the place of the episcopate in Christian history as a means not only of administrative efficiency and pastoral care but also of maintaining the unity of the church and the continuity of the Christian tradition, is clearly his

right and his duty, and persuasive and powerful appeal can be made for the episcopate, as at Lambeth in 1920, along these defensible and reasonable lines. But to go beyond this and deny the validity of non-episcopal ministries of the Word and sacraments of Christ leads to conclusions the absurdity of which should exhibit the falsity of the premises to any logical mind.

'By their fruits ye shall know them,' said Jesus. Is Christianity less fruitful, less zealous, less full of missionary ardor, less productive of saintly lives in Presbyterian Scotland than in Episcopal England? Would one willingly exchange the overwhelmingly Protestant civilization of North America for the overwhelmingly Catholic civilization of Latin America or for the episcopacy of the troubled Balkans? And who can question or deny the truth of what is said in the Scottish Presbyterian Service of ordination: 'In this act of ordination the Church of Scotland as part of the Holy Catholic or universal church — worshiping one God — Father, Son, and Holy Spirit — affirms anew its belief in the gospel of the sovereign grace and love of God.'

Furthermore, wrong theories are conducive to wrong practices. Belief in the exclusive validity of a single form of church polity has made bad neighbors and led to lack of sympathy between fellow Christians. This was notably the case in New England two hundred years ago when some missionaries of the Church of England wrote proudly home from America that during the year covered in their report they had been 'consistently offensive toward them that are without.'

John Checkley of Boston was preeminent in this respect. He set forth the historical argument for episcopacy, not in the mild and benevolent terms of Richard Hooker, but in terms which infuriated New England Congregationalists — quite naturally, in view of the fact that Congregationalism was essentially a state church, established by law, and that Episcopalians were tolerated as 'sober dissenters.' Checkley declared that 'ordinations in opposition to Episcopacy are not only invalid, but sacrilege and rebellion against Christ,' and threatened non-Episcopalians with the fate of Korah, who 'died without mercy for despising Moses' law.'

This in a community where Congregationalism was established, and its ministers reverenced as perhaps nowhere else in Christendom!

It was scarcely to be borne, but the temptation to tar and feather the offender was resisted; resort was had to the courts, and the attorney-general, with the help of Robert Auchmuty, a distinguished lawyer, drew up an indictment against Checkley's book. The order of council adopted March 19, 1723, gave among other reasons for the indictment that it had observed in said volume 'many vile and scandalous passages reflecting on the ministers of the Gospel established in this Province, and denying their sacred Function and the holy Ordinances of Religion as administered by them.' Checkley had Cyprian behind him, but Boston had the same opinion of them both.

Other times, other manners. The hapless Checkley has few followers to-day; and Episcopalians are no longer deliberately 'offensive toward them that are without.' If any are unconsciously so, let them be forgiven, and let the 'Appeal to All Christian People' from the Lambeth Conference of 1920 stand instead as the present claim of Episcopalians on behalf of the episcopate: —

We believe that the visible unity of the Church will be found to involve the whole-hearted acceptance of —

The Holy Scriptures, as the record of God's revelation of Himself to man, and as being the rule and ultimate standard of faith; and the Creed commonly called the Nicene, as the sufficient statement of the Christian faith, and either it or the Apostles' Creed as the Baptismal confession of belief:

The divinely instituted sacraments of Baptism and the Holy Communion, as expressing for all the corporate life of the whole fellowship in and with Christ:

A ministry acknowledged by every part of the Church as possessing not only the inward call of the Spirit, but also the commission of Christ and the authority of the whole body.

May we not reasonably claim that the Episcopate is the one means of providing such a ministry? *It is not that we call in question for a moment the spiritual reality of those Communions which do not possess the Episcopate. On the contrary we thankfully acknowledge that these ministries have been manifestly blessed and owned by the Holy Spirit as effective means of grace.* [The italics are the writer's.] But we submit that considerations alike of history and of present experience justify the claim which we make on behalf of the Episcopate. Moreover, we would urge that it is now and will prove to be in the future the best instrument for maintaining the unity and continuity of the Church.

IV

The foregoing statement from the Lambeth Conference may be regarded as indicating the present attitude of Episcopalians toward their neighbors. The Protestant Episcopal Church is the daughter of the Church of England, and, while ecclesiastically independent, is 'far from intending to depart from the Church of England in any essential point of doctrine, discipline, or worship' (Preface to the Book of Common Prayer). It is in closest sympathy and fellowship with its sister churches of the Anglican communion throughout the world: the Churches of England, Ireland, and Wales; the Episcopal Church in Scotland; the Church of England in Australia, Canada, India, Tasmania, the West Indies; the Church of the Province of South Africa; Chung Hua Sheng Kung Hui in China, and Nippon Sei Kokwai in Japan. In consequence of these relationships, whenever an essential point involving doctrine, discipline, or worship is at stake, the Protestant Episcopal Church, even where legally free to act independently, feels itself under a moral obligation to act with due consideration for the mind and purpose of its sister churches of the Anglican communion.

Furthermore, the Protestant Episcopal Church has inherited from the Church of England the comprehensiveness indicated in the claim that it is 'both Catholic and Protestant.' During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the church was reorganized on this basis of comprehensiveness, to include as many as possible of the people of England; at the time this meant as many Roman Catholics as could be persuaded to remain in the reformed church, and as many ardent Protestants as could reconcile its retention of ancient faith and order with their consciences and the teachings of the Continental reformers. Some of the Thirty-nine Articles were deliberately made ambiguous for this purpose, though there is nothing ambiguous about the first five Articles which define the Catholic faith, or Article VI, which expresses the Protestant doctrine of the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for salvation. But beyond these fundamental requirements no uniformity of doctrine exists within the Anglican communion any more than existed in the Apostolic age, and the rigidities of Rome and of Geneva are avoided. What is found

instead is unity in diversity: as a spectrum, Anglicanism breaks up the white light of religion into a band of colors. Or, to vary the metaphor, the tension between the 'Anglo-Catholic' and the 'Evangelical' is like the tension which exists in marriage, and which, according to Count Keyserling, is the glory and the dignity of ideal marriage, since only through some such tension can personality fully develop, free spirits exercising personal freedom to find a higher synthesis in love.

It is the existence of this natural tension which makes life within the Anglican communion interesting and colorful, and which imparts to it the character of a family, united by human relationships even when engaged in controversy, rather than of a club, where people begin by taking satisfaction in their unanimity and end by being bored to tears. In spite of occasional squabbles about ritual and other nonessentials, in spite even of more serious and radical disagreements, such as this between the followers of Cyprian and the followers of Clement, Anglo-Catholics and Evangelicals for the most part really do love one another within the fellowship which constitutes the Anglican communion, 'the roomiest church in Christendom,' to quote its prophet, Phillips Brooks.

Both parties are occasionally unruly. The Anglo-Catholic, who finds the centre of his devotional life in the Eucharist, is not always satisfied with the service in the Book of Common Prayer, and sometimes attempts to enrich it with quite unauthorized interpolations borrowed from Rome, the great treasure house of sacramental devotions. The Evangelical, who regards preaching as the sacrament of the Word, seeks edification by inviting ministers of non-Episcopal churches to occupy his pulpit, generally with the cordial permission of his bishop, but sometimes without tarrying for that necessary formality. Then whether there is to be peace or strife in the church will depend chiefly upon the character and personality of the bishop. If he is a just man, a true Father in God to his varied and sometimes turbulent family, endowed by Heaven with the saving grace of humor, he will rule with impartiality, either permitting freedom in both directions, as was the custom of the late Bishop Henry Codman Potter of New York, or enforcing the rules of the church strictly upon both, as did the late equally beloved Bishop Arthur C. A. Hall of Vermont. But if he shows partiality, enforcing rules against those with whom he differs in churchmanship and allowing laxity to those with whom he is in sympathy, then there is likelihood of a row. But the church can survive such rows, because, while one can indignantly resign from a club, one cannot resign from one's family, and does not wish to.

The following entry appears in the Journal of the Reverend Ammi Ruhamah Robbins, written as a chaplain in the American Army in the Northern Campaign in 1776: 'Slept well and feel greatly strengthened; was applied to, to baptize a child, whose father is of the Church of England, but a very kind, catholic man.'

May all members of the Anglican communion show themselves as kind as they are catholic, and as catholic as they are kind!

COMPETITION IN EDUCATION

The Facts and a Prophecy

BY WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT

I

WITHIN the past few years since the war there has been developed a new form of competition which concerns vitally the education of the rising generation now in school. This competition has developed so noiselessly that it has escaped the attention of many parents who are not yet aware of the change affecting the chances of their children to secure a higher education in the college of their choice.

Competition in the business world has long been familiar in America, but now there has come into existence a form of intellectual competition which has long been felt in Europe, but which in this country has until recently been unknown. The fact is undeniable that little by little positions in this country have been filling up; in many cities there are more college graduates than there are enviable positions to be occupied. It is no longer a mark of great distinction to hold a bachelor's degree or indeed certain professional degrees involving a total of seven or eight years devoted to so-called higher education. The difficulty of finding positions to which they think their training entitles them is something of a disillusion to the thousands of young men and women who sally forth each commencement to look for a congenial job.

This situation was bound to arise sooner or later even in a country with such a capacity for absorption as ours. It arises sooner when business is depressed, when economy is practised, and when mergers in the business world are forcing even middle-aged men of large experience out into the cold. Let us see how the hard but irresistible law which dictates 'the survival of the fittest' is working in the field of education.

Only a few years ago, it was the colleges which were competing to secure certain desirable students, those who had outstanding scholastic records, who had attractive personalities, or who held promise of athletic prowess. Such students are of course still sought for, since they form desirable groups for specific purposes dear to the administrators of our colleges. But, except in the case of some football prodigy, there is not much strife among the colleges to secure any prominent schoolboy. Not much money is being offered, except in the form of open scholarships, to secure the attendance and services of the eighteen-year-old youth, male or female. Every reputable college and university knows that there will be no lack of applicants, no lack of grist for the mill, when the new year's work begins. No. The competition is now on the other foot. It is the applicants who are so numerous that the element of competition is playing an important and hitherto unrecognized part.

II

The trouble begins at the top of our educational system and works downward, with increasing, but more insidious, effect. The medical, law, and business schools connected with our best universities are all besieged by many more applicants than they can receive. The expense involved in offering certain types of professional education and the limited facilities available have compelled the establishment of a limit. Some of these professional schools receive from twice to ten times as many applications for the first-year course as can be accepted. Under the requirement of strict limitation, the scholastic record of the undergraduate course is carefully scanned, the character, ethical standards, and serious purpose of the applicant are diligently inquired into, and a personal interview is, if possible, arranged. Such scrutiny weeds out the unfit and also, unquestionably, a considerable number who are moderately fit and who would subsequently be a credit to the profession of their choice. But this is where the competition enters, and it is evident that an applicant should leave no stone unturned either at the last moment or for years previously to establish himself in a preferred class.

The next stage downward in the educational system affects the undergraduate colleges. To a large extent, sometimes to the extent of 50 per cent, these colleges send on their graduates to professional schools; they are the chief feeders of the professional schools; they naturally wish to see their graduates successful in entering the school of their choice; they wish 'to make their calling and election sure.' Where so much depends upon giving an unqualified recommendation for scholarship, character, and future promise, colleges again naturally seek students who measure up to the new and exacting requirements. So they in turn begin to pick their candidates from high and preparatory schools with far more care than ever before. They ask, 'What is the use of having a dull, unambitious youth or a clever dodger of hard work around the campus for four years, only to see him rejected by the professional school for which his parents have announced that they wish him prepared?' And so some thousands of boys who have not awakened to the effects which this new competition will have upon their careers are refused admission each September by the college of their choice. They have not made a sufficiently favorable impression in competition to prove a good risk; someone better will have the vacant place.

Those old colleges with a fixed clientele from generation to generation, which may be compared to family hotels or clubs, will continue to find place under a 'favored-nation clause' for the sons and daughters of their graduates, and thus ensure them of the degrees to which their birth and fortune entitle them. But the fact remains that an increasing number of youths who have the best intentions in the world to enjoy college and trade upon the degree are being turned away, while their place is awarded to someone who has shown more convincing evidence of ambition, capacity, and diligence. It is going to be in the future not so much a question of descent as of ascent which will be the deciding factor in admission to college. Some families are quite evidently running downhill, while others are mounting the grade, and it is candidates from the latter category who will be favored.

Below the colleges are the high and preparatory schools. Most of these are not yet in a position to be affected by the competition of which we are speaking. The public high schools are part

of our democratic system of universal education and by definition have to carry on heavy loads of mediocre students to the age of eighteen years. The preparatory schools have a financial interest in even stupid pupils, and in return for high fees will usually undertake to make a silk purse out of even a sow's ear. However, one could mention a considerable number of private schools which have so many applicants that they are able to select with a view to maintaining the scholastic reputation of the school.

III

Now what we must come to in our educational system is a better method of selecting early in the school course, perhaps in the grades, the boys and girls who give promise of profiting later by the expensive education offered in our best colleges and universities. There has been some effort made toward guidance of individual students by competent advisers, but much better methods and much wider application of them remain to be devised. There is too much disappointment at the eleventh hour, and too much wasted effort. Too many young people get into college who have no serious intention of working there, and too many fail to get in who might succeed very well. The whole question of selection is still settled in a comparatively hit-or-miss fashion at the last moment. A programme which in each individual case is going to cost from four to eight years and from five to ten thousand dollars is worthy of a more intelligent study on the part of the individual and a more complete understanding of the competition in which he will become involved as he rises higher in the educational scale.

This study can be fostered in several ways: intelligent parents can keep a careful watch upon the development of tastes and aptitudes in their children; they will confer with teachers regarding their children's capacity and insist upon their receiving the stern preparatory discipline which is the prelude to successful later work; they will make use of any skilled analyst available who will help them in a rational manner to diagnose the educational problem presented by each individual case. But, most important of all, they will seek by every means to make their child realize that his future rewards will be according to his deserts and that anyone seeking distinction in these days must start early to improve his opportunities.

Public education has been so watered in this country to suit the digestion of all our young citizens that this truth about the severity of competition will not be palatable in all quarters. It has so long been possible for anyone with two legs and a pair of arms to find work and a living that any discovery to the contrary is unwelcome. Our education for many years has been for decent mediocrity; social, physical, and intellectual development has all been blended into an innocuous whole by our schools and colleges; it has not been the fashion to work anywhere near to one's capacity for fear of being a 'grind' or of missing the team or the fraternity; some have thought it clever to 'get by' without work. But it is perfectly evident that under the exigency of competition, if for no other reason, our colleges are soon going to become institutions of learning in fact as well as in name. Those who are too clever to study and those who are too dull to learn will be excluded. A minimum of sincere interest in intellectual things will be expected and demanded of all students in reputable institutions. Self-development through study will be put first, and the physical

and social activities will take their normal places in a well-rounded education, instead of the exaggerated rôles which they occupy in the minds of many young people.

IV

As has been seen, this article deals partly with present fact and partly with prophecy. The latter is warranted by the former, and is based upon the whole treatment of gainful occupations in a country that is filling up as fast as ours. The experience of societies much older than our own has been in the same direction. There will be more attention given to the best students and less to the worst. We cannot afford the sentimental heresy of salvaging the incompetent. Happily, in our democracy a man can be master of his fate, and his fate will be dependent upon his native capacity and his application to work. In our educational system the poor boy has as good a chance as the rich boy, and that is something to be thankful for. Our business and professional world will continue to be built up constantly from beneath.

But what will become of the dull rich boy and the languid youth who do not think it is worth while to make an effort? The rich will undoubtedly be endowed by indulgent parents in a state either of innocuous desuetude or of constant menace to a long-suffering society; they will continue to run about at high speed, to patronize the golf courses, and to try to sell bonds. Except as they may become a nuisance, their existence will be a matter of complete indifference. People of moderate means who have aspired to see their children rich and highly educated must be satisfied with such rewards as their children can gain in open competition. Some of them will enter second-class or third-class institutions which will continue in the future, as in the past, to admit students whose capacity is mediocre or worse. The really poor who have no capacity for advancement will continue to do the manual work of society and to receive for it pay which is sometimes higher than the salary of the Doctor of Philosophy.

What has been said is not meant to be of a deterministic character as applied to any particular individual. Any individual may raise himself by a variety of happy circumstances, and each of us will continue to think of himself as that particular individual. But there is plenty of evidence that, after a very easy period of the first three centuries, when anyone could make a living in a continent with virgin opportunities, we have now arrived at a period when competition is being felt even in such an uncompetitive department of life as individual education. The biological doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest' is going to be felt in the social, economic, and intellectual prizes for which the next generation will strive. It is some satisfaction to suppose that the ruthless application of this law of survival will result in a far better equipped personnel in our liberal professions. There will always be plenty of room at the top, but it is going to be harder, as time goes on, to reach the top.

EUROPE

A Continent in Travail

BY WILLIAM MARTIN

I

NOTHING is more contagious than panic. Ten years after what was to be the last war, Europeans are talking of nothing but the next. Nations live in constant apprehension. No one desires war; everyone fears it. From what quarter it might spring no one knows, but people think of nothing else.

Curiously enough, it is not the defeated of yesterday, disarmed one-sidedly by the peace treaties, who live in terror. On the contrary, they inspire terror. It is the victors, who have preserved their arms intact, the strong, who fear the hostility of the weak. Indeed a law of history seems to be at work, a curse attendant on triumph, for previous to 1914 it was the Germans who were afraid of France.

The French state of mind is explainable on both psychological and practical grounds. The war of 1914 took France by surprise at the moment when she least expected it. She paid for it by ghastly devastation, and her people have not yet emerged from their fright. Our generation will be forever marked by the stigmata of those years, like men who have experienced some violent shock in their lives and tremble long afterward at every noise.

Practically the French, for better or for worse, feel themselves the only guardians of the treaty of peace. They perceive that their former allies no longer feel any enthusiasm in supporting this document, and they find themselves standing guard along all the frontiers of Europe, their 40,000,000 inhabitants and exhausted resources menaced by much more populous nations. Far from being dictated by an imperialistic frame of mind or an ambition for conquest, the concern for security which animates the entire French nation really springs from a sense of guardianship. Instead of revealing a conviction of strength, it really betrays weakness.

But even though the desire for security is pacific in nature and inspired by a profound hatred of war, it is dangerous for Europe. It is dangerous, first of all, because fear of war often in the course of history has led nations to catastrophe. It never would have been possible in 1914 for the Germans to be flung against France and Russia unless they had been previously persuaded that they were going to be attacked. In the second place, the sense of insecurity places a formidable obstacle in the way of confidence, of the reconciliation of peoples, of disarmament, of the destruction of customs barriers, of all the measures that might supply a foundation for durable peace, and without which peace is impossible. More than all else, it distracts at-

tention from the real dangers that beset Europe, and which are not international, but internal, not military and political, but economic and social.

II

Whatever may be the folly of the human race, a war presupposes a cause. At the moment it is hard to find a genuine and sufficient cause for war in Europe.

Without doubt our continent can show problems badly solved or not solved at all — for example, the question of Vilna, the Polish Corridor, the Hungarian frontiers, Macedonia; but none of these questions in itself is capable of precipitating war. Most of them are the consequences, and not the cause, of a state of international tension.

Suppose we take, for example, the question of the Polish Corridor. I am familiar with it, for I made a study of it on the spot last summer. If a solution is sought in any change of frontiers, the question remains insoluble. For not only is the corridor necessary to Poland economically as an outlet to the sea; it is also inhabited by a Polish population who before the war sent to the German Reichstag Polish deputies. To modify boundaries will not decide the question, but will only give it a new lease of life or create a fresh one.

On the other hand this question, insoluble by war, could be easily settled by the collaboration of the peoples involved. What makes the corridor economically insupportable to Germany is that its frontiers are hermetically sealed, not to traffic, but to trade. And it is insupportable also because the Germans claim the territory, and Poland is afraid of Germany. Open the frontiers, stop saying every day that Eastern Prussia is dying, and you will see capital flow back into this atrophied member and bring it life. Much the same can be said, *mutatis mutandis*, of Vilna, Hungary, and Macedonia. None of these problems can be solved by force, but they will yield easily to a régime of international friendship. Europe has solved such problems before, or has seen them solved, by understanding. But good will is required for that, and we shall hear it said that in this more than one nation is lacking. True, but there is no need to exaggerate.

The danger of a war springing from Soviet Russia is nonexistent. This is so in the first place because, if war were imminent, the Soviet Government would be incapable of mobilizing a Red army. The internal situation of Russia would prevent it. To distribute arms to the peasants would be enough to put an end to the Soviet régime. This is a danger which Stalin will not run, and the more so because he does not count on war to overthrow the world, but on revolution. His methods are not those of the capitalist governments. They are none the less formidable, but they are different.

Germany is no more in a condition to make war than Russia. No one knows how much of an army she has, but one thing is sure — it is by no means as easy to build up an army secretly as it is in the open. As for such irregular organizations as the Stahlhelm, everyone will grant that they are better for parade than for war, and that it is much easier to teach men to drill than to hold on to themselves in the face of a machine gun.

Moreover, the real reason why Germany is actually in no condition to make war is to be found elsewhere. It is the internal situation of the country, to which we shall return later. War in Germany, as in Russia, would signify an immediate revolution.

There remains Italy — here perhaps is the most genuine danger, and yet it is not the danger of war. The political, economic, and social condition of Italy is less distraught than that of Germany, but, in order to fight, still other things are needed: a cause, a will to fight, and, especially, powerful resources. None of these things exist at the moment in Italy.

Naval parity is not a real cause for war between France and Italy. Everyone understands that this is entirely a question of prestige on both sides. It would be inconceivable that France and Italy could serve up a little fight of their own in the Mediterranean — that is to say, on the principal line of communication of the British Empire — without interference from England. She would either put an end to the business or take part in it, and then the question of naval parity would become purely theoretical.

The real difficulty of the question is that Italy asks France to recognize that the course of centuries no longer counts, and that the two nations are perfectly equal, despite the fact that France is proud of her past and cannot admit in her heart that she is on a footing with this upstart. But nations do not take up arms for that.

The question could be easily solved were it not complicated, as so often happens, by the exigencies of internal politics. What Mussolini so vitally needs is moral prestige, not so much perhaps for Italy as for the Fascist régime. He wishes to convince his countrymen that he has been able to obtain more than preceding governments, and that under his direction Italy has become a great nation to whom others bow in homage. This is exactly what the French Government is unable to concede. It would never be forgiven by the Right for according naval equality to Italy, or by the Left for allowing Mussolini thus to strengthen Fascism. What might be possible under a different régime is out of the question while Mussolini is in power; a French Government which took the risk would be immediately overthrown.

The Franco-Italian quarrel is not without its inconvenience. It divides Europe in two, as before the war. It inflames the hopes of discontented peoples, hungry for a change, prevents tranquillity of mind, aggravates the uneasiness of the French, puts an obstacle in the way of disarmament, and complicates all the problems of Europe. But, granted all this, it would be a great mistake to imagine that the speeches of Mussolini are inspired by a real will toward war. Mussolini when he speaks in public is the reflection of the crowd whom he is addressing. Polemical in temper, a journalist at heart, he loves to be provocative. Especially, all his effort within his own borders consists in trying to galvanize the Italian people, in trying to give them an ardor which they have so often lacked in the past. In order to do this he must supply objects for the energy he seeks to arouse. At the same time Mussolini is a diplomat of the old school, for nothing is so reactionary as the international methods of a dictator posing as a revolutionist. He believes in the efficacy of the menacing gesture in negotiation, but he has no intention of putting it in practice.

This method is not without danger. But it can be said without paradox that the speeches of Mussolini are themselves a proof of the impossibility of war. If Europe were really sitting on a stick of dynamite no responsible statesman would ever speak in this fashion. He would fight or keep still. In the domain of diplomacy a man does not announce what he means to do. But Mussolini, knowing that war is im-

possible, and that his powder is damp, can talk of it with impunity, and so at small expense give to the Italian people the impression that he is a strong man, and that his courage is indomitable.

And this is not all. His speeches are really the product of a sense of weakness. All the principal European nations, beginning with Spain and ending with Germany, have tried at some moment in their history to exercise the hegemony of the continent. All have failed, but all have tried excepting only one — Italy, the latest comer. She to-day feels an eager blood stirring in her veins. The hour of glory seems at last to have struck for her, the hour to show what she can do; and she finds all outlets barred against her. *On ne passe pas!* War is forbidden; hegemony impossible. Too late! Reflections of this kind produce in the Italians that belligerent eloquence which masks a great historic delusion.

But, it will still be asked, why is war impossible in Europe? For a variety of reasons, judicial, moral, and political. People frequently compare our own times with Europe before the war and believe that they have found resemblances. But they overlook the fact that, while forces tending toward war are always in existence, the forces that oppose it are to-day infinitely greater than before. In 1914, war was still considered, under international law, a legitimate act. Pacifist propaganda had not penetrated all nations alike, nor had a number of them come to think of war with profound abhorrence. Moreover, no diplomatic machinery was at hand making it possible for statesmen to come together rapidly for deliberation in case of danger.

To-day war has been outlawed. It deeply repels all peoples without exception, and the League of Nations makes possible immediate measures to prevent it. If, in 1914, a place had been available where the various foreign ministers could have met on neutral ground, war would not have broken out, and this despite the fact that it was not at that time prohibited. To-day it is prohibited. The text of the Kellogg treaties is of a kind to place on any government which took the initiative of war a crushing responsibility, for no one could be sure that the treaties might not be applied to his own country, and if they were so applied the aggressor would be compelled to fight alone against the entire world. Not a single state in Europe is prepared to run such a risk. Not a political leader would think of taking the responsibility for it.

These are the reasons — and plenty of others might be adduced which we cannot discuss here — why the danger that war might again suddenly burst out 'joyous, fresh, and clear' on the model of wars of other days seems to me extremely slight. This is not to say that Europe is out of danger. It means rather that we must look in another direction and in a different order of ideas for the perils that threaten us.

III

Europe at the present hour is in a deplorable economic situation. The efforts toward recovery which she has made these twelve years past have seemed only to leave her in a worse pickle than ever. At the close of the war it was believed that an era of prosperity was at hand, but this was quickly interrupted by the depression of 1921, which lasted several years and brought to absolute ruin the currency of a number of countries. Once the monetary system had been purged in these countries, with the sacrifices which this process exacted, it was thought that

normal conditions would return. Now prosperity, barely recovered again, is once more interrupted by a crisis that shows itself in the decline of prices, unemployment in industry, paralysis of markets in agriculture, and the disorganization of credit.

It is impossible in this space to analyze in detail the causes of unemployment, which in Germany and in England has become truly alarming. Probably this phenomenon has been in part exaggerated, in the sense that many women are working in the factories in place of men. These displaced men swell the statistics of unemployment despite the fact that before the war the same women who are now working in the factories kept house, and no one thought of considering them unemployed. Probably also modern social legislation, — unemployment insurance in particular, — which has been rapidly developed in our days, has had the effect of increasing the evil which it was intended to cure. But this point matters little. Whatever may be the causes of unemployment, as soon as it is felt it becomes an economic and social fact with which the state has to reckon. Economically, because the unemployed live necessarily in one way or another on the collective reserve; socially, because discontent spreads easily among the unemployed and turns them into an element of social unrest — even, in extremity, of revolution.

The agricultural crisis is in certain respects less grave, and in others even more so. It is less alarming in that peasants themselves, if they are unable to sell their products, at least are not threatened with hunger. But it is more dangerous in that the peasants in most countries form the conservative element, the stable basis of society, and if discontent begins to spread among them the very foundation of the state is likely to be shaken by it.

The agricultural crisis is partly due to a series of exceptional crops which have brought down the prices of the products that farmers have to sell without affecting the prices of what they have to buy, so that the cost of agricultural production has remained unchanged. But it is also due to two other causes, one financial, the other political.

From the financial point of view the agricultural crisis is mainly traceable to an unsatisfactory organization of credit. A good harvest should not be a catastrophe for Europe. Indeed, it should be the opposite, if the peasants were in a condition to conserve their surplus production to provide against mediocre years. For this they need silos, and money. The silos would be built quickly enough if the money were available.

As a matter of fact, it is available. It is to be had so readily in certain countries — for example, France, Switzerland, and Holland — that the rate of interest there has fallen almost to nothing at the very moment when the borrower must pay 14, 16, or even 20 per cent in the countries of Eastern Europe.

One of the objects of the Bank for International Settlements is indirectly to come to the aid of countries whose capital is insufficient, and to regulate international credit. But this, with the resources which the Bank has in hand, is a long and arduous task which is only at its beginning. The one prompt and effectual remedy would be to make the capitalists of prosperous countries understand that their true interest is to help the poverty-stricken lands, and that their money runs much greater risks in their own countries if revolution breaks out across the border than it does in

the most unsettled region if it helps to avert revolution there. Unhappily, the world, which is beginning to be keenly attentive to the evils of national tariff barriers and to the defective circulation of goods, does not yet show signs of understanding that in the domain of finance the effects of nationalism are even more deplorable.

Another cause of the agricultural crisis on which a few words must be said is the recent dumping by the Soviets. Russia at the present moment is the only country in the world which can set its sales prices without regard to net cost, and which besides can sell abroad products of which it has not enough for its own normal consumption. These are altogether extraordinary conditions, due to a political régime brutal and arbitrary to a degree previously unknown in history. But then it happens that the Soviet Government, far from finding its interest, like other lands, in the stability and peace of the world, is concerned with revolution and upheaval.

From the first hour of the inauguration of the Bolshevist régime its leaders have taken account of the fact that they could not sustain the communist economy permanently in an altogether capitalistic world. Some day an adjustment must inevitably be made by one means or another. If Russia did not succeed in Sovietizing the capitalistic world, the capitalistic world must eventually overthrow Bolshevism in Russia. The Soviet leaders are apostolic by necessity, and it can be shown that each of the internal crises through which Bolshevism has passed has corresponded with a period of economic consolidation in other countries, while each of the economic crises in the world at large has coincided with a period of great activity in Soviet Russia. One can point in this way to the disturbances of 1921 in Germany during the crisis of that time; then the New Economic Policy when Europe had recovered from it. To-day the Bolsheviki believe that they have discovered a means of aggravating the present crisis by throwing, at the psychological moment, quantities of exports at cut prices on markets already saturated.

The effects of this method should not be exaggerated. First of all it has not yet been possible to develop it on a scale sufficiently large to play a decisive rôle in the present situation. Again, it has not been possible to apply it to all products and to all countries at once. But if excessive pessimism is unwise, excessive optimism is no less dangerous. For if the Bolsheviki are able at certain points and at certain times to disorganize the marketing of a number of staples such as wheat, they have the means of provoking irreparable catastrophes in a Europe which is already extremely unsettled.

IV

There is no doubt that of all European countries Germany is most severely threatened, both economically and socially. The risks that she runs are greater than elsewhere, and her forces of resistance much weaker. In England, where the social dangers are considerable, the forces of resistance are strong, and in the agricultural countries of Eastern Europe, where the forces of resistance are almost nonexistent, the dangers of revolution are much less great.

It is a serious mistake frequently committed by the press to consider the problems of Germany primarily from an international standpoint. It may be that for tactical reasons the German political parties at election times put this aspect of things foremost, which leads to demagoguery; but as a matter

of fact the international aspect of Germany's problems is secondary. The ordinary German, the man in the street, gives little thought to the eastern frontiers of Germany, or to the question of the war guilt. He is thinking of his job and his taxes.

Perhaps he believes, because there are interested parties to tell him so, that if his taxes have been raised and if he cannot find work it is because of reparations, or because the Young Plan imposes on the country an insupportable burden which raises the cost of production and prevents industry from exporting its products. This is false. The Young Plan does not represent 10 per cent of the German budget, and the total of arrears of the Debt do not exceed 24 per cent, while in France they rise to 51 per cent and in England to 56 per cent of the budget. The truth is that Germany, after the disaster of revolution, is in a particularly favorable situation in this respect.

But if inflation alleviated the public debt it also reduced the fortune of individuals, and here is one of the profound causes of the real trouble in Germany. Germany has survived two successive catastrophes such as find few equals in history — the war, with four years of blockade, then inflation. The result has been a social reshuffling which has destroyed from top to bottom the ancient bourgeoisie, the very prop of the state. To-day it is calculated that 70 per cent of the German population is proletarian, of which a part still has traces of a bourgeois consciousness, but finds its interests now identical with those of the workers. Indeed, by force of circumstance this is the class on whom unemployment has fallen with the greatest severity, first of all because they were not prepared for manual toil, and not apt in accommodating themselves to it, again because those who once belonged to the official ranks have found it very difficult to establish themselves again in economic life, and finally because the number of young intellectuals is disproportionate to the needs of the nation.

It is from this class that the National-Socialist Party is recruited; its lists are composed of intellectuals and former officials. Add the National-Socialists to the Communists and the Socialists, and it can be shown that 55 per cent of the deputies in the Reichstag are to-day hostile to the capitalist system and won to the idea of revolution.

Indeed the social unrest is doubly nourished by the economic crisis on one hand and the political crisis on the other. There is no need to be astonished that Germany should be the country most permanently affected by the economic crisis. In the first place, Germany, of all the European states, depends most for her prosperity on what she sells abroad. Her invisible exports are small, and she must send out large quantities of visible exports in order to preserve her balance of payments. This is especially true since her foreign debt is relatively important, and the payment of reparations can only be financed by means of her exportable surplus. Besides, Germany indulged, in her period of prosperity, in the luxury of social legislation, for which she suffered no inconvenience as long as things were going well, but which weighed heavily on production as soon as they took a turn for the worse. The cost of production was encumbered by a series of incidental expenses which, at a time when the margin of profit was necessarily small, made the life of German industry extremely difficult.

In the political domain the situation is no less hard. At the close of the war,

Germany improvised in an hour of madness a constitution in no way adapted to her traditions or her needs. The parliamentary system, which already does not function particularly well in other countries, does not function at all in a nation where parties are numerous, rigidly disciplined, with a majority in none, and where the only power of government is that which results from coalitions among adversaries equally determined in their programmes. The central government is, moreover, the more feeble because the constitution, by an inexplicable anomaly, makes it responsible for the receipts of the federated states without giving it any control over their expenditure, so that the German budget is scarcely balanced when a fresh deficit confronts the treasury, and everything has to be begun again.

Everyone in Germany acknowledges the defects of the constitution, but nobody sees any way to remedy them by legal means, and so it comes about, naturally enough, that the fomenters of dictatorships and revolutions win the ear of the crowd. If the government of Herr Brüning, which has no majority in the Reichstag and which depends on the good will of the Socialists, should collapse to-morrow, no one would know how to replace it. A dictatorship of the Right would be improbable, because it would precipitate a general strike. A dictatorship of the Left would run foul of the Reichswehr. As long as Marshal Hindenburg lives and exerts his energy, he may be able to preserve the balance of power. But the future is dark, because Germany, with her 4,000,000 unemployed, faces prolonged hardships. She vitally needs a powerful government and does not have it.

If we were at the lowest point of the economic crisis it would be possible to hope that the impending alleviation would be reflected in men's minds, but a number of portents show that we have not yet reached the bottom of the curve. A collapse of prices is always followed by a host of failures, which have not yet occurred. If the low price level continues, if the relief of credit is not accomplished soon, one can only wonder if the social structure of Germany will stand until the return of prosperity.

If it should not stand, what will happen in other countries? If the situation in Germany is exceptional in its gravity, it is not so in its nature. The Foreign Minister of a European state recently said to me, 'In all this part of the continent, there is only one sound government — my own.' This is not saying a great deal, yet one could question whether this gentleman was not more clairvoyant about other countries than about the one that he governs himself. As a matter of fact, it is not hard to see that the social condition of Austria is no more favorable than that of Germany, and for the same reasons. The political condition of Poland, governed by a fantastic dictatorship, presents no very great guaranty of stability. The other agricultural states, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria, are plunged in internal troubles which are increasing, and Yugoslavia is already torn by national strife.

I am not engaged here in making predictions. It is impossible to tell in advance what effect on the rest of Europe the outbreak of revolution in some harassed country would have, and it is equally impossible to foresee what would be the nature and circumstances of such a revolution. But we cannot be self-deceived in declaring that any social disturbance arising anywhere in Europe would upset the entire continent and render it highly inflammable. For nothing is more con-

tagious than revolution, a fact which has just been freshly illustrated in South America.

V

The reader will ask, no doubt, if statesmen are not aware of so grave a situation, and if they have done nothing to alleviate it.

That most of them have, as a matter of fact, had their attention drawn to the dangers I have enumerated is past question. The statesmen of to-day are generally better than their reputation. Most of them are well-informed and well-meaning. The period of Machiavellian conspiracies and of plots looking toward remote fulfillment has passed, for no minister to-day can count on what to-morrow will bring forth, and all governments are compelled to live from hand to mouth. Every statesman sees individually what he ought to do, but most of them are without power, overwhelmed at once by the public opinion of those whom they represent and by the immensity of the problems which they face.

Public opinion in most European states lags noticeably behind the progress of government. We no longer live in the time when ministers had not caught up with ideas or facts. To-day, on the contrary, it is the journalists and members of parliament, and, generally speaking, all the educators of the people, who have not adjusted their minds to a world which is moving too rapidly. Public opinion has everywhere to-day a purely national character, while all economic problems have an international character, since the life of peoples rests on exchange with other peoples and every event reverberates instantly from one end of the planet to the other. When a problem arises it is envisaged solely from the point of view of national interest; no one seems to imagine for an instant that the solution adopted may have repercussions in other lands or that the prosperity of a neighbor may itself be to the national interest. When statesmen arrive at Geneva, it becomes obvious there that every problem has two sides, and often many more, and that in order to find its solution large sacrifices of national interest must be made. But they depend on governments who in turn depend on parliaments and who reflect a public opinion of exactly the opposite belief, with no thought except to resist all along the line, and to refuse every concession.

To this difficulty, the practical manifestation of which is found in questions of parliamentary majority, — that is, of the life and death of governments, — must be added the immensity of the problems to be met, which no human brain in our times can conceive in their entirety. For a dozen years past, governments harried by difficulties incessantly renewed and incessantly changing have tried to cope day by day with the most urgent. They have intervened in every domain of economic life. They have taken measures, passed laws, each one of which could be justified in itself, but which have had repercussions no one could have foreseen. We have observed that social legislation the best grounded in justice ends by working against the interests of the laborers it seeks to protect. It would not be difficult to find in the economic domain a hundred examples, beginning with customs barriers, to show that the protection of the state is no more than a momentary protection, and ends by enfeebling and disorganizing the whole economy. Economic nationalism, with its frontiers multiplied and hampered by customs, has been a formidable agent of division and disintegration in

Europe. Its effects are aggravated when measures of internal intervention are added, and to-day, when some means to relieve the economic crisis of Europe is sought, we make no end of investigations, we multiply findings, and all for the sake of arriving finally at new schemes of intervention, and so at a fresh aggravation of the trouble.

It would be unjust to end on such a pessimistic note. As a matter of fact, something has been accomplished in several directions, and we may hope that good will come of it. But all that has been done has been done slowly, and the situation is urgent.

First of all, the states most affected have gathered to discuss their common interests. They have sought to adjust them. The Conference of Budapest, followed by that of Sinaia, considered the creation of a customs union between Rumania and Yugoslavia. Czechoslovakia and Austria have asked whether it would not be to their interest to join this union. Hungary, where the conditions of production are similar to those of Rumania, no doubt would be unable to remain outside it. In this proposal, affecting a very important part of Europe from the political point of view, is a fermentation, a birth travail, the results of which cannot yet be appreciated, but which will probably form one of the essential features of the new face of Europe.

In a state of mind somewhat different, but on a larger base, Poland in her turn has summoned delegations of all the agricultural countries, and asked them to draw up a common programme for collective action.

This programme, as is generally known, looks to the establishment of a preferential treatment of the agricultural products of Europeans in Europe. But the bare announcement of such an idea immediately suggests a host of difficulties. First of all, what is Europe, and is England a part of it? Again, is it possible to reconcile preferential treatment with the most-favored-nation clause which appears in the greater part of the commercial treaties signed by European states? And this brings us back to Geneva, where for several years these problems have been studied and where for some time past there has seemed to be a real disposition to bring them to a head. The League of Nations has often been reproached with its failures in the economic domain. When this reproach is made categorical it is very unjust; for, if the League of Nations has not accomplished all that it might have wished, it is not the fault of the League, but of the governments of which it is composed. The League, indeed, has wrought well at many points, and more than is known. What is true is that its efforts have not been crowned with success in the essential field of international economic relations, the tariff. The conference on the customs truce last spring arrived at nothing but half-measures, and the Assembly of the League in September gave an impression of weakness.

We may hope that the recent and impending meetings at Geneva of November, January, and March will have a better result. Europe has felt in her bones the chill of death, and that perhaps will make her statesmen more accessible to the idea of radical solutions. But there is no use denying that the problem as it confronts them is by its very nature extremely difficult.

VI

Europe is composed, in fact, of two kinds of states. Those mainly industrial are grouped in the central part of the continent; the rest, mainly

agricultural, are distributed about the borders. At first sight this situation seems favorable, since it makes exchange possible between those countries which are industrial and consume agricultural products and those countries which are agricultural and consume industrial products. It would be only too well if all were as simple as this. The unfortunate thing is that the industrial states, for reasons of internal politics, are governed by the peasant class. The social revolution of the nineteenth century inspired the wealthy bourgeoisie with such fear that they allied themselves in every industrial country — except in, perhaps, England — with the agricultural class, and the latter, the most numerous of the enfranchised masses, saw to it that the political régime was directed entirely according to their own interest. The result is that the industrial states are compelled to set up an agrarian protectionism, and to shut their doors against agricultural products from outside. If they did not do this their peasant classes, which produce under difficult economic conditions, would no doubt be submerged. The social and political foundation of the state would be profoundly altered, and the nation would be drifting toward the unknown.

Conversely the agricultural states, while they have little in the way of industry, have a decided interest in developing it, because industry to-day, much more than money, is the 'nerve of war.' As long as nations do not truly believe in peace, as long as they must prepare for possible conflicts, they cannot give up developing their industries to the full extent of their power, and even beyond it, and making themselves as independent economically of other nations as they can. The upshot of all this is that for different reasons, but with the same result, the agricultural countries close their frontiers to industrial products and the industrial countries to agricultural products. The ideal basis of exchange which seems to exist is destroyed by its very perfection.

At bottom the problem does not seem insoluble. The quantities of products which agricultural Europe raises beyond what she can market without difficulty are small and probably not of a kind actually to threaten the existence of the peasant class in the industrial countries. In the same way the margin of production in these industrial lands is extremely limited, and a better-organized distribution of goods throughout Europe would probably suffice to put an end to a problem more serious in its nature than in its extent. But this presupposes an entente among European countries, and this in turn presupposes that the countries of other continents would not be opposed to such an agreement. These are conditions which have by no means been realized, and there is no sign on the political horizon that they can be realized in the near future.

To tell the truth, Europe as such does not exist either as an economic or as a political entity. It does not exist economically, because it depends for its subsistence in essential matters, for the replenishment of part of its food and for some of its industrial importations, on other continents, and cannot isolate itself from them. It depends on them especially for its exports, since Europe produces more than it can itself consume.

Politically also Europe does not exist. It is a geographical expression which does not correspond to any true sense of community, to any feeling of solidarity among countries which everything serves to divide, especially their history and their interests. The result is that the problems which

European countries face can be solved no better by the purely European plan through which M. Briand would deal with them than they can be within the larger frame of the League of Nations. The difficulties lie in the problems themselves; they belong to the European sphere, and nothing is to be gained by treating them separately. On the contrary, this would probably make their solution still more difficult.

Far from trying to settle European problems by isolation, it is proper to ask what influence could be brought to bear on them by the United States. I am not one of those who believe in isolation, and it is certainly true that a serious crisis in Europe would have its repercussions in America. Accordingly, the United States has an obvious interest from the beginning in gauging the importance of European problems.

In whatever concerns the sense of security, the United States could exercise on the European situation an altogether helpful influence, if it could be persuaded to let the world know what its policy would be toward an eventual aggressor. The efficacy of the Kellogg treaties, whose bearing is mainly preventive, would be considerably reënforced by this action, and its effect would be to make disarmament much easier and to facilitate a customs union among European countries.

But it is particularly in the economic region that the United States might exert a propitious influence in Europe. I am not thinking in the first place of the question of the debts. Whatever its moral importance may be, it is relatively secondary to the granting of private credits to the most exhausted European states. The most acute social danger, as we have seen, exists in those countries where capital is insufficient and money rates extremely high. The gravity of the agricultural and industrial crisis has at bottom no other cause. To facilitate credit in just those states which are most exhausted would be enough to relieve a dangerous tension in the situation. This would seem on the surface a dangerous undertaking for American finance, but in actuality no operation could be more sound, for what value have the shrewdest investments if revolution breaks out in some distracted land and spreads to others?

The American bankers who granted Germany at a crucial hour a loan of $125,000,000 rendered a signal service to all of Europe. They retarded the crisis; the future will show whether they prevented it. My own feeling is that this policy to be really effective should have been extended to other exhausted countries of Eastern Europe, and followed systematically for a time.

VII

To sum up, I believe that in the domain of international relations the situation of Europe is much less discouraging than is generally thought, while in the social and economic realm it is a great deal worse than it seems at first glance. But, to tell the truth, it is impossible to draw so sharp a distinction between the two realms, since any war would bring immediate revolution in its train, and any revolution would run the risk of provoking war.

Europe to-day is in this respect in the same situation as pre-war Russia. There is no country which could mobilize its troops without the danger of seeing them march back from the front with the Red flag at their head. But she is also in the same situation as the Europe of 1792, which the French

Revolution plunged into a long series of bloody conflicts.

Yet, if there is a kind of equation between war and revolution, it does not follow that they both represent dangers of equal urgency. It seems clear to my eyes that in constantly directing the minds of European peoples toward the danger of war, pushing them toward armaments, and talking on every occasion about security, their leaders divert their attention from what ought to be the object of their constant thoughts — the social problem. Thus they are not only kept from considering steps which might mitigate the economic crisis, the mother of discontent and social upheaval; in the attempt to make themselves economically independent, and to avert the danger of war, they are pushed into taking measures which, in the economic domain, go exactly contrary to these ends and inflame the difficulty. If industrial countries are unwilling to open their frontiers to agricultural products, it is first of all because they wish in time of war to supply their larders themselves, and if agricultural states keep their borders closed, it is because in view of war they too wish to be economically independent and self-sufficient. Thus the fear of war not only prevents military disarmament, it prevents also economic disarmament, which is a necessary foundation for the prosperity of Europe. It tends indirectly but surely to aggravate the danger of revolution — that is to say, of war.

I do not assert, because it is not my belief, that the German revolution, the preface to revolution throughout Europe, is foreordained. Nothing is inevitable in the world's history. The German revolution has not yet occurred. It threatens, it may break out to-morrow, but again it may not break out. That depends above all else on the duration of the economic crisis. We have already survived other crises, and have emerged from them. We shall emerge also from this — but when? Everything is contained in that.

President Wilson said one day during one of the sessions of the Versailles Conference, 'We are watching a race between peace and revolution.' Never have these words been more strictly true than at the present hour.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

BY JOUETT SHOUSE

I

THE only excuse for the existence of a political party is public service. Of course it is true that very often there is departure from that principle. Unfortunately in many instances each of our major parties has been actuated by other and less worthy motives, and the acquisition and retention of mere office, with its emoluments, with its opportunity to plunder, have been the impelling force in the effort for political domination. Wherefore the American people have acquired a cynical attitude, not unnatural but none the less regrettable, toward both politics and politicians.

This notion has been cultivated in the popular mind by the politicians themselves. Too frequently there is the disposition in both parties to demonstrate that everybody and everything in the other party are wholly lacking in merit or dependability. The effect of such tactics, while perhaps at the moment beneficial to one side, has been to create distrust in parties as such and thus to begin to break down the party system. To-day in American public life are several striking figures who, though forced by the exigencies of our political system to run on one ticket or the other, give in only rare instances even lip service to the party with which they are supposedly allied, and in their practical actions prove themselves wholly outside the pale of party regularity or party responsibility. Without attempting to argue either the wisdom or the impropriety of such a position, attention is called to it here as one of the important present factors in American political life, one that may have a decisive bearing upon the course of legislation in the next two years.

All this aside, however, it is suggested that as long as the present party system prevails — and certainly the vast majority of our people believe in this system — the cause of good government requires that there be two strong parties, as nearly equal as possible, each compelling the other when in power to give the best possible administration. Then arises the question, What is the duty of the minority party? Obviously to watch with unflagging diligence the conduct of the government, to inspect with care measures the majority may offer, to approve those measures if worthy, to try to better them if unworthy or to offer constructive substitutes in their stead, and at all times to keep the country informed in every proper way as to the progress of its affairs.

Since President Wilson retired on March 4, 1921, at the conclusion of his second term, the Republican Party has been in undisputed control of both the executive and the legislative branches of the government. Indeed, it had captured the Congress two years before. In the by-election of 1922 there were marked Democratic gains, but not enough to upset Republican dominance, and in the Coolidge and Hoover landslides of 1924 and 1928, respectively, such Congressional majorities were

secured by the Republicans as to give them overwhelming power. The severe losses in the electoral college in the last presidential campaign, throwing strong Southern states into the Republican column, were so disheartening that there was serious discussion of the probable disintegration of the Democratic Party, and little disposition on the part of many leaders to continue the fight.

It was in this dark hour that a plan was evolved by National Chairman Raskob, himself new to politics but experienced as one of the notable executives of the country, to apply business principles to a national political party. With this in view he set up at Washington a permanent Democratic headquarters. There were two primary objectives: first, to build a competent organization in each state, giving to this important work the time that it actually requires instead of trying to crowd the necessary details into the brief space of three months before a presidential election; second, through properly directed publicity to furnish an adequate idea of what might be going on under a Republican administration, with the double purpose of educating the electorate and affording some proper understanding of the Democratic point of view. The activities of these headquarters have been carried on diligently, and undoubtedly they played an important part toward bringing about the results that were attained in the recent election.

It is true, of course, that numerous factors contributed: the unwise tariff bill foisted upon the people at a most inopportune time; the disappointment of the farmers in the outcome of the legislation for agricultural relief; the smash in the stock market, with the resulting severe and continued business depression under an administration that had made most extravagant and unnecessary promises as to its ability to maintain and even to increase prosperity if given the lease of governmental power; in several states and in numerous sections of others discontent with prohibition and resentment at the apparent attempt to shelve this widely discussed question through the appointment of one of the numerous commissions that have become almost synonymous with the Hoover administration. All of these things counted, but it is suggested that unless the Democratic Party through its Washington headquarters had been in a position to get its story to the people throughout the country there would not have been so definite or so widespread a Democratic victory as was witnessed on November 4 last.

As a matter of fact, that victory was far more sweeping than appears upon the surface. A New York newspaper compiled figures of the thirty-seven states where there were state-wide contests which show that these states gave Mr. Hoover more than five and a half millions of his 1928 majority and in 1930 went Democratic by more than two millions, an overturn in two years of over seven million, seven hundred thousand votes. In numerous Congressional districts, heretofore regarded as impregnably Republican and remaining in the Republican column now, Democratic nominees received unprecedented support. Many of the foremost Republican House leaders of the present Congress were returned by majorities so small as to have seemed unbelievable a year ago. With the reduction of the Republican Senate control from fifteen down to one, with the sweeping change in the Republican House majority from more than a hundred down to two, with Democratic governors elected in such states as New York, Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas,

and Idaho, with a return to the Democratic column of all the Southern and border states which left the party in 1928, with huge Democratic totals in even the strong Republican states which the party did not carry, — such as Pennsylvania, Minnesota, and Iowa, for example, — there can be no question as to the scope and the importance of the Democratic sweep.

It is true that the Democratic Party may not organize either house of the national legislature. The prediction is here made that if the final results place upon the party the duty of organization it will assume it without shirking or evasion, but it will not attempt through devious combinations to secure the few votes necessary to effect organization. Whatever the final Congressional situation, however, it is certainly true that the Republican administration will not be in control of the Seventy-second Congress. Thus the Democratic Party faces a new and a serious responsibility.

How will it meet it? Upon the answer to that question probably depends the outcome of the next presidential election.

The party is no longer in the minority. The scope of its duties and its opportunities goes beyond the point of mere opposition. It will hold equal legislative power in the ensuing Congress. It must have a constructive and an appealing programme. And, most important of all, it has been called to share in a very definite way, probably in a decisive way, in governmental responsibility at a time of panic. Without attempting to enter into a discussion of the causes of the country's present unhappy condition, it is indubitably true that the electorate has shown lack of confidence in the ability of the Republican administration to solve the problems which beset our people and in no uncertain voice has summoned the Democratic Party to assist in that solution. Thus is offered the opportunity for patriotic service.

II

Immediately after the election, with its doubt as to the party control of Congress, wide speculation was indulged in by the newspapers relative to the effect on business. Already in a condition of depression and discouragement unequaled in modern times, there was general discussion as to the possible further adverse influence on it of uncertainty as to the legislative course. It was a situation almost as serious as the crisis of war. It seemed an hour for necessary action. Imbued solely with the purpose of effecting something constructive, seven Democrats who occupy positions of party prominence promptly issued a statement to the people of the country. These men were the three living former candidates of the party for President, its elected leaders in the two houses of Congress, and the heads of its constituted national organization. It was not assumed that they could commit the party to a definite policy. It was recognized that only a National Convention could do that. Nor did these spokesmen attempt to specify how the chosen representatives of constituencies should vote on any question. It was known that individual conviction should and would govern.

But, in so far as they might speak for the party or suggest a course in the difficult and dangerous situation which confronts the country, the statement offered coöperation with the President and the Republican membership of Congress in the passage of beneficial legislation to meet the grave emergency. Further, it proposed that such action should be taken promptly and without attempt to seek mere partisan

advantage. To this end it was urged that there should be no delay in the granting of necessary appropriations, that there should be no rejection of fit appointees, that the business of government should go steadily forward, that legislation should be steered in a straight line toward the goal of prosperity, that every honest industry should be aided and not hindered in the necessarily slow progress back to profitable operation, that labor should be protected in maintaining a proper wage scale, that all possible means should be employed for correcting the appalling menace of unemployment which is sapping the very lifeblood of the people. The Democrats were pledged to public service in its broadest sense, not only because such a course is the righteous one, and the only one whereby the country can be rescued from its present plight, but also because it was realized that only by public service can the party hope to retain the nation's confidence. Beyond these non-factional fundamentals the statement did not go, nor was it intended to go.

No suggestion here of abdication. No remote thought of derogation of the party's ability adequately to perform the work that lies ahead. No promise either expressed or implied to accept unwise legislation or to abandon a proper party programme. Only the assurance to the country that in a crisis of extreme moment it might depend upon the Democrats to chart and follow a constructive and a patriotic course.

At the time this is written (December 8) Congress has been in assembly only one week. Little progress has been made toward even the routine business of the short session. Individual Senators have demanded that certain legislation must be acted on if the supply bills are to be allowed to pass. They are the crux of the situation. If they do not go through before March 4, an extra session of the new Congress becomes imperative. If they are passed, it is a question for presidential decision whether the exigencies of the situation require an extra session. Apparently the President is most anxious to avoid this contingency. The leaders of the so-called regular group of his party and most of the Democrats who have expressed themselves seem to share his view that in prevailing circumstances the country will benefit from a legislative vacation.

On the other hand, there are at least two measures that have passed the Senate and are pending before the House on which there is popular demand for a vote — the Muscle Shoals resolution and the proposed constitutional amendment doing away with the 'lame duck' sessions of Congress. The Republican leadership of the House, apparently with presidential approval, has throttled these measures. They should be allowed to come to a vote without further delay whatever that vote determines. An administration pursuing any other course is scarcely entitled to serious consideration when it seeks help from others to enact its supply bills. But, granted such vote is allowed, it seems within the realm of probability that an extra session can be avoided, though any persuasive prediction in that regard is impossible before the middle of February.

III

In the short session now in progress the responsibility of the Democrats, far outnumbered though they are, is yet very real. If they coöperate in pushing the departmental appropriations, they will have the approval of the country. But at this writing it looks as if they must do an even more important thing.

In his message to Congress the President dealt only in glittering generalities with reference to possible plans to meet the unemployment situation. True, there is the suggestion of appropriations for public works that will help to relieve distress. These should be worked out quickly in such a way as to assure an immediate beginning. However, it does no good to have Congress appropriate money and then have the Administration cover a considerable part of it back into the Treasury as was done at the close of the last fiscal year. Likewise it is folly for the President to call on leading business executives, as he has done, to maintain their pay rolls without reduction of personnel, and then to permit, perhaps even to order, the wholesale reduction of government employees in at least two important branches of the service. The country is not so much interested just now in the *details* as in the *fact* of governmental expenditures, and both Congress and the Executive would do well to bear that in mind.

But there is yet another duty which seems peculiarly to devolve upon the Democrats in the present short session. That is the passage of legislation following in substance the outline of the measures so sedulously pressed over a term of years by Senator Wagner of New York in his effort to have the government prepared to handle scientifically and intelligently just such a situation as has confronted us the past year. It was, perhaps, not unnatural, though extremely unwise, that this legislation should have been neglected during a long period of general prosperity, but it is almost unbelievable that when widespread business depression covered the land, when the Administration was floundering without facilities even to learn the extent of unemployment, when the very basic provisions of the Wagner bills would have been of inestimable value to the government, they still should have been frowned upon and defeated. They passed the Senate. It was in the overwhelmingly Republican House that they were emasculated and destroyed. They must be revived, expanded, and promptly passed. It is an important service for the Democrats to perform in the present session.

And may it not be suggested here that this incident has a very real psychological bearing upon events just ahead? Democratic leaders in good faith have attempted on behalf of their party to offer a programme of coöperation. It must be remembered that it takes two to coöperate. All of it cannot and will not come from one side. If the President and his Congressional spokesmen want coöperation, they must show that they endorse worthy legislation, no matter who may sponsor it. They may be assured that the Democrats will not accept unwise or improper measures merely because leading Republicans or even the President himself suggests them, nor will they consent to have their own constructive proposals shunted aside lest credit for their enactment go to a Democrat. Further, it may be presented that the President would be well advised to refrain from attempting to appoint as Democrats, where the law requires or custom implies bipartisan representation on important boards, men who have bitterly opposed the last Democratic national ticket and whose names are anathema to those constituting the vast majority of the party. Such action is a challenge and an insult.

But, to return to the central theme of this review, it is with the advent of the Seventy-second Congress that the real responsibility of the Democrats begins, whether the party organizes either or both houses or neither, whether the Congress is called in extra

session or does not convene until December of 1931. What shall be its course then? Obviously it must have a programme. Even more important, that programme must be positive, it must be timely, it must be patriotic. I almost used the word progressive. With the thought of a progressive programme I have the fullest sympathy, but the word has been so abused by charlatans as to have lost its real meaning. If progressive, however, then progressive in a broad and true sense; not merely a rehash of outworn sophistries or a polyglot of impractical and undigested isms.

Specifically, the party should cooperate in the later as in the short session in all worthy legislation that the Administration may originate. If, prior to March 4, effective means are not found to deal with unemployment, that should be a primary and an immediate concern. Federal work in the construction of roads and public buildings should be pushed and expanded. We appropriated money without stint to meet the demands of war. In the same spirit we should expend whatever sum is necessary to care for the present severe crisis of peace. And we should not be too much concerned over the possibility that there may be a deficit in the Treasury.

If there is any merit in the present Farm Relief legislation, it should be encouraged. But if, after a trial of two years or more, it is shown conclusively to be a failure, even with a half billion dollars of the taxpayers' money to carry out its provisions, some proper substitute should be found. And in this connection Democrats should not be unmindful that they embodied in the Houston platform the most comprehensive agricultural plank which any political party has yet written. They need not seek elsewhere. Incidentally, too, the position enunciated meets the registered approval of every important farm organization of the country.

IV

As to the tariff, might it not be well to take a leaf from the book which the Democrats of the House in the Sixty-second Congress so successfully wrote in 1911 and 1912? The Republicans of the Taft administration had passed the Payne-Aldrich Act, which aroused the serious antagonism of the country. As a result the Democrats elected a House majority in 1910. There remained, however, a Republican Senate and a Republican President. Obviously it was not possible to repeal the obnoxious tariff or to enact a comprehensive substitute. So the Democrats selected the most objectionable single provision, the item of wool, the famous Schedule K of unhallowed memory, and made their fight for its elimination. Of course they did not succeed. But their record was clear to the country, and an entire Democratic administration was the result of the subsequent election.

In the present instance, contrary to the expressed suggestion of their President, the Republicans have foisted upon the people at a fatally inopportune time the most inept and unwise tariff legislation which has ever been written into law. It was a serious issue in the last campaign — not the only issue, perhaps not entirely predominant, but beyond question important. The act contains certain schedules against which there is widespread popular resentment. Might it not be wise to select the most striking of these and concentrate the Democratic fire upon them? For be it remembered that, despite Mr. Hoover's message to the Congress of his party calling for a limited revision of the tariff so far as industrial rates were concerned, he

signed this enormity providing for the most general revision that might be well imagined. This, too, against the advice of more than a thousand of our leading economists, despite the protests of almost every foreign nation with which we have important trade relations, and regardless of the insistent opposition of the entire independent press and a considerable proportion of the Republican press. In view of these facts it may be inferred that, even if the Democrats could get through Congress a repeal of this law, the President would veto their proposal.

And then there is the impossibility of securing such action at the hands of Congress. Authority after March 4 will be almost evenly divided. The Republican excuse for the passage of the bill was the platform promise to increase agricultural tariffs. Of course all informed men know that most of the provisions of this character are wholly ineffective and carry no real benefit to the farmers. But some of them do. And if the bill were repealed such repeal would necessarily apply to the agricultural as well as the industrial schedules. In these circumstances it could not be gotten through Congress.

Then there is another consideration. The President keeps emphasizing the opportunity to improve the bill through the recommendations of the Tariff Commission, which he, unfortunately, rather than the Congress, is empowered to make effective. Regardless of one's individual opinion as to what may be accomplished in this wise, there is certainly a possibility, perhaps a likelihood, that the new Congress will not convene until December. The Democrats must deal with the tariff as it then is, not as it now appears, and must make their plans accordingly.

But there is a further thought that should challenge the attention of every interested citizen. Under the leadership of Woodrow Wilson the Democratic Party took the first long step toward treating the tariff as a scientific, economic question rather than as the football of politics. That was in the establishment of a Tariff Commission. It is true that the two succeeding Republican administrations departed very far from the original intent. It is true that under Mr. Harding and Mr. Coolidge this body, designed to be a most important free and independent agency, became but a feeble exponent of presidential pleasure, a disgrace to the original conception. But that was because there was improperly conferred upon the Executive as an emergency provision to meet the post-war conditions in Europe the power to raise or lower rates upon the recommendation of the Commission. This was done by a clause of the Fordney-McCumber tariff of 1922, and thereupon the fate of the Commission was sealed. Immediately it became a mere rubber stamp.

Now, in the recent tariff fight the Democratic Party offered a far-reaching substitute for the administrative provisions of the new bill. Through the so-called Simmons-Norris amendment it sought to restore to Congress the power to tax, it sought to re-create the Tariff Commission into a body of dignity and importance, it strove to do away with the swapping and trading that have disgraced recent tariff legislation. These vital reforms were to be obtained by providing that an authoritative and informed commission make to the Congress recommendations of changes in individual schedules and that consideration be confined to such recommendations as made, thus substituting for the general revisions which inevitably upset the business of the country a scientific manner of dealing with the most important of our economic questions.

Could the Democratic Party in the next Congress do better than to adhere rigidly to that plan? It had its origin in the Democratic administration of that practical idealist, Woodrow Wilson. Its wisdom is attested by every student of government. It offers a new and a better and a wiser method of dealing with one of the most disturbing subjects which have ever entered into American public life.

V

Of recent years there has been advanced more and more persistently the theory of a five-day week. At first the goal set by labor, it has been endorsed with increasing vigor by the captains of industry, who have come to recognize it as a just and a wise change, both social and economic, in the industrial life of America. If such a programme is to be inaugurated, the place to make the start is with the employees of the government itself. There is every justification for the experiment. The Democratic Party is the recognized friend of labor. What more upstanding work could be performed by the Democratic membership of Congress than to initiate legislation making immediately effective such a schedule to apply to the hundreds of thousands of men and women throughout the land who are rendering intelligent service to the United States in its various departments?

But with this change or without it, whether in government circles or in private enterprise, there must be no reduction in existing wage scales. The present basis of pay has been reached only after a century of effort. It represents a culmination of ideals that has meant the raising of American citizenship to a status that compels the admiration and envy of the world. No true prosperity can be reached by restrictions or retrogression that will cause a lowering of our standards of living or the attempt to reduce compensation to the basis of foreign employment.

There is another burning question which occupies the thought and challenges the discussion of a large majority of our people. That is prohibition. Upon it the Democratic Party has thus far taken no national stand. I am not attempting to speak for anyone except myself. But I do not hesitate to express the hope that in its next national platform my party may face this vexed problem with courage and without equivocation. That a large number of thoughtful people everywhere are seriously dissatisfied with present conditions there can be no doubt. The underworld has built up the illicit sale of liquor into the most profitable business which it has ever been allowed to propagate. Allied with it is every kind of crime and racketeering, and until some sweeping reform is accomplished there seems no possibility of a beneficial change in conditions. It is idle to suggest that prohibition is not a political question. Only through political action can its correction be had. And until existing provisions are repealed the contempt for law engendered as the result of present methods may be expected only to spread. A straightforward recognition of prevailing conditions and an honest effort to correct them constitute perhaps the foremost duty of good citizenship that confronts America to-day.

In the recent election the Democratic Party achieved a remarkable victory. But it is less a victory than an opportunity. The party faces a vital period in American development. With business prostrate, with millions of men out of work, with soup kitchens and bread lines in every city of the land, with the bitterness of winter exacting

its toll of want, with fear and discouragement in the hearts of our people, there is the demand for constructive and patriotic service. Let our party offer every proper coöperation to enact all measures that may redound to the welfare of the country. Let it father and perfect and conclude such legislation as will meet the present trying conditions. Let it earn and hold the confidence and the respect of the country. Then it will win a sweeping victory in 1932. But, better still, it will deserve to win.

A NATIONAL POLITICAL ARMISTICE?

BY EDWARD P. COSTIGAN

I

THE returns of the nation-wide election of 1930 reveal two almost equally matched political armies, preparing to contest through chosen leaders for national approval in the twin arenas of the Seventy-second Congress. That Congress, unless earlier summoned into special session by the President, will first assemble in December 1931. Its present indicated roll call discloses: in the Senate, 48 Republicans, 47 Democrats, 1 Farmer-Labor member; in the House, 218 Republicans, 216 Democrats, and 1 Farmer-Labor member. Allowing for natural shifts in votes, which may be expected from individual independence, not to mention death, it is obvious that Presidential leadership in that Congress, whether assembled in special or regular session, faces definite embarrassment and imminent danger of defeat on any legislative measures which lack the commanding wisdom and irresistible drawing power of statesmanlike constructiveness.

Confronted by this possible legislative deadlock, not in the short Congressional session now in progress in Washington, but in the next special or regular session, seven nationally distinguished Democrats — James M. Cox, John W. Davis, and Alfred E. Smith, former candidates for the Presidency; Joseph T. Robinson and John N. Garner, the present respective Democratic leaders of Senate and House; John J. Raskob, National Committee Chairman, and Jouett Shouse, Chairman of the National Executive Committee — issued on November 7, on the heels of last November's election, a sweeping declaration of Democratic purpose not to 'seek to embarrass the President of the United States, but . . . to coöperate with him and with the members of the opposite party in the House and Senate on every measure that conduces to the welfare of the country.'

Possibly controlling this announcement of national Democratic policy was the hope that, by advocating cooperative action in the session of Congress which normally will not meet until the end of the better part of another year, the fires of partisan rivalry might burn low during the present short session. This being done, noncontroversial legislative measures for 'the welfare of the country' would

presumably be agreed upon at this critical time with less than the usual debate, and with possible resulting credit to Democratic leadership for its disinterested attitude. At any rate, Mr. Shouse publicly said, in effect, that the statement contemplated an adjournment of politics.

So construed, the offer of Democratic leaders, and its rather novel expression of political policy, at once challenged nation-wide attention and, according to the various constructions placed on it, aroused alternately warm commendation and slashing disapproval. Various leaders of public opinion hailed it as the forerunner of a new 'Era of Good Feeling.' Senator Glass of Virginia, however, repudiated the programme as, in substance, an apology for Democracy's victory at the polls last November, and Senator Borah of Idaho, speaking as a Progressive, termed the implication that Progressives are less vividly alive to their public responsibilities than regulars 'an act of superlative impudence.' It is evident, from either point of view, as well as in the national interest, that the statement deserves more than momentary examination.

The praiseworthy motives which doubtless inspired this striking after-election utterance are universally understandable. Fighting merely for the sake of fighting is more enthralling to participants than to onlookers. Obstructionist tactics, where public business is involved, must be justified by larger prizes than obstruction. In the field of statesmanship, general welfare comes first. True leadership demands that the public good shall always be visible, not only to those who direct the contest, but also, and more, to those who crowd the side lines and whose fate is widely involved in the outcome. If the ruling judge is hostile, it is the more necessary to persuade the jury that such hostility is unmerited; that it deplorably springs from prejudice, partiality, or other unworthy influences; and that the defended cause is none the less wholly just.

A merely turbulent Congress, ineffective because unable to force into the open issues which clearly divide it from the President, may speedily alienate sympathy to the opposition and thus become unpopular. Voters — indifferent to party strategy; weary of vocal wrestling, however brilliant; seeking only results, particularly in a period, like the present, imperatively calling for immediate public relief — instinctively incline to welcome any indicated subordination of political strategy to national and human-welfare ends. More and more an alert electorate resents the surrender to party of 'what was meant for mankind.'

Intensely persuasive also, our times, beyond any in our generation outside of war, summon us to united action in the general interest. Our Ship of State, with its cargo wealth of immense natural resources, organizing skill, and productive and trade possibilities, but also unhappy millions of idle and impoverished human beings, has badly listed in the world's economic waters, and limps almost helplessly toward unknown ports. Woe, then, betide him who does not stand at his post of duty ready to do and dare all for the public good! It is an hour of peril. Anxiety is hysterical. Human hopes are dimmed; human fears master. Relief measures are indispensable, and must be enacted without delay.

II

Alas, however, for human generalizations! The mere description of the economic tragedy which has overtaken America modifies our outlook, and compels more than a respectful hearing for the criticism voiced by Senators Glass and Borah. It is always the crisis

which tries men's souls. Conciliation must not degenerate into surrender of principle. Patriotism must not be lured into false paths. United action must not involve weakness. Such a result would defeat the whole purpose of the national Democratic offer. Surely the seven Democratic leaders did not intend by their statement to excite sympathy for policies dictated by incapacity or by hostility to necessary human-welfare and other enactments of Congress.

Moreover, since the voters of America have served nation-wide notice of the withdrawal of their certificate of confidence, given the Administration two years ago, the new popular mandate should receive prompt expression at the first Congressional opportunity. Indeed, no criticism of our Congressional system in recent years has sunk deeper in the popular mind than the unresponsiveness of the legislative, executive, and judicial branches of our government to registered indications of deliberate public opinion. Surely business is neither so timid nor so unadaptable that it must always be coddled, lest changing public opinion cause it, like a sensitive plant, to shrink from any slightest outside contact. If so, popular government and modern business are fundamentally hostile, for periodic records of public opinion are necessary to government of, by, and for the people. Indeed, under our system of government, Congress and the President exist to register and execute the public will when definitely voiced through elections.

No one, in fact, has been quicker than Senator Robinson of Arkansas, who signed the Democratic pronouncement, to note and reject certain unwarranted implications read into the offer of coöperation. On November 24, on the eve of the present short session of Congress, and subsequent to the statement of policy in which he joined, Senator Robinson declared: —

> Readiness to coöperate in the passage of the appropriation bills and emergency measures in no sense implies support on my part of the policies of the Republican Party, or approval of its record.

Further elaborating this important qualification, Senator Robinson added: —

> The Congress was in extraordinary session throughout the spring and summer of 1929. We dealt principally with the agricultural problem and with the tariff in relation to the farm relief.
>
> The Hawley-Smoot Act gave impetus to economic depression. It did more harm than good.
>
> The Farm Marketing Act has not been effective to reverse the downward tendency of agriculture.
>
> Conditions have been steadily growing worse until in many parts of the country economic and business distress is appalling.
>
> In my judgment it is imperative that measures of an emergency character be acted upon as speedily as possible.
>
> While no doubt other important subjects will also require attention by the Congress, I regard it as indispensable to the public welfare that all coöperate in the passage of measures for relief in the drouth-stricken areas.
>
> The unemployment situation is acute and demands consideration.

Similarly on November 24, Chairman Shouse, speaking at Newark, New Jersey, said of the earlier truce statement: —

> It did not mean, as some have sought to read it, that Democratic principles would be sacrificed, or that the organization would become a party of yes-men for the President.

Doubtless these after-reflections on the harmony offer were given a more forceful turn by the inhospitable reception of that offer by the Administration and its spokesmen. The President's

acknowledgment of the opposition's tender contained a gratuitous reference to 'the fear and apprehension which have been expressed over reports that delay or filibustering would be resorted to to force an extra session of the Congress.' Senator Watson of Indiana, while professing acceptance of the Democratic suggestion 'with full faith and credit,' made an unnecessarily slurring reference to 'the obvious political propaganda' accompanying it, and left the impression that, without it, the Democratic Party would be supporting 'disturbing legislation.' Senator Moses of New Hampshire, Republican leader, with his unfailing talent for tauntingly upsetting a delicate balance, 'feared the Democrats bearing gifts.'

Senator Fess of Ohio, Republican party whip, went further with the remark: 'Controverted subjects, that have been before Congress for a long time especially, should be voted on if it would prevent a special session.' Least conciliatory of all, however, Congressman Reece of Tennessee, who was the one Republican supported in the primaries by President Hoover, because of the Muscle Shoals issue, and who later was conclusively rejected on that issue by his Congressional district, gave apparent point to Senator Fess's comment by reporting, after a White House conference, that, if again passed by Congress, the Muscle Shoals bill of Senator Norris, providing for government operation of the nation's power plant, would be promptly vetoed by the President.

This anti-progressive declaration of national Republican policy, which remains undenied by the White House, appears to be the President's answer to the announcement of Senator McNary that the latter will steadfastly urge the enactment of the Norris measure in the present session of Congress. Thus what promised to be a straight line of happy coöperation for the public good, regardless of party, curves back, on the outer rim of an old circle, to the starting point of apparently irreconcilable controversy. During the exchange of compliments the general sensitiveness was evidenced by an almost total lack of humor, one exception being a press cartoon on 'Harmony,' picturing personified Democracy and Republicanism, each blissfully smiling, slanting shoulder to shoulder from opposite banks above and across a wide chasm, below which yawns a bottomless abyss.

III

It becomes necessary, without more ado, to analyze the major issues of the campaign of 1930, in order to determine whether any friendly reconciliation of opposed political forces is permanently feasible at this stage of America's development. That campaign was conducted in the shadows of economic paralysis. For fifteen months millions of our steady and self-respecting people in excess of our normally idle — the precise number being unknown for lack of adequate fact-gathering agencies — have faced the deepening want and despair of prolonged unemployment. In the same period, farm foreclosures have exceeded those of any equal time in our history. Bank failures have been so frequent and excessive that the press has generally glossed over the rapidly mounting totals. Our domestic industries have slowed down. Our foreign commerce has tragically dwindled. Business, so far as it has survived, has painfully marked time, receiving, with lessening confidence, the reckless and unfulfilled promises of returning prosperity. Commodity prices, especially of farm products, have dropped to unimaginably low levels. A widening toll of poverty is being exacted in our land of matchless wealth. Corporation dividends chiefly survive, paid, by the

grace of foresight, from the vast storehouse of past surplus accumulations. For example, according to the *New York Journal of Commerce*, during eleven months of the panic year, 1930, in which, broadly speaking, dividends were not earned, certain selected corporations nevertheless distributed dividends totaling $2,668,000,000, which represented an increase of $297,000,000 over the far more prosperous similar period of 1929.

Of course, the acute economic conditions of 1930 might have been accepted with relative complacency had it not been for the background of years which prefaced the collapse of October 1929. Underneath the superficial and feverish prosperity which preceded that crash, economic maladjustments, which long ago should have brought into play the constructive and remedial resources of our government, were glaringly evident. Outstanding industries — notably textiles, coal, and, farthest-reaching of all, agriculture — have been, as we have seen, not for fifteen months, but for years, permitted to drift toward ever-lower levels of disorganization.

During the years immediately preceding the panic, America was so beguiled by the dazzling growth of earnings of dominant corporations that the unhappy plight of industrial workers, our farm population, and moderate business was treated by Administration leaders for the most part with indifference. The steady decrease in employment was noted, then forgotten. Diminishing pay rolls were overshadowed by increasing machine production. For example, as Senator Shipstead of Minnesota recently pointed out, the volume of wages of workers declined more than 30 per cent between 1920 and 1926, and during the same years the workers' output increased about 34 per cent.

Statisticians report that during approximately ten years the control of some 60 per cent of the nation's wealth had shifted from two to about one per cent of our population; that in 1926 corporation dividends on common stock were about 40 per cent larger than in 1923; that during the years after 1920 increasing numbers of workers of gradually lowering ages were cast on the scrap heap of unemployment; that child laborers numbered nearly two million; that two thirds of our population have been doomed to die propertyless; that the value of farm lands and farm buildings in America in a decade shrank in excess of twenty-one billion dollars; that in seven of those years the value of farm crops diminished some 40 per cent; that in the last four of those years one out of every twelve farms in the United States was permanently lost to farm owners through tax and foreclosure sales and agricultural bankruptcy; that farm tenantry has rapidly replaced farm ownership; and that an endless procession of our farm population, driven by changing conditions from lost homes in the country, merged with and further burdened the already overcrowded ranks of city industrial workers.

The central indictment against the party in power in the last campaign was, therefore, one of barren statesmanship during a long period of growing economic evils, which openly threatened and finally sapped the foundations of superficial prosperity. Under three successive Republican administrations, those in power not only did not halt, but rather accelerated, the unfortunate economic tendencies which finally culminated in our present chaos. Presidents Harding and Coolidge merely toyed with the tides which have engulfed President Hoover. Until this indictment against the party in power is confessed, with an 'about face'

programme of constructive legislation which strikes at the roots of our industrial ills, no compromise with the Administration can have more than trivial significance.

IV

American statesmanship, in the name of individual initiative, has practically ignored the overwhelmingly significant facts of our industrial life ever since Woodrow Wilson left and Warren G. Harding entered the White House. The two classes of statutory remedies offered by successive Republican administrations — the Tariff Acts of 1922 and 1930, and the Agricultural Marketing Act — merely emphasize what has been said. Instead of relieving, they have for the most part aggravated, existing conditions, to the special detriment of average business, industrial workers, and our farm population.

Some of the factors which have contributed to the breakdown should perhaps be briefly sketched. The Tariff Act of 1922, not to mention the more incredible Tariff Act of 1930, contributed to produce strange consequences. The Act of 1922 was calculated to intensify unhappy developing economic tendencies in the period following the World War. Informed persons now realize that, coupled with the demand for the payment of European war debts, heightened tariff walls raised by the Act of 1922 first diverted huge amounts of gold to this country, since the payment of foreign obligations through customary commercial shipments was largely barred by our tariffs. These gold imports resulted in easy credit and low money rates in this country, sanctioned by the Federal Reserve Board because of extraordinary gold holdings. Cheaper money, due in part to our needlessly rigorous tariffs, opened the way, with the hearty approval of American bankers, for extensive foreign loans, which were increasingly sought by Europe in order to obtain purchasing credit in American markets, otherwise largely impossible as a result of our substantially isolationist tariff attitude.

The Federal Reserve Board at times indicated that one advantage of cheaper money favored by it was the open door thus afforded for the sale of foreign securities in this country. Had the movement ended there, the results would have been less disastrous. Instead, the easy credit at hand was turned toward the stock market, and thus stimulated feverish stock speculation, the mad trail of which, with its seemingly endless possibilities of gain, eventually affected the whole country. Its enormous profits made ordinary investments unattractive. It drained credit from deserving industries in all directions, and passed beyond the belated efforts of the Federal Reserve Board to check and control it. The tardy warnings and credit contractions of the Board were in the main disregarded because of the confident expectation that easy credit, as in times past, would again be available.

The crash in the fall of 1929 ended the drama, and in no small degree the failure of the Federal Reserve Board to use its powers wisely and effectively for the elimination of foolhardy speculation must be blamed for much of the shocking and far-reaching individual and industrial suffering which resulted. Shortsighted Wall Street leadership must bear its share of responsibility for these events. Throughout, Administration leaders, including Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, whose expertness was taken for granted, let the slowly massing avalanche gather and plunge to its predictable end, without lifting an effectively saving finger.

In other words, America demanded

the payment of foreign war debts; substantially closed the markets of this country by tariffs to the trade of debtor nations; drew a flood of foreign gold to America from abroad; found it desirable to use part of our surplus money to aid foreign countries by ever-increasing foreign loans; and, because still supplied with easy credit, opened our financial gates to the stock orgy which calamitously crashed in the fall of 1929. Behind the Federal Reserve Board's failures, of course, lie our unnecessarily severe tariff and foreign policies.

What we confront, then, are maladjusted economic conditions everywhere, largely precipitated by the blindness of three successive national administrations. Surely all who have examined the development of mass production in America and observed the relation between our tariff barriers and the retaliatory tariff walls of other nations must have moments of vision in which they realize that more liberal commerce with other nations, and higher standards of living both at home and abroad, are intimately related and even preliminary to the larger economic welfare and contentment of mankind toward which our civilization should be directed.

Other results of our tariff legislation of the last decade have been more closely familiar. The tariff duties of the Act of 1922 were admittedly placed unduly high with the purpose of later reductions under the so-called 'flexible' tariff powers, presumably to meet business fear of disturbed after-war competitive conditions, largely because of Europe's then highly inflated currency. That particular dread of Europe disappeared, but unfortunately the promised reductions were never made, though, as long ago as 1910, President Taft — speaking the accepted language of moderate Republican tariff policy — had said: —

> The truth is that under the old protective idea the only purpose was to make the tariff high enough to protect the home industry. The excess of the tariff over the differences in the cost of production here and abroad was not regarded as objectionable, because it was supposed that competition between those who enjoyed high protection would keep the price for the consumer down to what was reasonable for the manufacturers. The evil of excessive tariff rates, however, showed itself in the temptation of manufacturers to combine and suppress competition, and then to maintain the prices so as to take advantage of the excess of the tariff rate over the difference between the cost of production abroad and here.

To add to our trade complications, the Tariff Act of 1930 has once more unscientifically lifted, not lowered, the general tariff level.

To be sure, there has been an accompanying increase in the general range of agricultural as well as manufacturing duties, but with foreseen results. All informed men and women now know that most manufacturing tariffs are effective, most agricultural tariffs ineffective. The reasons need not be repeated here. Enough to say that our tariff acts have generally increased the prices of most necessary farm purchases, without increasing the market returns from the great bulk of farm sales. The long-promised parity between farmers and manufacturers has, therefore, been hindered, not promoted, by our tariff laws. Successive Republican administrations have continued to sacrifice agriculture on the altar of industry. Year after year, heedless of growing farm suffering and resentment, agriculture — the backbone of America — has been broken on the industrial wheel. Furthermore the tariff beneficiaries, who have selfishly influenced our foreign trade policies, have steadily denied farm owners escape by either of two obvious paths: lower duties on the manufactured goods

farmers must buy, or some effective form of agricultural subsidies, substantially corresponding to the indirect tariff subsidies extended to manufacturers. Most informed persons agree that the first was and is the more logical and scientific way to lasting farm relief, but, with that possibility persistently flouted and defeated by logrolling tariff beneficiaries and other conservatives, the subsidy alternative has come to be, more and more reasonably, regarded as the most immediately available avenue of practical farm relief. Here again, however, conservative opposition has been adamant.

Two carefully considered proposals of farm leaders — the equalization fee programme and the export debenture for surplus agricultural exports — have been contemptuously set aside by the same administrations which fostered and accepted with complacency the radical excesses of the Fordney-McCumber and Joe Grundy tariff laws. Nor is this the whole story. The suggestions of farm leaders were dismissed on the ostensible ground that they involved governmental subsidies, as if our general tariff legislation did not tax consumers every hour, in order to procure indirect but effective subsidies for manufacturers of the country, including Secretary Mellon, a member of the President's Cabinet. For years, too, Republican administrations, in one way or another, have substantially subsidized our inland transportation interests, our shipping industry, and our bankers, while steadily resisting all efforts to erect and maintain like safeguards, not only for farmers, but also for workers and moderate business men. At the same time those administrations have appeared determined to place in private hands, for individual profit, regardless of public welfare, the remaining unappropriated natural resources of America, including nationally needed oil reserves and nationally owned electric power resources, strikingly exemplified by such government-built and incalculably valuable government-owned properties as Muscle Shoals, which will doubtless furnish the precedent for our ultimate treatment of Boulder Dam.

V

Assuredly such facts, and others impressively illustrating the same regrettable tendencies, point their own moral. The essential contest over government to-day, as in the long past, is between those who use it to enlarge the profits and privileges of the few, and those who demand approximate equality of rights and opportunities, safeguarded by government, for the many. The campaign of 1930 was fought and won by Democrats and other progressives on the public side of that issue. Present professions must be judged by past conduct, and it is the view, alike of progressive Democrats, Republicans, and Farmer-Laborites, that, until the party now nationally in power repudiates its established practices, its attitude and that of the liberal opposition are and must remain fundamentally hostile. Temporary relief measures may be stipulated, but the real conflict goes deeper.

The Administration, by its blind, persistent, ten-year policies, has proved itself committed to profiteers and devoted to privilege. Progressive coalition with such a programme is impossible. Of course, all men and women seek to uphold the hands of the President, but only on the assumption that the President will uphold the hands of the people. So far as conditions permitted, the mandate given in 1930 by the voters of America was for a new governmental order, dictated by age-old democratic principles, adapted to and dominating our changing civilization.

The demand is for a people's, not a profiteer's, sovereignty; a people's education, literature, financial system, tariff, and life; a people's electric age; a people's government in all branches, executive, legislative, and judicial; a people's prosperity; a people's peace, and a people's end of wars, which, in the long run, chiefly benefit profiteers.

To illustrate western American sentiment by Colorado, the recent election results may reasonably be regarded as directing remedial action, through Federal laws and executive leadership, designed: —

1. To diminish unemployment by an elastic programme of Federal works; increasingly effective employment agencies; enlarged restraints on immigration in periods of depression; the substitution of adult for child labor; and a scientific advance in the direction of old age and unemployment insurance, and of shorter working hours without reduced pay.

2. To assist agriculture by reductions of excessive tariff rates on manufactured articles, or, lacking such reductions, by legislative support for the marketing abroad of surplus staple farm products. Also by further legislation, aimed, for example, to improve market conditions for farm crops; establish juster taxes and freight rates; stabilize prices of farm products; give farmers public-spirited and able representation in the various Federal agencies devoted to farm welfare; strike at farm tenancy and assist farm ownership, in the interest alike of justice and of public well-being, by farm loans payable over a considerably extended period of time, carrying interest at the lowest feasible rates; and postpone, as need arises, with proper safeguards for the banks, the foreclosure of mortgages held by intermediate credit, joint stock, and Federal land banks.

3. To secure the reduction of present excessive tariff duties, beginning with monopoly-controlled and other privately price-fixed manufactured articles — new tariff duties to be tested, not by the demands of tariff lobbyists, as at present, but by the national interest and by impartial fact-finding. And, in so doing, to improve general business; widen the average business man's market; increase production and the purchasing power of the farmers', workers', and other consumers' dollars; discourage monopolies; suppress unfair trade practices; liberalize helpful commerce between the United States and foreign countries; and deepen proper international goodwill and friendliness.

4. To regulate hereafter far more effectively, justly, and wisely the expansion and contraction of credit.

5. To conserve our unappropriated, nationally owned natural resources, and, as part of that programme, to operate by the government our government-owned investments at Muscle Shoals and Boulder Dam in order to produce electric power for the benefit of municipalities and the public.

6. To strengthen, and make more justly effective, governmental control over transportation, communication, and other public utilities.

7. To improve industrial conditions and avoid costly industrial disturbances by legislation recognizing the rights and dignity of labor; tending to establish and maintain harmonious labor relations; and eliminating unnecessary and at times inhumane abuses by courts of injunctions and contempt proceedings, often exclusively directed against workers.

8. To secure and preserve the friendliest disposition between the United States and foreign countries.

9. To uphold genuine, impartial, and thoroughgoing law enforcement.

10. To support governmental economy, subject to the imperative de-

mands of the public welfare; and to promote governmental efficiency.

VI

Such indications as the foregoing, which are illustrative rather than all-inclusive, of a liberally Democratic legislative and executive programme, in contrast with present Administration suggestions, reveal the quicksands which underlie any present plan of coalition government. It must be evident that no immediate hopes may now be indulged of any permanent union of the Administration with Democratic and other progressive opposition. Life and government are not yet so simple. The progressive and conservative forces of America at this hour are in sharp disagreement, even over such preliminary questions as the right to use government for the general good, not to mention the promotion of economic liberty and justice for all citizens. Many conservatives still timidly urge that such activities be left to the whims of charity or the lawlessness of chance.

Summing up what has been said, the after-election declaration of national Democratic policy has the striking merit of emphasizing the value, in peace as in war, of patriotic unity, regardless of party, to remove the economic distress now gripping farmers, city workers, and general American business. The outstanding demand of the hour is relief which really relieves, genuinely and promptly extended to stricken farmers and unemployed workers, as first steps to general prosperity. The tree of prosperity must be watered at the roots if it is to cease dying at the top. On the other hand, coöperation, to be worth while, must be mutual, not one-sided. The true public rule continues to be: in essentials, unity, provided public welfare determines the essentials. Sound legislative proposals of the Administration should, of course, be supported by the opposition, but the Administration in return must refrain from insistence on an unsound programme. It must even be prepared, where necessary, to retrace mistaken steps, and correct national and international policies which have helped to precipitate lost confidence and disaster. Above all it must unite with all forward-looking thinkers in recognizing that men, women, and children are more important than machines, farmers than speculators, consumers than monopolists, and that human beings must increasingly be given security in work, life, and happiness, corresponding to the safeguards enjoyed by capital.

Finally, it should be said that age-old issues between autocracy and democracy, on which peace, war, disaster, and prosperity depend, will not now be solved through armistice government. Eternal vigilance remains necessary, because ancient contests in ever-changing guise return to plague us. Beneath professions of friendly coöperation, unlimited private profit continues to resist the advance of fair play and public service. Privilege for the most part yields to equality inch by inch, and only in response to the resistless pressure and major strength of government. A coalition, therefore, of these unyieldingly opposed forces merely offers a momentary breathing space in the continuing struggle for justice. If this were not so, and general welfare were the common goal, government would be the easiest, instead of the most difficult, of human sciences, arts, and adventures.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE OLD GENTLEMAN OPPOSITE

BEFORE I knew my friend and neighbor's name, I used to call him 'The Old Gentleman Opposite.' This title is appropriate enough. He is obviously old; he is quite as obviously a gentleman; and he lives, with a sister still older than himself, in a little old brown box of a house with a porch and a trumpet vine, a remaining reminder of earlier days, just across our modern street.

I look over and down upon his goings and comings from the tenth floor of an apartment house.

A fitting designation, it seemed, for want of a better; yet, long after I knew his threefold name, — which braids together several historic American associations, and is written handsomely, with a Washingtonian flow and flourish, — I discovered that the nickname did not altogether please him. When he overheard it being applied to him by a dweller on my side of the street, he flushed brightly above his little red-roan beard, in the ashes of which still live their wonted fires.

'I wonder,' he said, after a minute of silent thought, 'at exactly what age a man ceases to feel a certain surprise at being called an old gentleman. I remember passing through a phase when I spoke of myself as old, with the secret sense of a gallant jest. And I recall a distinct shock when for the first time I noticed that my hearers did not smile at all.

'But that particular combination of words, "The Old Gentleman Opposite," makes a picture in my mind which I don't recognize as looking like myself.

'I hardly suppose you still read *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table?* Indeed! Then perhaps you know a certain illustration in an early edition representing The Old Gentleman Opposite.

'When I was a little boy with a paintbox, I colored the illustrations in that edition, — perhaps, Heaven forgive me, it was the first! — the book having been entrusted to my hands by incautious elders. I operated in what was then the manner of little boys; I understand they are taught better now. We laid on the color very thick, applying the wet brush directly to the cake of paint; sometimes there were moments of impulse when the moist end of the cake was itself used, without the intermediary brush — a rich enjoyment, that!

'In this manner I pigmented The Old Gentleman Opposite. He looked not unlike a miniature of my great-great-grandfather, which I still have; but that is more restrained in its coloring. I don't think I resemble either picture.

'Later, of course, I came really to know this typical character. You remember how he "slid away the carving-knife, as it were carelessly," when the Autocrat was talking about the six personalities of John and Thomas? You remember his foolish white hat, and the pink paper with two little birds and a date, which he carried in his watchcase — that very sweet bit of sentimentality? And the white cashmere shawl he gave to the schoolmistress as a wedding present? I am

not conscious of exhibiting any such phenomena as those.

'And yet,' he continued musingly, 'I suppose there is a sense in which I am truly The Old Gentleman Opposite. When I was young I used to observe, and to blame in my heart, the conservatism of age; its inability to understand new developments, its lack of sympathy with them, its disposition to criticize. These are horrid traits. And I now detect all of them, to a marked degree, in myself.'

He nodded his head, as accepting his own reproof. But his sherry-colored eyes sparkled behind his glasses — not eyeglasses with a black ribbon, nor yet owlish reading glasses with tortoise-shell rims, but plain rimless spectacles with a convenient hook over the ear; bifocals, I think. 'I am in reality The Old Gentleman Opposite — opposite,' said he, 'to most tendencies of this age.'

I did not altogether believe this; for I discovered that his roan hair and beard had a sort of symbolic significance, typifying a blend, as it were, of encroaching age and strangely surviving youth. As a matter of fact, the sense of sport which I feel in talking with him springs from my uncertainty as to which of his tendencies will, in a given situation, come uppermost; for in him 'red spirits and gray' mingle, as in that song found in Middleton's *Witch*.

'You are not a perfectly satisfactory specimen of a cross old person,' I remarked.

'Oh, I flatter myself that I keep fairly good-humored,' said he; 'nevertheless make no mistake. I'm really a member of the opposition. In what respects? Well, there are many. Perhaps the verses I've been writing will give you some notion.'

He took out of his breast pocket a folded paper, and began to read aloud.

'ODE TO REVOLT

'Hail, Goddess robed in glorious red,
Rich as a royal tulip bed!
The beaten track I will not tread
Of dull convention:
To follow thee across the waste
(Although without unseemly haste),
Shouting my individual taste,
Is my intention.'

('Wait a minute,' said I. 'Is n't this by that grandnephew of yours who lives in Greenwich Village? The sentiment seems to be his — but the style —'

'Both style and sentiment,' said the Old Gentleman proudly, 'are quite my own. You shall hear.')

'I swear I will not be induced
To trace through tortuous works of Proust
Queer sins of which I never used
To know the labels;
Nor praise the Modern Art that props
Those wry-necked dolls in fronts of shops,
And still-lifes sliding off the tops
Of crazy tables.

'At exhibitions I shall frown
On works that might hang upside down,
Though such receive the laurel crown
From expert judges;
Stout studies one would wish to hide,
And portraits painfully skew-eyed,
Inexplicably uglified
With grimy smudges.

'I won't pretend I'm not annoyed
By all this prate of Jung and Freud;
I will not say that I've enjoyed
That large collection
Of New Biography that tries
Subtly to psychoanalyze
Dead greatness, which from these strange flies
Has no protection.

'I can't, without a sense of shame,
Decapitate a proper name,
Though many do so without blame,
Following the fashion;
The leading letter of a line
To lower case I won't consign.
The games of Joyce and Gertrude Stein
Arouse my passion.

'Then, Goddess, lead — or come along,
Skirling a shrill rebellious song.
From the broad road that lures the throng
Our way's divergent.
As when the century began,
I am a proud unmastered man,
A fierce free-necked Victorian,
A Heart Insurgent!'

'When you were a little boy,' I asked, 'did you ever play with those small figures made of pith —'

'Pith witches!' he exclaimed. 'How well I remember them! Whenever you put them down, they *would* stand on their heads, which were loaded with a bit of lead.'

'It seems to me,' said I, 'that your Goddess of Revolt is a pith witch.'

'Hm — yes,' said he; 'but I can explain my position even better than that.

'Do you remember the chapter in *Treasure Island* in which Jim Hawkins returns from his adventures, and slips into the stockade where he left the respectable persons of the story, and finds that safe enclosure occupied by the pirates? Well, the former forces of revolt have now occupied the stockade. As what used to be called a sound conservative, I am now outside the fence.

'But,' he concluded, folding up his ode, 'I will tell you more of this another time.'

Pipe-organ caprice

Every seasoned organist likes to talk about 'managing' a pipe organ, and I used to wonder why. Nobody speaks of 'managing' a piano or a piccolo. But neither of these instruments has the capacity or the capriciousness of the pipe organ; nor do they present such a fine array of petty errors from which to choose.

To begin with, the manager of a pipe organ has forty white keys and twenty-five black ones on each of four keyboards; a similar number under his swinging feet; a set of white slides, the shape of a domino, representing all gradations of volume; and a dozen red and green ones which make every note on the organ play an octave higher and an octave lower as well as itself. Before essaying to touch a key of an organ, therefore, however delicately, the performer must look carefully to his properties and set his stage, to see what he has 'on.' One careless flick of a finger nail on a piston will completely change the scene.

In short, a wrong note is innocuous compared with a wrong stop. It always comes as a surprise when an organist lays tentative hands on a diminished seventh chord, expecting to hear a plaintive suggestion from the back of the church, *vox cælestis*, when by inadvertence he has tapped down an ophicleide. Now an ophicleide is a very loud and snappy stop, second only in abruptness to a *tuba mirabilis*. One may not take back the ophicleide. He is history.

Some known errors may be the player's fault; some may be entirely the organ's. Every player of experience has at some time played the wrong note, or the wrong manual, pulled the wrong stop, or forgotten his hymn book, all directly traceable to his own oversight. But more distressing than these, because unpreventable, is the trick an organ sometimes has of 'ciphering' on you.

A violin, when left severely alone, at least will not play. But an organ will. Suddenly, for no reason at all, some pipe will begin, as they say, to 'speak.' If it is a ladylike dulciana or *viole d'orchestre*, one may play loud music and mask the symptoms. But if the open diapason is afflicted it is possible only to shut off the motor and descend to the Sunday School piano. I have known an organ to cipher

through a whole church service and stop suddenly with the benediction like a naughty child.

Anyone also has a right to feel aggrieved when, having set his organ for 'Still, still with thee,' he waits with thrilled soul for his *unda maris*, and upon his surprised eardrums the full organ responds with trumpets and stentorphone, 'Yah — yah — yah!'

There he is, playing it himself, and nothing to blame but an innocent-looking foot lever which is on, but has failed to light up a green light simply because the bulb has quietly burned out. The most gentle of congregations will hold an organist responsible for such an error; for, if he is not to blame, just say who is. He certainly seems to be in sole charge.

Then the belt may come off the motor and silence the organ in toto. All the B flats may refuse to play, or the A flats may choose to play all the time. A modern organ can be played with a wisp of drapery from a cassock, or by the corner of a cuff. To approach an instrument that speaks whenever its keys are depressed a thirty-second of an inch, one should certainly wear something other than the flowing robe of the A.G.O.

The player of an old-fashioned tracker organ, who had to exert pounds of pressure on his keys, — more pressure for more noise, — did not have this delicate difficulty to contend with; but we must admit that he was more likely to get a wen on the back of his hand.

A young organist as a rule makes more mistakes than an old one. For instance, an old man would never 'step on his pedals' — a thing that every young organist at one time or another does. The young organist has already shut off the power; why should the organ function in any way? But the wind has not been thoroughly cleaned out of the pipes as yet, and as the minister says impressively, 'Saul took his sword, and fell upon it,' the organist, in slipping quietly from his bench, steps on the pedals, which respond 'Poo — ooh!' somewhat like a very large dying animal. There is nothing to do about it — except to remember all the rest of a lifetime not to do it again.

But even the wary old-timer can be surprised by a new one. It is perfectly possible for a stricken organist to look up from his instrument during the benediction, with his organ lightheartedly set for the 'Priests' March' *fortissimo* to waltz his congregation out of church, and to see his choir standing with hymnals ready for the seven-fold Amen, *pianissimo* — a new version of the Amen, especially rehearsed. It is too late to find the page; the preacher has already said, 'World without end —' The organist may remember, if the fates are kind, that the Amen is in the key of G, and shake down all his loud preparations in the nick of time to give out to the choir a breath of a chord, æoline, just as a suggestion, and listen with bowed head as the loyal group sing Amen seven times without accompaniment except the echo in the unfortunate organist's heart of 'Verily, so let it be, Lord.'

Even if he has attended church from babyhood, he can forget whether the invocation precedes or succeeds the doxology; he can completely forget the chords of the 'Gloria'; and he can drop a piece of music on the pedals and spend his time during the prelude kicking it out of the way without success. Sheet music is harmless in comparison to a thick Congregational hymn book, for the hymn book will immediately begin to play the pedals as it lies on them — steadily and in a bass voice. This does not refer to the book on the rack, which is not specially

likely to fall off. But a forehanded organist often has an extra hymn book on the bench beside him with the place all found, and, as the Canadians say, he may drop *it*.

When one of the largest organs in the world was dedicated, a few outstanding men played on it for the benefit of the Organists' Guild duly assembled. Every man present doubtless could have played a Bach fugue or two without notes; but only one man present could play them all. The clever little fellow who could chose one of the difficult ones for his show piece. He proceeded to play it about as well as it could be played, having a great deal in his favor in that he had the most powerful instrument in the world under his fingers. He worked himself and his admiring colleagues to the glorious end, jammed on the full organ, — the loudest musical noise in the world at the time, — and clutched his last chord in two handfuls. The time-lag necessary to convey to his own ears what he was playing was very short. The chord was not merely a minor to major, or even in the wrong key. It was a totally foreign chord, related in no particular to the composition in question — an unearthly, awful, utterly astounding noise, and at the top of the organ's voice. Instantly every organist in the room began to applaud. They stood on the chairs. They would not stop until the performer began again to repeat every note of the fugue.

Now a Bach fugue, as every organist knows, is about twenty pages long, and contains measures of six inches and over, depending on the publisher. So it was some time before the chord in question was reached for the second time. The goodly fellowship was motionless with anxiety, when their brother, now thoroughly endeared to them, selected his notes with great care, and came down on the right chord, full organ with double growlers on the pedals, *bombarde* 32, and turned his head completely round to smile at them. A great organist can do nothing so absolutely lovable as to make a mistake.

They all make them, and what a pleasure it is to see a really great man heel a pedal that should be toed! But the state of mind of an organist who has just blundered is that of unthinkable depression. He probably cares very little about living to play again. And yet, for this same organist there are frequently moments when, with the golden voice of his contralto above him, the silver voice of his tenor over yonder, and a skillful-stopped diapason and *flute d'amour* beneath his fingers, — a shutter closing under his feet at just the right moment to allow his voices to breathe together into perfect silence, — he may feel that even hell is worth his while.

He may express, in the voluntary, whatever has befallen him (always excepting hatred) — exaltation, despair, fear, longing, thanksgiving, hunger, thirst, or the pursuit of happiness. He may break every rule of the classic and add power and yet more power, tapping down diapasons here and there in proportion to his excitement, and horns if he has them, kicking open shutters, stepping on levers, lighting up lights — full organ *zuletzt*, plus tremolo.

For if it is true, and it is, that one can make uncountable mistakes in managing a pipe organ, it is also true that one may do more original and creative things with it than with any other instrument — not even excepting the baton.